June 6, 1988

THE NEW YORKER

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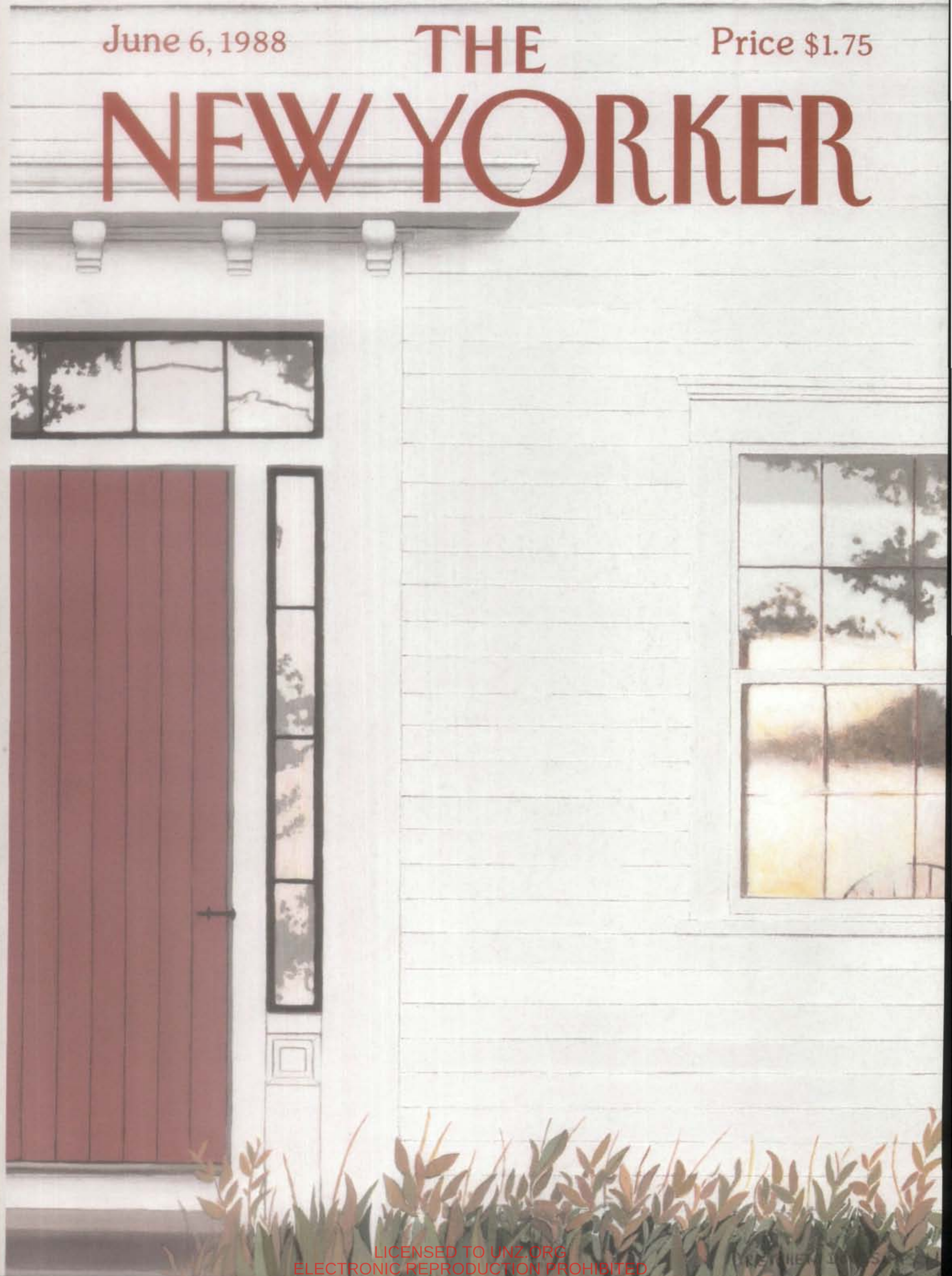

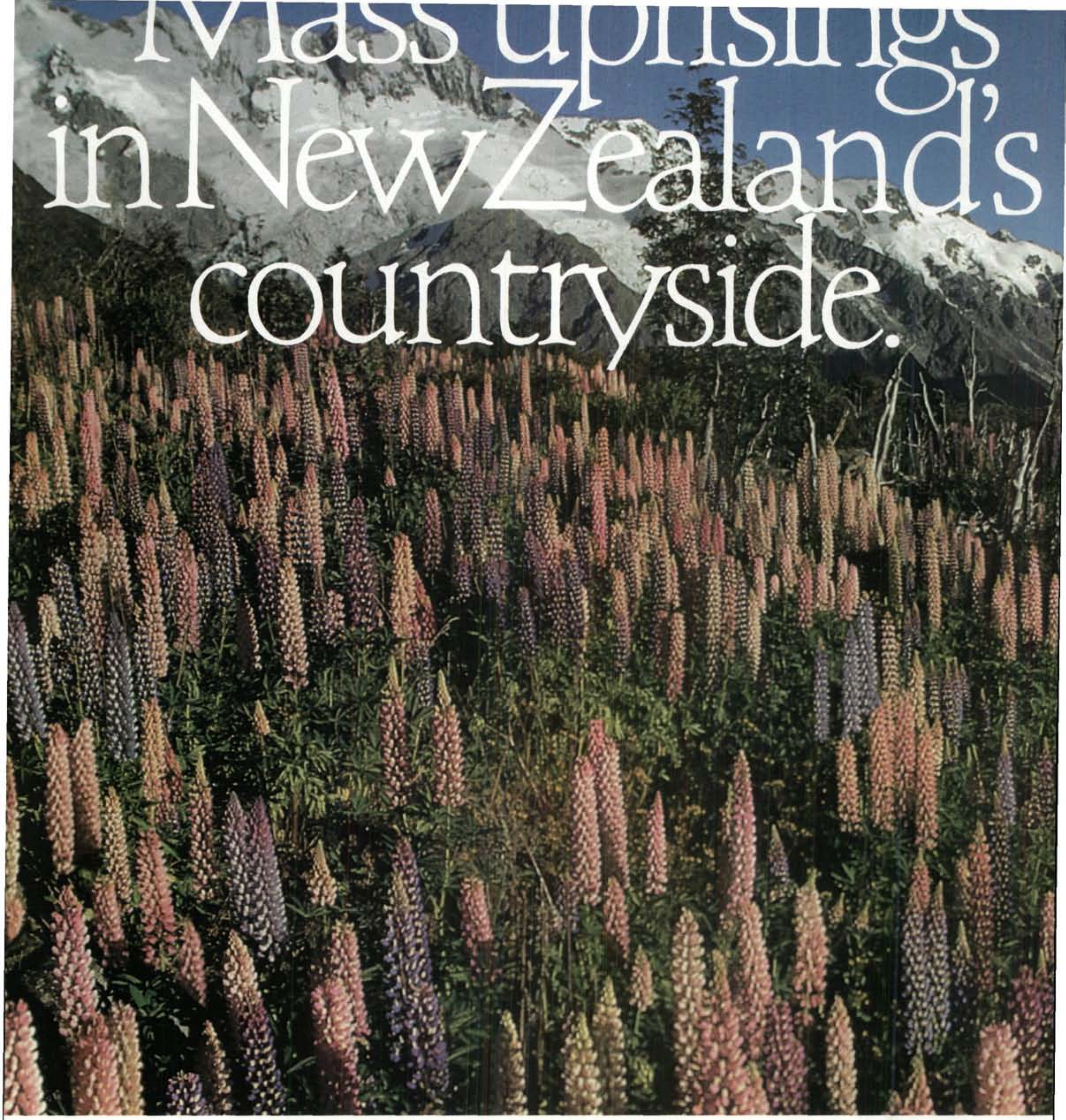

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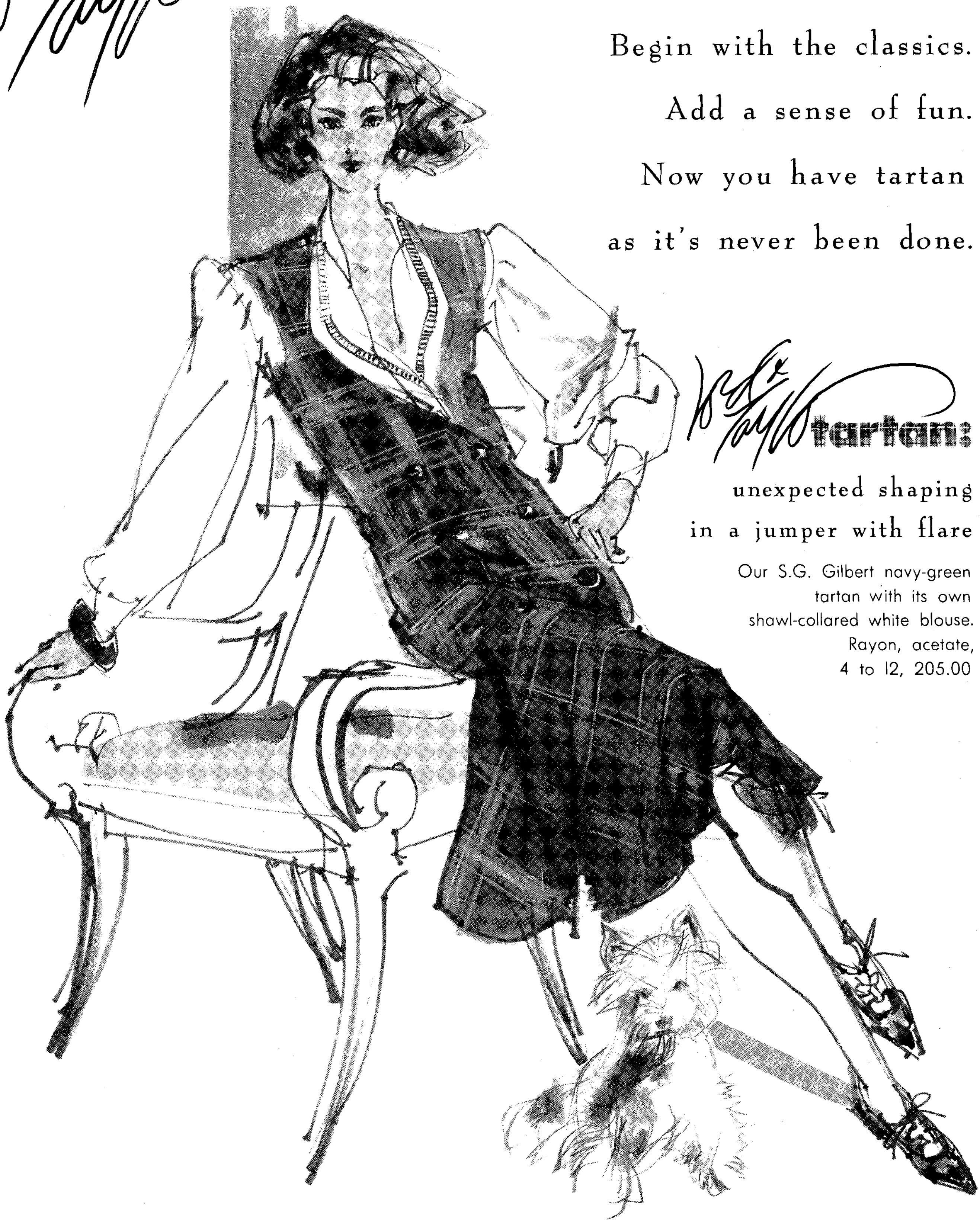

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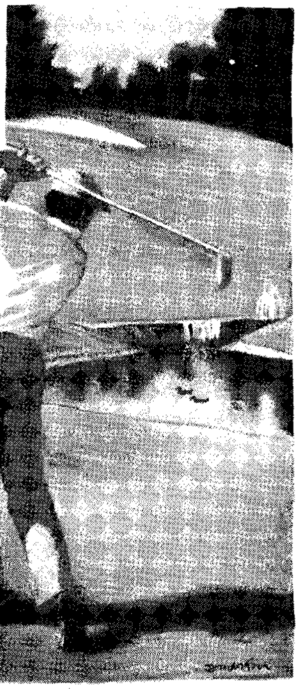

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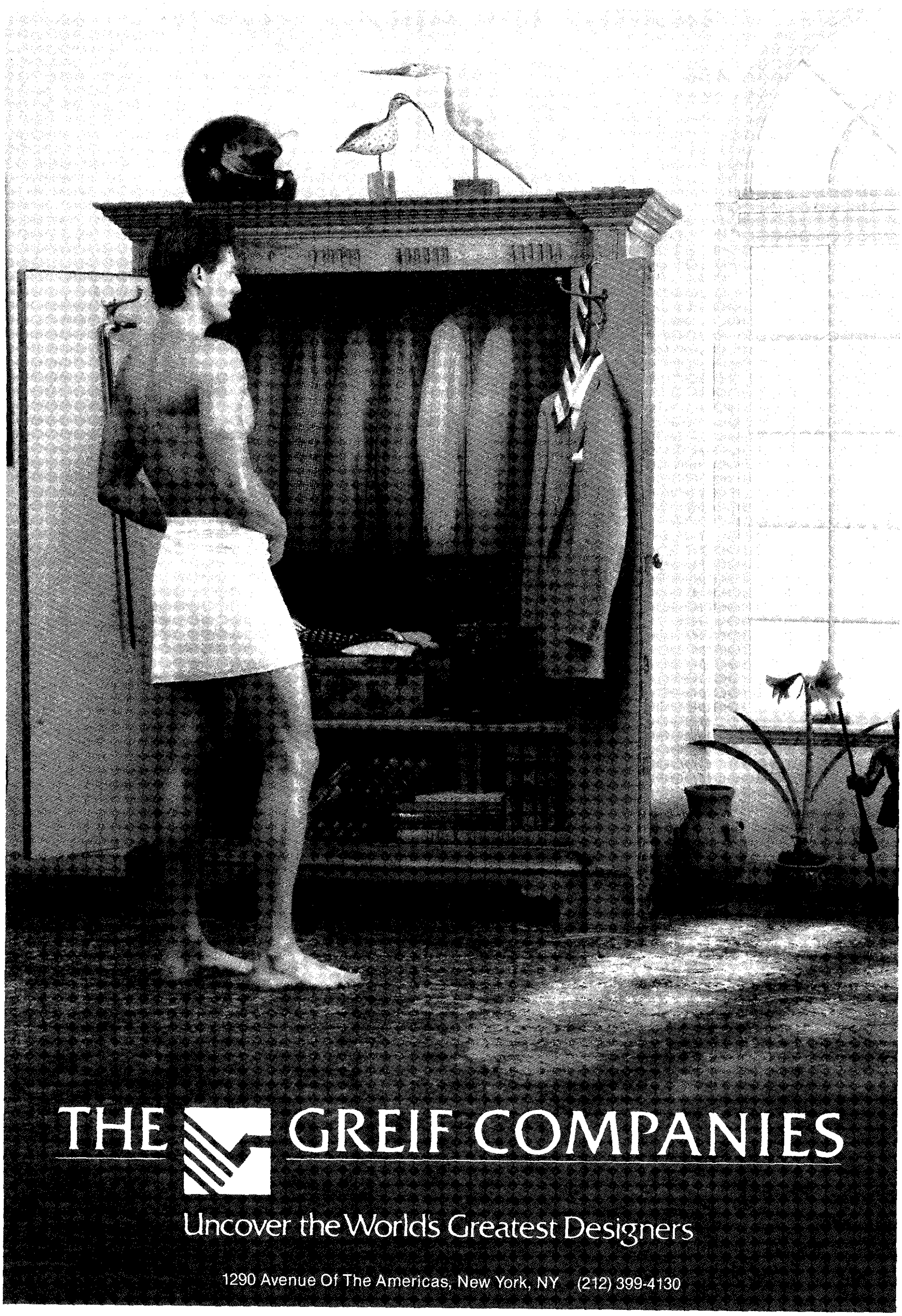

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Anything Goes—Under the clever direction of Jerry Zaks, this exuberant revival is primarily a celebration of Cole Porter himself. The libretto, as revised from the original by Timothy Crouse and John Weidman, is consistently entertaining. The company, which includes Bill McCutcheon, Howard McGillin, Patti LuPone, Anthony Heald, and Kathleen Mahony-Bennett, does more than justice to the words and score. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/2/87.) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Burn This—A play by Lanford Wilson, with Eric Roberts as a foulmouthed restaurant owner who woos and wins his dead brother's dancing partner. The supporting cast includes Jonathan Hogan and Lou Liberatore. Marshall W. Mason was the director, and the distinguished setting was designed by John Lee Beatty and lighted by Dennis Parichy. (10/26/87) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Cabaret—This tasteful revival of the 1966 musical by John Kander and Fred Ebb (directed by Harold Prince) has a gloriously muted Joel Grey re-creating his role as the Emcee. (11/2/87) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Monday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, June 4.)

Chess—This noisy rock musical is a British import about an international chess match between a bad-tempered American and a more equable Russian, who falls in love with the American's beautiful second. There is a lot of plot, but beyond the hyperactivity and the electronic blare there is also life on the stage. Judy Kuhn, David Carroll, and Philip Casnoff give splendid performances in the leading roles. Trevor Nunn directed the American company. (5/9/88) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Equity Library Theatre—Vincent Youman's 1925 musical **NO, NO, NANETTE** is the final production of the season. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Monday, at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 5. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

First Class—A play by Candido Tirado. Preview Wednesday, June 1. Opens officially on Thursday, June 2, and will run through Sunday, June 26. Performances in English Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and in Spanish Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30 and 8. (Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 354-1293.)

Foreclosure—A play written and directed by Bradford Riley. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Thursday through Sunday at 8. Closes Sunday, June 5.)

Frankie and Johnny in the Clair de Lune—Carol Kane and Bruce Weitz in Terrence McNally's enchanting comedy about sex and the sudden onset of love in an apartment on Tenth Avenue in the Fifties. Directed by Paul Benedict. (11/9/87) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Into the Woods—The new musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine is an attempt to show what lurks beneath the surface of conventional fairy tales. The amusing first half is like a musical staging of Bruno Bettelheim's "The Uses of Enchantment." The rather nasty second half degenerates into cheap philosophy. The costumes (by Ann Hould-Ward) and sets (by Tony Straiges) are pretty to look at, and the songs are beautiful or funny—sometimes both. The cast, which includes Phylicia Rashâd and Joanna Gleason, is directed by Mr. Lapine. (11/16/87) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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Joe Turner's Come and Gone—August Wilson's stirring play, the third in his series about the black experience in America in the twentieth century, is set in a boarding house in Pittsburgh in 1911. Its principal story is of a man who was captured and enslaved by the white plantation owner Joe Turner and who has been searching for his lost wife ever since he was set free. Delroy Lindo gives a strong performance in the role, sharing the honors with Ed Hall, who, as a benign healer, is the presiding spirit of the show. With Mel Winkler, L. Scott Caldwell, and Angela Bassett, among other good actors. Lloyd Richards was the excellent director. (4/11/88) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3, and Saturdays at 2.)

Macbeth—The much-talked-about vehicle for Christopher Plummer and Glenda Jackson is not, as one might have been led to expect from the adverse publicity, giggle-makingly bad, merely uniformly and numbingly boring. No one (least of all Shakespeare) is well served by the production, which received "original direction" from Kenneth Frankel, "additional direction" from Zoe Caldwell, and uncredited direction from Robin Phillips. (5/9/88) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

M. Butterfly—David Henry Hwang's funny, mysterious, and often beautiful play is based on an actual case: in 1964, a French diplomat took as his mistress a star of the Beijing Opera, and some twenty years later—when they were both charged with being spies—discovered that "she" was a he. John Lithgow, in the leading role, gives an exceptional performance, and so does B. D. Wong as his lover. Lori Tan Chinn, George N. Martin, and Rose Gregorio give them sound support. (4/11/88) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Mrs. Dally Has a Lover—A revised, expanded version of a 1962 play by William Hanley. With Judith Ivey, Ron Orbach, and Jason Gedrick. (Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. 741-0391. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 5. Closes Sunday, June 12.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Presenting the Crossroads Theatre production of **WEST MEMPHIS MOJO**, a play by Martin Jones. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Oil City Symphony—Mike Craver, Mark Hardwick, Debra Monk, and Mary Murfitt, gifted and sophisticated singers and instrumentalists, appear as a quartet of dedicated hicks reuniting at their small-town high school in this very funny, very musical musical. Mr. Hardwick and Miss Monk, by the way, are alumni of "Pump Boys and Dinettes" of blessed memory. (1/18/88) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Phantom of the Opera—The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets (by Maria Björnson), everything about the show is negligible, including the overhyped performances by Michael Crawford and Sarah Brightman in the leading roles. Patty Cohenour substitutes for Miss Brightman at the Thursday evening and Saturday matinée performances. Starting Monday, June 6, Miss Cohenour replaces Miss Brightman altogether. (2/8/88) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Road to Mecca—An absorbing, if somewhat elusive, play by the South African dramatist Athol Fugard, about an aging woman sculptor who is mystical and independent, and who resists the attempts of a local minister to persuade her to go into an old-people's home. The performances, by Yvonne Bryceland, Mr. Fugard himself, and Amy Irving, as a young disciple of the sculptor, are impeccable. Mr. Fugard directed. (4/25/88) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Romance/Romance—A pair of charming one-act musicals that have travelled successfully from Off to Broadway. Scott Bakula and Alison Fraser are as romantic as required in the leading roles. Barry Harman wrote the clever books and lyrics, and Keith Herrmann wrote the engaging scores. Mr. Harman directed. (5/16/88) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

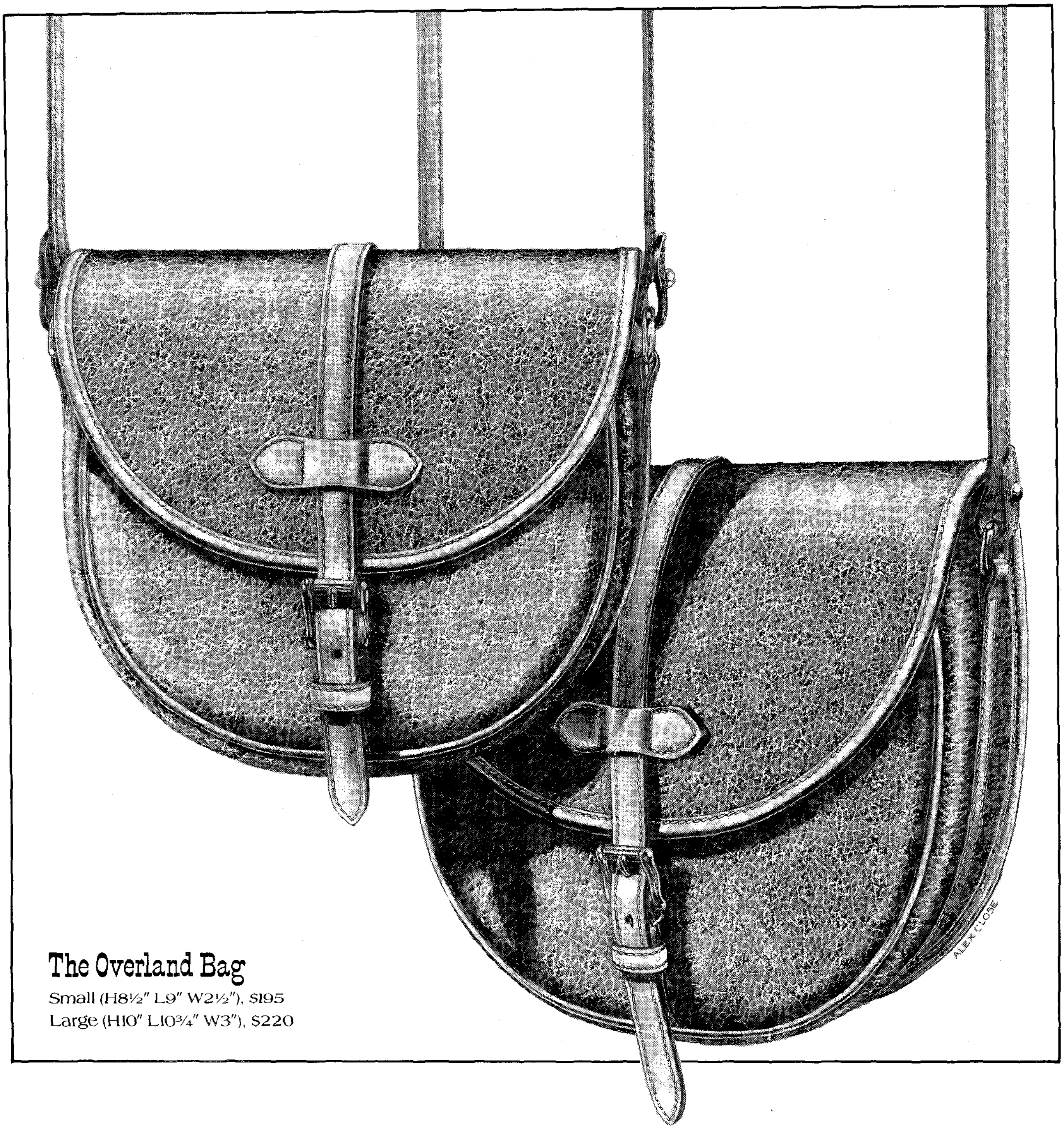
Romeo and Juliet—Peter MacNicol makes a petulant Romeo and Cynthia Nixon a coarse Juliet in this production directed by Les Waters, the third offering in Joe Papp's six-year, thirty-six play marathon and easily the worst so far. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tuesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 5.)

Sarafina!—This South African musical, an explosion of talent, was conceived, written, and directed by Mbongeni Ngema, who also, with Hugh Masekela, composed and arranged the score. It is a show about a show that is put on by a brave group of high-school students in Soweto, and that dramatizes the events in their lives. The events are bleak, but the spirits are blazing, and the acting, dancing, and singing, to a local form of popular music called Mbaqanga, are a wonder. (11/9/87) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Saved from Obscurity—A play written by and starring Tom Mardirosian. Opens Wednesday, June 1, and runs through Sunday, June 12. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays, except May 31, through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 2.)

A Shayna Maidel—A well-wrought and deeply moving play by Barbara Lebow about a Polish-Jewish family torn apart by the events of the Hitler era. The production is beautifully directed by Mary B. Robinson and is enhanced by two extraordinary performances: one from Gordana Rashovich as a concentration-camp survivor and the other from Paul Sparer as the father who failed to get her and her mother out of Poland. The year 1946 is perfectly evoked by William Barclay's setting. Bring lots of Kleenex to this one, but expect to leave uplifted. (11/30/87) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Speed-the-Plow—David Mamet's satire on Hollywood is just as scathing, just as acute as his "Glengarry Glen Ross," and even funnier, if that can be imagined. Under Gregory



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THE THEATRE–Cont'd

Mosher, Joe Mantegna and Ron Silver give stunning performances as a pair of sleazy producers, and Madonna does well, too, as a wide-eyed secretary. (5/16/88) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6277. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Spoils of War—Michael Weller's new play about the efforts of a prep-school boy to reunite his divorced parents is tedious, but the production, under Austin Pendleton's direction, is as lively as possible under the circumstances. Kate Nelligan is marvellous as the boy's mother. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 12.)

Tamara—A participatory theatrical encounter, in which the audience must literally follow the characters as they move from room to room in what is supposed to be Gabriele D'Annunzio's villa. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. 239-6215. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 5 and 9; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.)

Three Ways Home—S. Epatha Merkerson is a welfare mother; Malcolm-Jamal Warner is her unmanageable sixteen-year-old son; and Mary McDonnell is a volunteer social worker assigned to her case. All of them are splendid. The play, by Casey Kurtti, much of it in monologues, is comic and sad and never dull. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Walk in the Woods—Lee Blessing's absorbing play is set near Geneva and consists entirely of the conversations, over a year or so, of an American and a Soviet diplomat who have gone there to negotiate an arms treaty. No agreement is reached, but a friendship grows and deepens. Under the direction of Des McAnuff, Sam Waterston and Robert Prosky give distinguished performances. (3/14/88) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Wonder Years—A musical with a score and lyrics by David Levy and a book by Mr. Levy, David Holdgrive, Steve Liebman, and Terry LaBolt. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Zero Positive—A play by Harry Kondoleon. Preview Tuesday, May 31. Opens officially on Wednesday, June 1. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

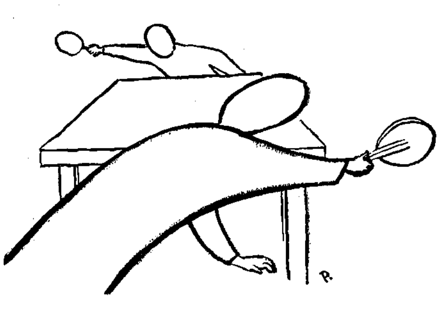
Long Runs—**BROADWAY BOUND:** A rueful comedy in which Neil Simon studies the middle-class depths from which he sprang and has kept springing. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Mondays through Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DRIVING MISS DAISY:** Frances Sternhagen and Earle Hyman star in Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** The longest long run recently turned twenty-eight. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FENCES:** Billy Dee Williams has the lead in August Wilson's powerful play. Lloyd Richards directed. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie, and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:15, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ME AND MY GIRL:** An infelicitously rehabilitated British musical out of the thirties, with Jim Dale. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Tim Shew and Anthony Crivello star in the musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel, but the real standouts of the production are the settings, by John Napier, and the lighting, by David Hersey. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, May 30, at 2:30.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **STARLIGHT EXPRESS:** A bore on roller skates. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **STEEL MAGNOLIAS:** This first play by Robert Harling is set in a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana, and consists mainly of the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Le Cirque du Soleil—A circus from Montreal, in its first appearance here. (Battery Park City. Monday, May 30, at 1 and 4:30; Wednesday through Friday, June 1-3, at 8; Saturday, June 4, at 1, 4:30, and 8; and Sunday, June 5, at 1 and 4:30. For information about tickets, call 344-5910.)

Michael Feinstein in Concert—A program of popular songs of the twenties, thirties, and forties. Feinstein's knowledge of the genre is exhaustive: he knows all the old songs *and* their intros, so the show becomes a meeting place for the timeless and the charmingly dated—a must for lovers of show tunes and the people who wrote them. (5/9/88) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 12.)

Kaye Ballard: Working 42nd Street at Last!—Miss Ballard, with her accompanists Arthur Siegel, piano, and Miss Faun, cello. (Kaufman, 534 W. 42nd St. 564-8038. Mondays, except May 30, and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, May 30, at 3. Closes Sunday, June 12.)



Without You I'm Nothing—Sandra Bernhard in a one-woman show. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 5:30 and 9.)

Jackie Mason's "The World According to Me!"—A return engagement of the comedian's one-man show. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Tammy Grimes: A Concert in Words and Music—A one-woman show. (York Theatre, 2 E. 90th St. 534-5366. Tuesday and Thursday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 5.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tuesday evening, May 31: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, June 1: "Square Dance," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 2: "Interplay," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 3: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 4: "Interplay," "Sonatas and Interludes," "The Unanswered Question," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 4: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "The Cage," "Allegro Brillante," and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, June 5: "Ecstatic Orange," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "The Unanswered Question." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, June 5: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, June 7: "La Sonnambula," "Piano Pieces," and "Black & White." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, June 8: "Gounod Symphony," "Piano Pieces," and "Fancy Free." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, June 26.)

American Ballet Theatre—Monday evening, May 30: "La Bayadère" (with guest dancers Altynai Assylmuratova and Farukh Ruzimatov, of the Kirov Ballet). . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 31: "Raymonda Grand Pas Classique," "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes," and "Gaîté Parisienne." . . . ¶ Wednesday matinée, June 1: "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes," "Dark Elegies," and "Symphonie Concertante." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, June 1: "Les Sylphides," "Gala Performance," and "Raymonda Grand Pas Classique." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 2: "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes," "Gala Performance" and "Bruch Violin Concerto No. 1." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 3: "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes," "Dark Elegies," and "Gaîté Parisienne." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 4: "The Leaves Are Fading," "The Informer," and "Bruch Violin Concerto No. 1." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 4: "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes," "Dark Elegies," and "Gaîté Parisienne." . . . ¶ Monday evening, June 6: "Stravinsky Violin Concerto" and "Giselle." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, June 7: "Bruch Violin Concerto No. 1" and "Giselle." . . . ¶ Wednesday matinée, June 8: "Gala Performance" and "Giselle." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, June 8: "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes" and "Giselle." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, June 11.)

Sydney Dance Company—Tuesday and Wednesday, May 31-June 1, at 8: "After Venice." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, June 2-3, at 8; Saturday, June 4, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, June 5, at 3: "Shining." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Armitage Ballet—"Duck Dance, Crucifixus, Oh My God," "The Last Gone Dance," and "Kammerdisco." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Tuesday through Friday, May 31-June 3, at 8; Saturday, June 4, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, June 5, at 2.)

Jim Self—With Daniel Peters, in "Crankhouse," a full-length work. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Thurs-

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DANCE–Cont'd

day through Saturday, June 2-4, at 8, and Sunday, June 5, at 3.)

Matthew Nash Music and Dance—"Party of One," "Spigot," "Talk of the Town," and "Almanac" (New York première). (CSC Theatre, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210. Thursday, June 2, at 8, a benefit performance; Friday and Saturday, June 3-4, at 8; and Sunday, June 5, at 3 and 7.)

DanceAfrica Festival—Performances of traditional African dances and adaptations of them by Sabar Ak Ru Afriq, the Urban Bush Women, and Les Guirivoires. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Saturday, June 4, at 2 and 8, and Sunday, June 5, at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—In the lobby, people come and go talking of the Forty-fourth Street Chowder and Marching Club, which used to meet here, and of Lerner and Loewe, who knocked out "My Fair Lady" here, and of **Montgomery, Plant & Stritch,** who are singing here. M., P. & S., a one-man, two-woman vocal trio, sing and patter in close harmony in the Oak Room *Tuesday through Saturday, May 31-June 4,* at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. **Steve Ross,** a handsome crooner-about-town, does an all-Cole Porter program here starting Tuesday, June 7. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A nautically appointed bar and restaurant. Any swaying you may notice yourself doing is probably generated by the musicians, who perform amidships on a railed-in platform. A group led by **John Colianni** (a young pianist who has worked for Lionel Hampton) and featuring **Frank Wess** (the former Basie-band flutist and saxophonist) will be on hand Friday and Saturday, June 3-4. First set at ten.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A neat-as-a-pin cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, near the flower and fur markets. **Jay Leonhart,** a bassist who sometimes doubles as a singer, performs some of his own songs (about watching a man beat up on a money-eating pay phone, about playing with Louis Bellson for a society do at the Pierre) with pianist **Mike Renzi** at six-thirty Wednesdays through Saturdays. Mary-Cleere Haran sings at nine Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A really blue but not really New York jazz club; the idea for the brass plaques that are engraved with the names of visiting jazz stars and embedded in the blue tables appears to have been borrowed from Hollywood. **Illinois Jacquet,** the Texas tenor man whose name alone suggests coattails flying, will be out in front of his big band (he and it can go slowly and softly, too) Thursday through Sunday, June 2-5; **Gene Harris,** a veteran blues-minded pianist, brings in his big band on Tuesday, June 7. Music from nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—On the east side of the building, behind a dusty display window, there's a New York *Post* review of a Santana concert that took place here circa 1978; curatorial neglect seems to have made it a permanent exhibit. Inside, it's the **Seldom Scene,** a bluegrass band, on Friday, June 3; earnest folkie **Tom Paxton** on Saturday, June 4; and the Zawinul Syndicate, a Weather Report offshoot run by high-tech keyboardist **Joe Zawinul,** on Sunday and Monday, June 5-6. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A great up-close view from a barstool (unless there are a lot of standees, which is usually the case) of first-rate pianists and bassists. **Jack Wilson** and **Santi Debriano** will be on duty through Saturday, June 4. On Sunday, June 5, it's a three-way deal: pianist **John Hicks,** bassist **Curtis Lundy,** and alto saxophonist **Bobby Watson.** Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Long communal tables swathed in pink and a bandstand panelled in oak. **Jay Mc Shann** and **Ralph Sutton,** pianists of the Old Two-Handed School, will be here Tuesday through Sunday, May 31-June 5, and again on Tuesday and Wednesday, June 7-8, to prove that four hands are twice as rollicking as two. Their duets and solo turns will be accompanied by **Milt Hinton** (bass) and **Gus Johnson** (drums). Mondays belong to baritone-sax man **Hamiet Bluiett** and his big band. Music from nine. Dining.

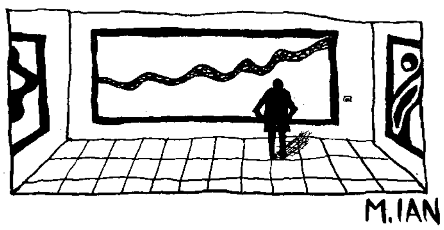
Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The figures on the wall of the Café Carlyle—a nude at her easel; a leaping poodle; a guitarist in a harlequin outfit; an unpedigreed dog with a bonnet in its mouth—are by Marcel Vertès, and the personage on the piano bench is **Bobby Short.** Bassist **Beverly Peer** and drummer **Robbie Scott** flank him. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Bemelmans Bar, **Barbara Carroll** presides at the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—There's not a lot of elbow- or headroom in this downstairs jazz club, but the musicians sometimes make you forget all about it. **Astrud Gilberto,** whose soft, low, shy person's voice is well suited to small spaces, sings Tuesday through Sunday, May 31-June 5; **Quest,** a quartet run by soprano saxophonist and Coltrane admirer **Dave Liebman,** comes in on Tuesday, June 7. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **Les Paul,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Music from eight. Dining.

Fortune Garden Pavilion, 209 E. 49th St. (753-0101)—A satisfying combination of Chinese food and homegrown music. Rubberneckers may see the moon wheeling by the greenhouse roof on its nightly tour of romantic Manhattan. **Roland Hanna,** one of several stellar pianists to emerge from Detroit in the forties and fifties (Hank Jones, Tommy Flanagan, and Barry Harris are the others), will be here Tuesday through Saturday, May 31-June 4. **Judy Carmichael,** a young stride specialist, begins a three-night stint on Tuesday, June 7. Sets at nine-thirty and eleven.

Grand Sea Palace, 346 W. 46th St. (265-8133)—The pink bower at the back of this Thai restaurant is called Danny's Skylight Room—two Dannys hang upon that apostrophe: manager Danny Nak and singer-pianist Danny Apolinar, who can be found in the bar most nights, knocking out show tunes by the handful—and it features a skylight view of some midtown airspace and the not often seen **Jane Harvey.** Miss Harvey, who sang with Benny Goodman forty years ago and is lately known for her jazzed-up versions of Sondheim songs, performs at eight-forty-five Tuesday through Thursday, May 31-June 2, and at eight-forty-five and ten-forty-five Friday and Saturday, June 3-4.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—Only slightly smaller than an airplane hangar but considerably fancier. On clear nights, the piano, situated in a grove of palms in the south-central region of the dining room, is visible from the bar. **Larry Vuckovich,** an energetic hard-bop pianist from Yugoslavia by way of San Francisco, plays from seven Tuesday through Thursday, May 31-June 2, and from seven-thirty Friday and Saturday, June 3-4. Closed Mondays.



Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A busy corner bar and restaurant with a piano at the center of things. **Lou Levy,** a bop-rooted pianist known for his work behind Ella Fitzgerald (he can be heard on "Ella in Rome," a 1958 live recording that was released this spring) and other singers, teams up with bassist **Michael Moore** Tuesday through Saturday, May 31-June 4. Pianist **Harry Connick, Jr.,** the latest good news from New Orleans, flies all by himself on Sundays and Mondays. Music from nine-thirty.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—Probably the only place in town that features avant-garde jazz, advanced and intermediate rock, Easy Now medicinal tea, medicinal beer, and room to think your thoughts in. Bassist **Mark Helias** leads a quartet on Thursday, June 2; **Elliott Sharp,** an East Village experimentalist, takes his group, Carbon, through his "Larynx" (a piece described by Jon Pareles of the *Times* as "tuned noise") on Friday and Saturday, June 3-4; tenor saxophonist **Joe Lovano,** guitarist **Bill Frisell,** and percussionist-singer Judi Silverman have the floor on Sunday, June 5. Activity from nine or so. Closed Monday and Tuesday, May 30-31.

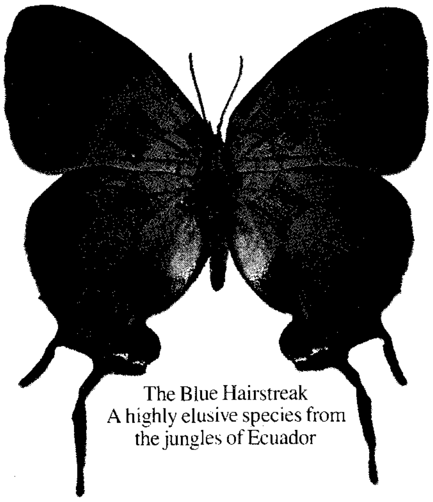
Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—This hangout for homesick Texans, French tourists, and local yokels brags that it's "the biggest and best honky-tonk north of Abilene." Big it ain't, but it does feature some genuine honky-tonk music, a souvenir stand, and TV monitors (which permit you to watch the action onstage in case your view of it is obscured by a cowboy or a structural element). **Lazy Lester,** a Louisiana bluesman with a sleepy-rough country voice, holds forth on Thursday, June 2; **James Brown,** the eminent soul and funk man, is scheduled to appear with his cape and his retinue on Friday, June 3; **Buckwheat Zydeco,** a Louisiana band led by a former Clifton Chenier sideman, performs Monday and Tuesday, June 6-7; and **Willy De Ville,** a Lower East Side soul singer, is here on Wednesday, June 8. Music after nine. Hot vittles.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A mid-Manhattan pub for well-heeled gents and their high-heeled foxes. Paul Cacia, a West Coast trumpeter who passed through Stan Kenton's organization in the seventies, directs a big band—trendily called the New Age Jazz Orchestra—in a tribute to his departed leader. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays.

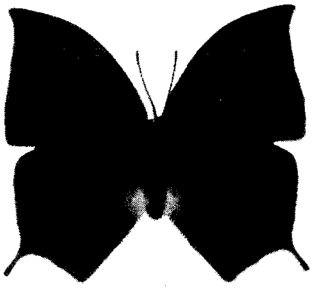
Red Blazer Too, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—A big, busy theatre-district establishment devoted to traditional jazz (big- and little-band Swing, several varieties of Dixieland). Music from six on Sundays, from eight-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Fifty years ago, people practiced the jitterbug and the foxtrot in this ballroom; today's patrons listen mainly to rock, which issues from speakers the size of mobile homes, and sometimes engage in a combination of exercise and intimacy known as slam dancing. **Albert Collins,** a bang-up Texas blues guitarist, will be here with his band at eleven on Friday, June 3; **Chuck Berry,** who passed up a career in cosmetology to make music to cut a rug by, performs on Saturday, June 4, at eight and eleven.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A big, cheerful room, painted a light tropical blue, where you can pick 'em up and set 'em down to sounds from Brazil, Africa, the Caribbean, and elsewhere. Ample seating for the contemplative. The lineup: Tuesday, May 31, Marcos Ariel; Wednesday and Thursday, June 1-2, Fagner

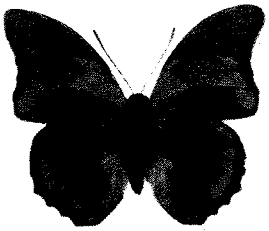


The Blue Hairstreak
A highly elusive species from
the jungles of Ecuador



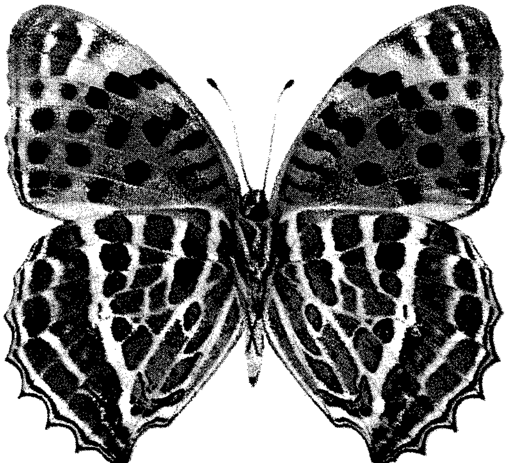
The Mountain Red Nymphalid
Peru's elegant oddity,
found in its mysterious valleys

The White Barred Nymphalid
A rarity from North Madagascar



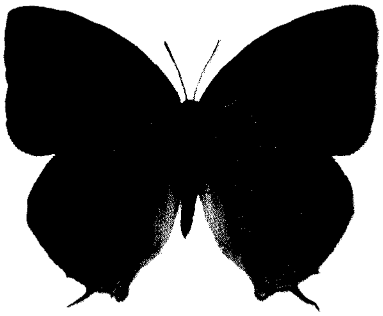
The Crimson Barred Nymphalid
Found in the rushing waters of Peru,
dazzling in color

The Peruvian Swallowtail
An extremely valuable
South American phenomenon



The Indonesian Nymphalid
One of the world's rarest

The Chinese Brown
An exotic species from Western China



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most uncommon butterflies

COGNAC
Hennessy

Hennessy X.O
The world's finest cognac

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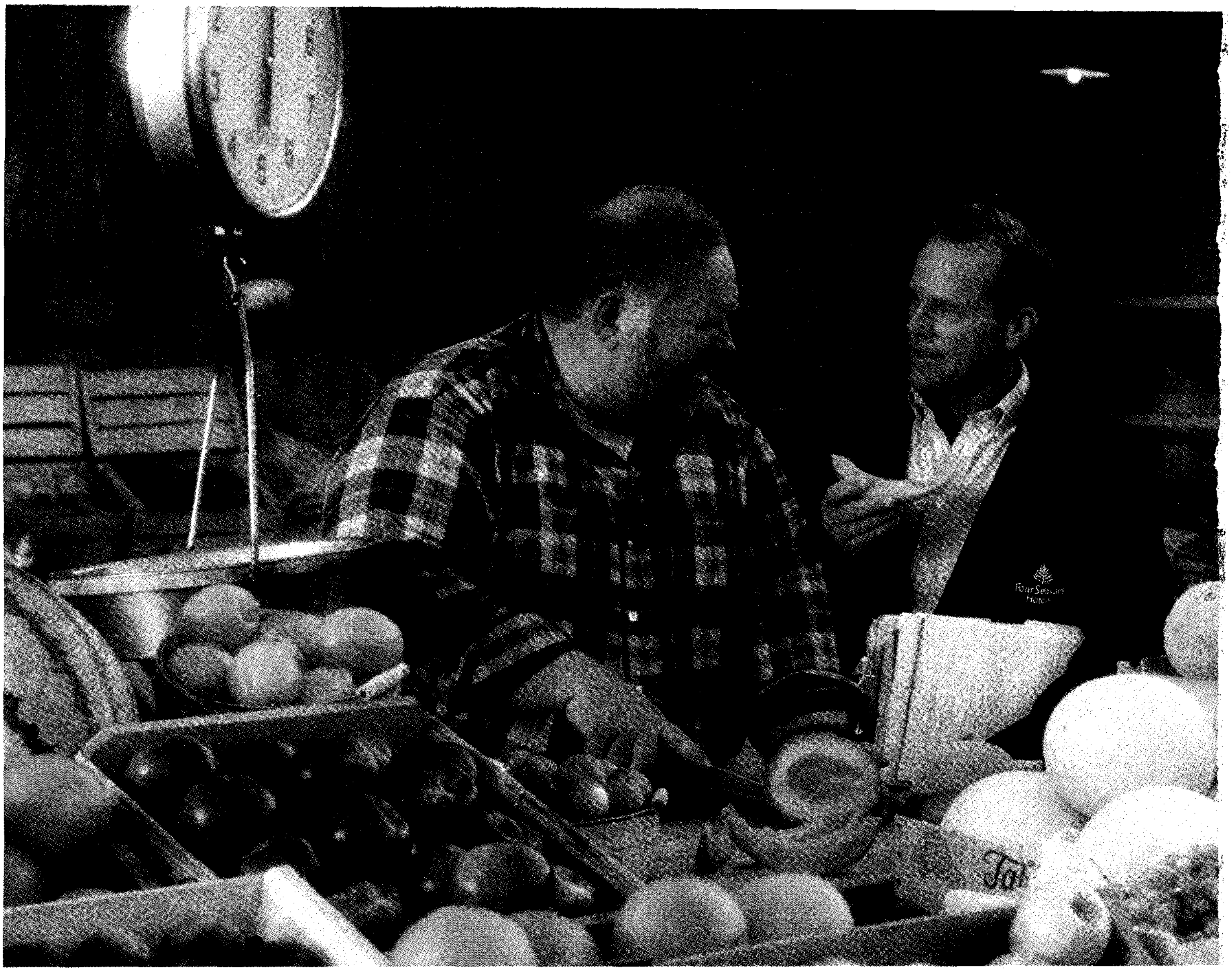

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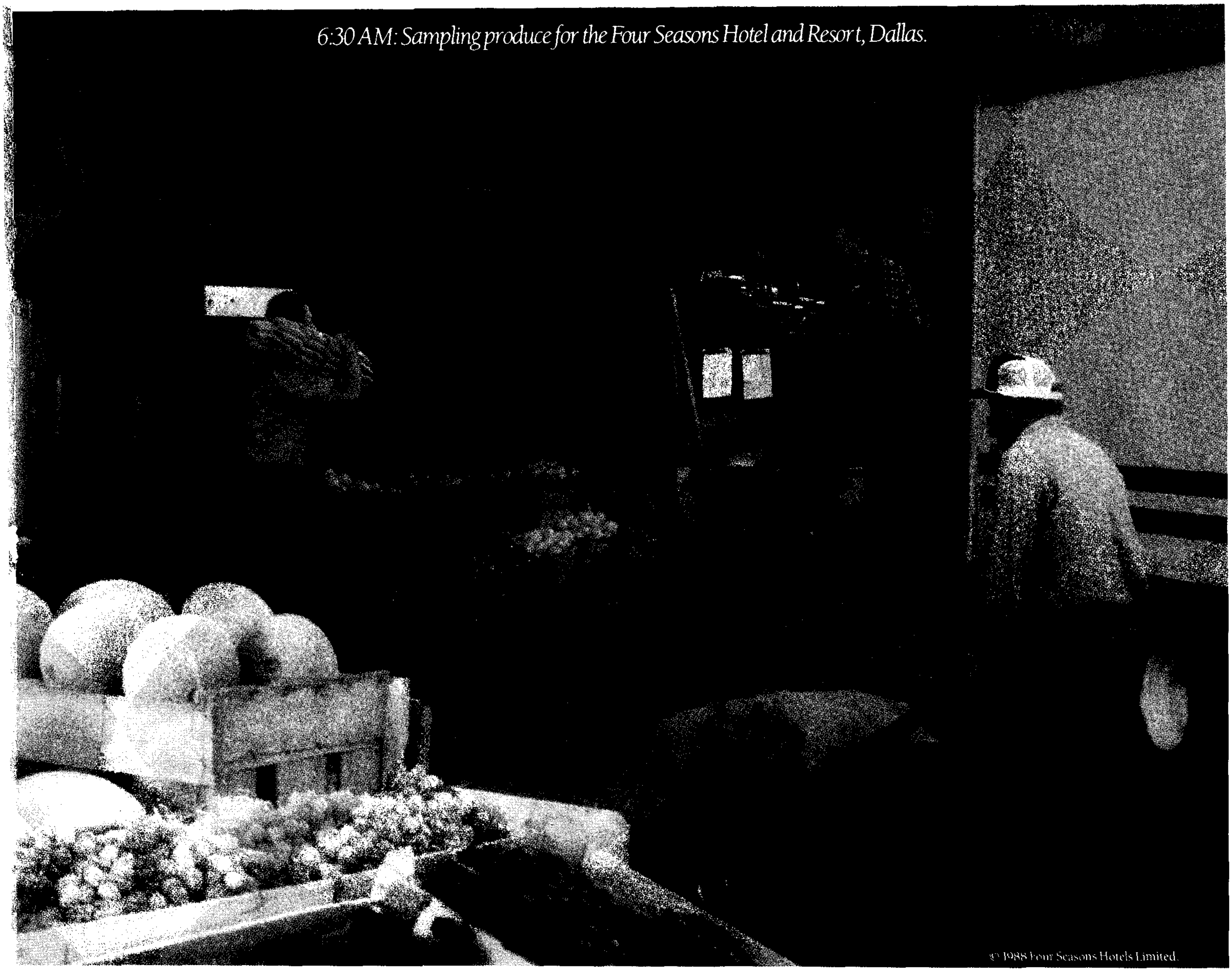
*Toronto (Inn on the Park), Vancouver **UNITED KINGDOM:** London (Inn on the Park). **RESORTS:** Dallas (Las Colinas), Maui (Wailea, opens 1989),*

Unseen And ever Unnoticed.



6:30 AM: Sampling produce for the Four Seasons Hotel and Resort, Dallas.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

NIGHT LIFE—Cont'd

(billed as "the Bob Dylan of Brazil"); Friday, June 3, **PÉ-DE-BOI**; and Tuesday, June 7, the **SKATALITES.** Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SPEAKEASY, 107 Macdougal St. (598-9670)—A central Village lounge for folkies and others who practice low-decibel (but not necessarily low-voltage) music. **PAULA LOCKHEART,** a Long Island-born saloon singer who does Billie Holiday material and Ray Charles blues and Louis Jordan novelty numbers (and plays hot kazoo), performs on Friday, June 3. Shows nightly from about eight-thirty. Dining.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A quintet led by the Japanese trumpeter **TERUMASA HINO** performs in this Village temple of jazz (pressed-tin ceiling, grainy b. & w. photos of your favorite demigods, knee-to-knee seating) Tuesday through Sunday, May 31-June 5. Starting Monday, June 6, **ART BLAKEY** will be here with his hard-bopper's sticks and his fleet young **JAZZ MESSENGERS.** Shows from ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—"Irish" is what the canopy above the entrance to this bar says, but rock and roll is what the boys and girls in the back room mainly do. **JIMMY ROGERS,** the Chicago bluesman who played second guitar in Muddy Waters' first electric band, will be here on Friday, June 3, which is his sixty-fourth birthday. Shows after nine-thirty.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the gym-size downstairs room, salsa bands play for their excitable fans from nine-thirty on Mondays. **THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS,** two medium-sized rock vaudevillians equipped with an accordion, a guitar, a beatbox, and songs stuffed with puns and wisecracks, perform Friday and Saturday, June 3-4. . . . ¶ One flight up, in the airy space known as the Terrace Bar, pianist **BILL MAYS** and bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ** collaborate Tuesday through Sunday, May 31-June 5. On Tuesday, they trade sets with **HELLMAN'S ANGELS,** a string trio whose head angel, **DAPHNE HELLMAN,** plays the harp. Music from ten.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world descend the stairs to this ancient jazz club; many of them later emerge from it in an excited condition. **FRANK MORGAN,** a fifty-four-year-old alto saxophonist who fell under the spell of Charlie Parker early in his career, dropped out of sight for nearly thirty years, and resurfaced as a bebopper with soul and wings, will be here with **MULGREW MILLER** (piano), **CECIL MC BEE** (bass), and **BEN RILEY** (drums) Tuesday through Sunday, May 31-June 5; **ARTHUR BLYTHE,** a protean post-Coltrane altoist, brings in his quartet on Tuesday, June 7. Mondays are prime time for the **MEL LEWIS** big band. Music from ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The big room in this student rest stop (Columbia U. is across the street) has a non-institutional cafeteria, a bar that can seat a marching band, and a jukebox. The smaller room has tables, booths, a couple of hanging plants, and live jazz. Violinist **PETE COMPO** leads a tradition-minded quartet Wednesday through Sunday, June 1-5. On Mondays, comedians stand up and fall down. Shows from about nine.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—If you like pictures of cows, there's a good one here, by the British painter Malcolm Morley, of some Holsteins adrift in a Turneresque landscape. There's also jazz, which flows peaceably from a passageway between the front-room bar and the back-room restaurant. Pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and bassist **MARTY RIVERA** work together through Saturday, June 4; pianist **DICK KATZ** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** are on duty on Sunday, June 5. Music from eight nightly except Sundays, when it starts at seven. Closed Monday, May 30.

JAZZ / ROCK / PERSONAL APPEARANCES / PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

JULIA HEYWARD—The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793. Thursday through Sunday, June 2-5, and Wednesday, June 8, at 8:30. Through Saturday, June 11.

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"A ROAD SHOW"—A performance work with Laurie Carlos, Jessica Hagedorn, and Robbie McCauley. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Thursday through Sunday, June 2-5, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 674-8112.)

GARRISON KEILLOR—The second annual farewell performance of "A Prairie Home Companion." (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Friday, June 3, at 8, and Saturday, June 4, at 2 and 8.)

ART FARMER QUINTET—Jazzport, 210 Front St. 608-7889. Friday and Saturday, June 3-4, at 8 and 10.

GRAHAM PARKER—With Janata. (Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. Friday, June 3, at 9. For tickets, call 757-3100.)

SHANKAR, ZAKIR HUSSAIN, AND T. H. VINAYAKRAM—Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Saturday, June 4, at 8.

NEW EARS NEW MUSIC FESTIVAL—Saturday, June 4, at 7: The Toasters, Tony Nogueira's Aquarela Brasiliense, and Arto Lindsay. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 5, at 3: Norman Salant & Benjamin Bossi, and David First & Musicians. (Tompkins Square Park band shell, Avenue A and 7th St. No tickets necessary. Through Sunday, June 12.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Memorial Day.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

FRANK W. BENSON (1862-1951)—Impressionist plein-air paintings of the artist's children and grandchildren at their summer residence in Maine. Through June 11. (Spanierman, 50 E. 78th St.)

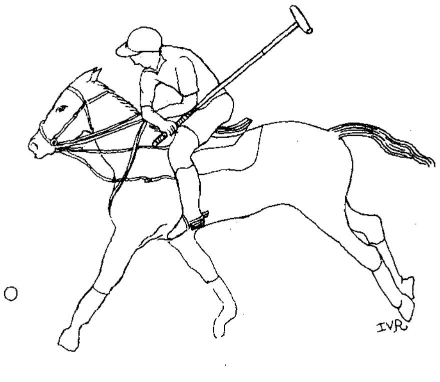
JACOBO BORGES—New paintings in which explosive color is controlled by a shadowy figure. Through June 30. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St. Open Mondays.)

JOHN CONSTABLE (1776-1837)—Over a hundred paintings and works on paper. Through June 25. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

JAMES GILLRAY (1756-1815) **AND HONORÉ DAUMIER** (1808-79)—Graphics by two caricaturists. Through Monday, June 6. (McCarron, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays.)

JANE KAPLOWITZ—In such oil-stick drawings as "My Mondrian" and "My Albers" this artist ridicules art collectors by portraying them as empty-headed consumers. Through June 11. (McCoy, 19 E. 71st St.)

JOEL CORCOS LEVY—Many small oils of seascapes and bucolic landscapes on plywood, the surface of which has been primed to bring up the grain. Through Saturday, June 4. (Babcock, 20 E. 67th St. Closes at 4 on Saturdays.)



ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG—New drawings. Through Thursday, June 2. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

ANTONIO SEGUI—A recent series of gouaches that follows one of the artist's characters through a hectic, skyscraper-filled city. Through June 18. (Bernard, 33 E. 74th St.)

VACLAV VYTLACIL (1893-1984) / **JOAN THORNE**—Paintings from the twenties and thirties by this American modernist. / Abstract paintings and pastels. Through June 10. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

MAX WEBER (1881-1961)—Works on paper. Through Saturday, June 4. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

ISAAC WITKIN—Recent sculptures in bronze and aluminum. Through June 24. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

GROUP SHOW—Prints by Jasper Johns, Frank Stella, Eve Sonneman, Roy Lichtenstein, Ellsworth Kelly, and others in an exhibit mounted in memory of Toiny Castelli. Through June 15. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

ANTHONY CARO—Seven abstract sculptures in waxed steel which were composed with the temple of Zeus at Olympia in mind. Through June 10. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

LEONORA CARRINGTON—Recent paintings and works on paper by a Surrealist. Through Saturday, June 4. (Brewster, 41 W. 57th St.)

O. LOUIS GUGLIELMI (1906-56)—Colorful geometric abstractions of fragmented objects and vistas. Through June 10. (Washburn, 41 E. 57th St.)

CLAUDE AND FRANÇOIS-XAVIER LALANNE—Sculptures by this husband and wife, many inspired by the animal kingdom—a hippopotamus that is also a bathtub, for instance, and a crocodile that is also a chair. Through June 30. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

JACOB LANDAU—New works on paper. Through Saturday, June 4. (Sumers, 50 W. 57th St.)

JULIO LARRAZ—New realist paintings. Through Saturday, June 4. (Haime, 41 E. 57th St.)

HENRY MOORE (1898-1986)—Sculptures, drawings, and prints. Through June 15. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

ISAMU NOGUCHI—New bronzes. Through June 25. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

PICASSO (1881-1973)—Paintings, sculptures, and prints from 1950 to 1973. Through July 29. (Krugier, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

KENNETH POLINSKIE—Recent watercolors, some on handmade paper. Through June 29. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

FRANÇOIS ROUAN—Encaustic paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, June 4. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

GEORGE SEGAL—Sculptures, including a twenty-six-foot-long urban tableau entitled "The Street." Through Saturday, June 4. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St.)

TONY SIANI—A two-gallery show of mixed-medium reliefs. (Ross, 50 W. 57th St. Through June 14. . . . ¶ 48 Laight Street Gallery. Opens at 1 Thursdays through Saturdays. Through June 11.)

DOROTHEA TANNING—Lush paintings of amorphous figures. Through June 18. (Kent, 41 E. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **DE NAGY,** 41 W. 57th St.: Works on paper by Philip Guston, André Masson, Melissa Meyer, and Robin Utterback, among others. Through June 30. . . . **FRENCH,** 41 W. 57th St.: Works in various mediums by Ed McGowin, William Christenberry, Jeanne Duval, and others. Through June 18. (Open Mondays.) . . . **GALERIE LELONG,** 20 W. 57th St.: Abstract paintings by Peter Halley, Sherrie Levine, and Christopher Wool, among others. Through Saturday, June 4. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.: Wood reliefs by Bernard Langlais, paintings in mixed mediums by Charles McGill, and egg-tempera works by Abby Shahn. Through June 24. . . . **SCHOELKOPF,** 50 W. 57th St.: Geometric abstractions dat-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ART—Cont'd

ing from the thirties to 1960, including paintings by Eleanor de Laittre, Charles G. Shaw, and others, and a sculpture by Sidney Gordin. Through Wednesday, June 8. . . . **ZABRISKIE**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Works by the Nouveaux Réalistes, including Yves Klein, Niki de Saint-Phalle, and Gérard Deschamps. Through July 8. (Open Mondays.)

Sculpture—Pieces by Richard Artschwager, Richard Deacon, Luciano Fabro, Claes Oldenburg, Giuseppe Penone, and Richard Serra. Through July 1. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Herb Aach (1923-85)—Large abstract paintings. Through June 25. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

Peter Ambrose—Sculptures in various mediums by an artist who reduces hearts, torsos, and feet to blocklike forms. Through June 25. (Esman, 70 Greene St.)

Eric Bainbridge—Sculptures in mixed mediums. Through June 25. (Ala, in a new location at 560 Broadway.)

Toby Buonagurio—Serenely beautiful ceramic heads wearing ceremonial headdresses that could have been borrowed from Carmen Miranda or an Egyptian tomb. Through June 18. (Steinbaum, 132 Greene St.)

Denise Corley / Betti-Sue Hertz—Self-portraits dating from 1977 to the present. / New works by an artist who juxtaposes painted wall sculptures with Cibachromes of Puerto Rican folk architecture found in New York City. Through Saturday, June 4. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Eric Fischl—New paintings. Through June 25. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

General Idea—A series of paintings based on Robert Indiana's "Love," in which "AIDS" has replaced "Love." Through Saturday, June 4. (Koury Wingate, 578 Broadway.)

Mary Gillis—Pastel abstractions on gessoed linen. Through June 11. (Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway.)

Don Gummer—Large-scale freestanding wood sculptures. Through June 11. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

John Hultberg—A retrospective of paintings. Through June 11. (Shapolsky, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

Brian Yoshimi Isobe—Paintings and works on paper. Through Tuesday, June 7. (Perlow, 560 Broadway.)

Ilya Kabakov—For his first exhibition in the United States, this Russian artist has transformed the Feldman gallery into living quarters for ten fictitious tenants—one of them has built a catapult to launch himself into space, and another has never thrown anything away. Through June 11. (31 Mercer St.)

Laurie Kaplowitz—Paintings of sketchy female nudes surrounded by wide, scratched borders. Through Wednesday, June 8. (Haller, 415 West Broadway.)

Pat Lasch—Cakes, hearts, and female figures cast in bronze, silver, or gold. Through Saturday, June 4. (Pearl, 420 West Broadway.)

Chris Macdonald—Recent wood sculptures and works on paper. Through Saturday, June 4. (Beitzel, 113 Greene St.)

David Mach—An installation involving fifteen tons of magazines, a cast-iron bathtub, and a stuffed zebra. Through June 11. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Markus Raetz—Works in various mediums. Through June 11. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St. A larger show is currently on view at The New Museum.)

Edward Ruscha / Frank Gehry—Works on paper. / *New furniture designs in corrugated* cardboard. Through July 1. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Jane Schneider—A series of wood sculptures of a mythical menagerie. Through Saturday, June 4. (Kelly, 591 Broadway.)

Hunt Slonem and David LaChapelle—Saints from Eastern and Western religions are depicted in paintings by the former and in Cibachromes by the latter. Through June 18. (Trabia-MacAfee, 54 Greene St. Photographs by LaChapelle are also on view at the 56 Bleecker Street Gallery.)

Peter Solow / David Horsley—Drawings. / Paintings. Through June 30. (Gallery Moos, 133 Greene St.)

Merrill Wagner—New paintings on slate. Through June 11. (Pretto, 103 Sullivan St. Opens at 1.)

Andy Warhol (1930-87)—Silk screens the artist made from F.B.I. Most Wanted posters. Through June 30. (Gagosian, 521 W. 23rd St., near Eleventh Ave.) . . . ¶ Early works in various mediums. Through July 30. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

Gilberto Zorio—New sculptures in various mediums. Through Saturday, June 4. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At the **brown,** 560 Broadway: White works, mainly, by Ford Beckman, Holt Quentel, Suzan Etkin, Andrew Lord, and others. Through June 18. . . . **cooper,** 155 Wooster St.: Sculptures by Carl Andre, Donald Judd, and Tony Smith. Through Saturday, June 4. . . . **the drawing center,** 35 Wooster St.: A selection of sixty-nine drawings that the curator has categorized as art that copies art. Michelangelo, Dürer, Watteau, Cézanne, and Picasso are among the copiers. Through July 23. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **castelli,** 142 Greene St.: A show entitled "Richard Artschwager: His Peers and Persuasion." The peers include Allan McCollum, Malcolm Morley, and Nancy Dwyer. Through June 11. . . . **hanson,** 415 West Broadway: Works in various mediums by Carroll Dunham, Michael Hurson, Deborah Kass, Jeffrey Wasserman, and others. Through June 28. . . . **marcus,** 578 Broadway: Sculptures, drawings, photographs, and installations by Hannah Collins, Nan Goldin, Gloria Friedmann, Pepe Espaliú, and Tim Hawkinson. Through June 25.

OTHER GALLERIES

Bill Barrette—Constructions centered on daguerreotypes of women. Through June 26. (Fiction-Nonfiction, 155 Avenue B, at 10th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays and Sundays.)

Jean-Michel Basquiat—Paintings and works on paper. Through June 11. (Baghoomian, 611 Broadway.)

Zachary Ehrenreich / Robin Parker—Dark, atmospheric paintings; in one, the Williamsburg Bridge hangs in the distance as two men play chess at the edge of the East River / Bronzes. Through June 15. (Neo Persona, 52 Hudson St. Opens at noon.)

Peter Grass—Recent paintings. Through June 25. (Braathen, 33 Bleecker St., at Lafayette St.)

Yukimura S. Konishi—Two shows of abstract works presented by the Humphrey gallery: oils at 37 E. 7th St., and collages at 242 E. 5th St. Through June 19. (Both places open at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Elaine Reichek—An installation that incorporates no fewer than two hundred coconuts. Through June 25. (56 Bleecker Street Gallery.)

Atlanta Constance Sampson—Paintings; the first show by this ninety-two-year-old artist. Through June 6. (National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park S. Daily, noon to 7.)

Paul Thek—Paintings and drawings. Through Sunday, June 5. (Mokotoff, 735 E. 9th St., just west of Avenue D. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Grands Projets—A show promoting nine Parisian architectural projects. Included are drawings, models, and photographs of I. M. Pei's addition to the Louvre and of the Great Arch of La Défense, by Johan Otto von Spreckelsen. Through July 3. (U.S. Custom House, Bowling Green at the foot of Broadway. Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **cugliani,** 508 Greenwich St., at Spring St.: Two small paintings each by Moira Dryer, Joe Andoe, Michele Zalopany, and others. Through June 30. . . . **klein,** 611 Broadway: Works in various mediums by Pat Steir, Matt Mullican, and Alan Charlton. Through July 2. . . . **p.p.o.w,** 337 E. 8th St., near Avenue C: Social and political art of the Lower East Side, dating from the eighteen-nineties to the present; the show includes over a hundred works by Reginald Marsh, David Robbins, Berenice Abbott, Allen Ginsberg, Adam Purple, Anton van Dalen, and others. Through July 15. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Nan Goldin—Raw, candid photographs concerned with both the expression and the repression of sexual identity. Through June 17. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

Josef Koudelka—Photographs, including prints of European Gypsies and country people and of the 1968 Prague uprising. Through July 10. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Neil Maurer / Lois Conner—Photographs of white objects in a white room. / The artist's platinum prints of Chinese landscapes were the source of these eighteen photogravures printed by Thomas Platt Palmer. Through June 30. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

Lisette Model (1906-83)—Early prints that include views of New York and Paris. Through June 11. (Sander, 51 Greene St.)

Hope Sandrow—Large-scale photographs in which figures are often distorted. Through Sunday, June 5. (Gracie Mansion Gallery, 167 Avenue A, at 10th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Rosalind Solomon—Seventy-five large-scale works, collectively titled "Portraits in the Time of AIDS." Through July 1. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, 33 Washington Pl. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Garry Winogrand (1928-84)—The Museum of Modern Art has mounted a retrospective of his work; see below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Group Show—Elvis Presley, Teddy Roosevelt, and Daniel Boone are among the subjects of a show that reconsiders American history and myths; thus the artists—many of whom incorporate photographs into their work—include Jim Goldberg, Judith Ross, and William Eggleston. Through June 30. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Six capacious galleries devoted to the collections of ancient Chinese art have recently opened; among the highlights are an enormous bronze tripod cauldron (sixth century B.C.), a standing figure of the Buddha of the Future (fifth century), and, on a smaller scale, some twenty jade and pottery objects on temporary loan from the Shanghai Museum. . . . ¶ Ninety paintings and drawings by Paul Klee, gifts to the museum from Heinz Berggruen. Through July 31 . . . . ¶ Fifty-one Dutch and Flemish paintings on loan from the Hermitage. Through Sunday, June 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of work by Garry Winogrand, a photographer who sought out crowds and documented them, snapshot style, on city streets and at press conferences, peace rallies, zoos, and rodeos. Through Aug. 16. . . . ¶ Drawings by Paul Cézanne taken from five sketchbooks that are on loan from the Kunstmuseum in Basel. Through Sunday, June 5. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A loan show of sixty modern paintings from the National Gallery in Prague, consisting entirely of works that will be in America for the first time. The artists include Cézanne, Chagall, Klimt, Gauguin, and Matisse, and their Czech counterparts. Starts Friday, June 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Paintings and drawings from the past twelve years by Elizabeth Murray. Through June 26. . . . ¶ Drawings by the contemporary artists George Condo, Mike Kelley, Ellen Phelan, and Janis Provisor. Through July 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours:

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ART—Cont'd

Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A survey of Donald Sultan's paintings and drawings dating from 1981 to 1987. Through June 13. . . . ¶ A show *documenting the work of* Gordon Matta-Clark (1943-78), who used abandoned buildings as sculptural material—cutting out arcs, circles, etc., and displaying leftover fragments in galleries. Through July 11. . . . ¶ A drawing and a sculpture each by forty contemporary Israeli artists, including Pinchas Cohen-Gan, Teresa Gejer, and Osvaldo Romberg. Through June 27. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—The annual exhibition of works by newly elected members (Cynthia Ozick, James Dickey, Raymond Carver, John McPhee, and others) and by recipients of Academy-Institute awards, among them David Bottoms, Andrew Hudgins, Miriam Gideon, Louise Talma, and Alex Katz. Manuscripts, paintings, drawings, sculptures, and photographs. Through June 12. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—A show on the contemporary partnership between artists and architects, focussing on the artists' contributions. There will be, for instance, stone seats by Scott Burton that are like those he made for the Equitable Center, and objects in glass by three artists who worked on the redesigned Rainbow Room. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—This institution, built with stones from seven medieval buildings, opened fifty years ago in May and, to commemorate the event, has refurbished the Cloisters Treasury with some late-twentieth-century accessories—climate-controlled cases, which hold the collections of ivories, metalwork, textiles, stained glass, manuscripts, and enamels. (Open daily, except Mondays, 9:30 to 5:15.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The Arts and Crafts Movement in America (1875-1920) is represented in a display of about two hundred objects, including stained glass, silver, books, furniture, jewelry, and textiles. Through June 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St.—Works by two twentieth-century Japanese artists: Shiko Munakata, represented by, for instance, a series of hanging scrolls made of woodblock prints, and by an ink painting executed while he was on a visit to New York; and Kitaoji Rosanjin, whose ceramics based on traditional Japanese, Chinese, and Korean styles are on view. Through June 24. (Open Mondays, except Memorial Day, through Fridays, 11 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A comprehensive exhibit of the work of Beatrix Potter (1866-1943) which includes watercolors of her familiar subjects (Peter Rabbit, Jemima Puddle-Duck) and her not so familiar subjects—insects, plants, and fossils. Through Aug. 21. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Works by the painter-sculptor Arbit Blatas, whose subject is stars of the New York music and theatre worlds, past and present. Appearing in the show are Toscanini and Bernstein, Pavarotti and Sutherland. Also, paintings of scenes from the current "Cabaret," with Joel Grey. Through Aug. 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The Uffizi Gallery, in Florence, repository of nearly thirteen hundred artists' self-portraits, has sent a selection of thirty—by Andrea del Sarto, Annibale Carracci, Walter Crane, and others—in an exchange show with the National Academy, which sent a selection of its thirteen hundred self-portraits to Florence this spring. Through July 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—A show by the Swiss sculptor Markus Raetz. Through July 10. A complementary exhibit is at Brooke Alexander, 59 Wooster St. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The Berg Collection of English and American Literature is celebrating its jubilee with a show of a hundred and fifty of its prize manuscripts and books, among them a first edition of Poe's "Tamerlane and Other Poems," the notebooks of Eliot and Auden, one of Virginia Woolf's diaries, and the typescript of Robert Lowell's "The Drive from West Street to Danbury." (Open daily, except Sundays, Thursdays, and Memorial Day, 10 to 5:45.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—A retrospective of paintings and prints by James Lesesne Wells. Through June 19. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

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MUSIC

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Manhattan Philharmonic—Robert Bass conducting Mozart's Requiem, and Michael Morgan conducting Brahms' Requiem. With vocal soloists and a very large chorus. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Monday, May 30, at 7:30.)

Tchaikovsky Chamber Orchestra—A conductorless group formerly known as the Soviet Émigré Orchestra. With Sara Wolfensohn, piano. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Sunday, June 5, at 8:30.)

Canticum Novum Singers—Harold Rosenbaum directing an all-Bach program; with an orchestra. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Saturday, June 4, at 9.)

Metropolitan Greek Chorale—George Tsontakis directing a work of his own and a work by Marc-Antonio Consoli. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Sunday, June 5, at 8.)

RECITALS

Andrew Rangell—Piano, playing a program that includes Beethoven sonatas and bagatelles. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Tuesday, May 31, at 8.)

Chamber Sound—A program of American works for chamber ensemble and tenor. With James *Blanton as the soloist. (New York Public Li*brary, Webster Branch, York Ave. at 78th St. Thursday, June 2, at 7. No tickets necessary.)

Guarneri Quartet—In an all-Beethoven program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Thursday, June 2, at 8.)

Mordecai Shehori—Piano. (Weill Recital Hall. 247-7800. Thursday, June 2, at 8.)

Piano Recital—In celebration of Steinway & Sons' five-hundred-thousandth piano, a bevy of pianists, including Leon Bates, Misha Dichter, Vladimir Feltsman, and Ruth Laredo, will play all the episodes of Schumann's "Carnaval," and selections by many other composers. The piano, designed by Wendell Castle, will be unveiled and played in the final portion of this benefit concert. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Thursday, June 2, at 8.)

Harpsichord Unlimited—The Trio Bell'Arte will play a program of classical and contemporary works. (Weill Recital Hall. 247-7800. Friday, June 3, at 8.)

Martin Foster and Eugene Plawutsky—Violin and piano, in a program of Brazilian works. (Americas Society, Park Ave. at 68th St. Friday, June 3, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Composers' Forum—Presenting new works for computer synthesizers, voice, and theatre performance by Julie Kabat, Neil B. Rolnick, and Richard Teitelbaum. (Dia Art Foundation, 155 Mercer St. Friday, June 3, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Guy Bovet—Organ. (Church of St. John the Evangelist, First Ave. at 55th St. Monday, June 6, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

North/South Consonance—Max Lifchitz conducting a program of five premières. With Lynn Vardeman, soprano. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Tuesday, June 7, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Amiram Rigai—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Tuesday, June 7, at 8.)

Kenn Hicks—Tenor, in a benefit concert. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Wednesday, June 8, at 7:30.)

SPORTS

(The *ticket-information number for Shea Sta*dium is 1-718 507-8499, and for Yankee Stadium 293-6000.)

Baseball—**mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Los Angeles, Monday, May 30, at 1:35, and Tuesday and Wednesday, May 31-June 1, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Chicago, Thursday and Friday, June 2-3, at 7:35; Saturday, June 4, at 3:20; and Sunday, June 5, at 1:35. . . . **yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Boston, Monday through Wednesday, June 6-8, at 7:30.

Racing—At **belmont:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1. The Metropolitan Handicap, Monday, May 30. . . . **monmouth park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; starting Friday, June 3. . . . **atlantic city race course,** McKee City, N.J.: Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:45; starting Wednesday, June 8. . . . **garden state park,** Cherry Hill, N.J.: The Jersey Derby, Monday, May 30 (racing begins at 1).

Running—The L'Eggs Mini Marathon, of ten kilometres, will start at ten on Saturday, June 4, in Central Park near the Tavern on the Green, and finish at almost the same place.

ET ALIA

Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit—The semiannual show will be held Saturdays and Sundays, June 4-5 and 11-12.

Garrison Keillor—Talking about radio programs and answering questions. (Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St. 752-4690. Tuesday and Wednesday, June 7-8, at 5:30.)

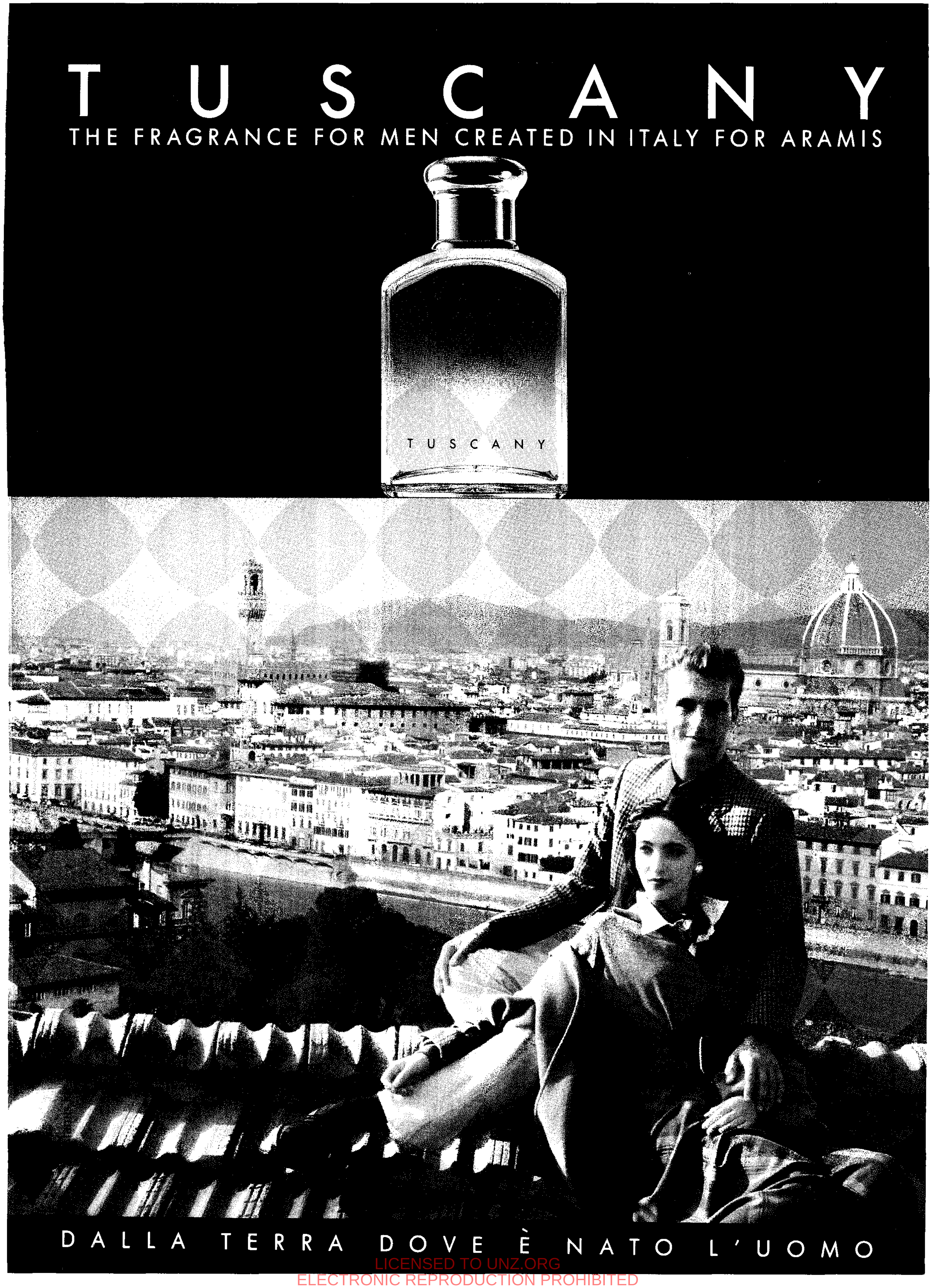
COMING EVENTS

(A checklist for readers who plan ahead.)

Golf—Westchester Classic. (Westchester Country Club, Harrison. June 9-12.)

Dance—At the Metropolitan Opera House: The *Royal Danish Ballet, June 14-18, and the* Paris Opéra Ballet, June 21-July 9.

Other Dates—A Georges Braque retrospective at the Guggenheim Museum, June 10-Sept. 11. . . . ¶ The First New York International Festival of the Arts, June 11-July 11. . . . ¶ Second-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Wednesday, June 15. . . . ¶ A David Hockney retrospective at the Metropolitan Museum, June 18-Aug. 14. . . . ¶ The first day of summer is June 20. . . . ¶ The Fourth of July falls on a Monday.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THE FRAGRANCE FOR MEN CREATED IN ITALY FOR ARAMIS
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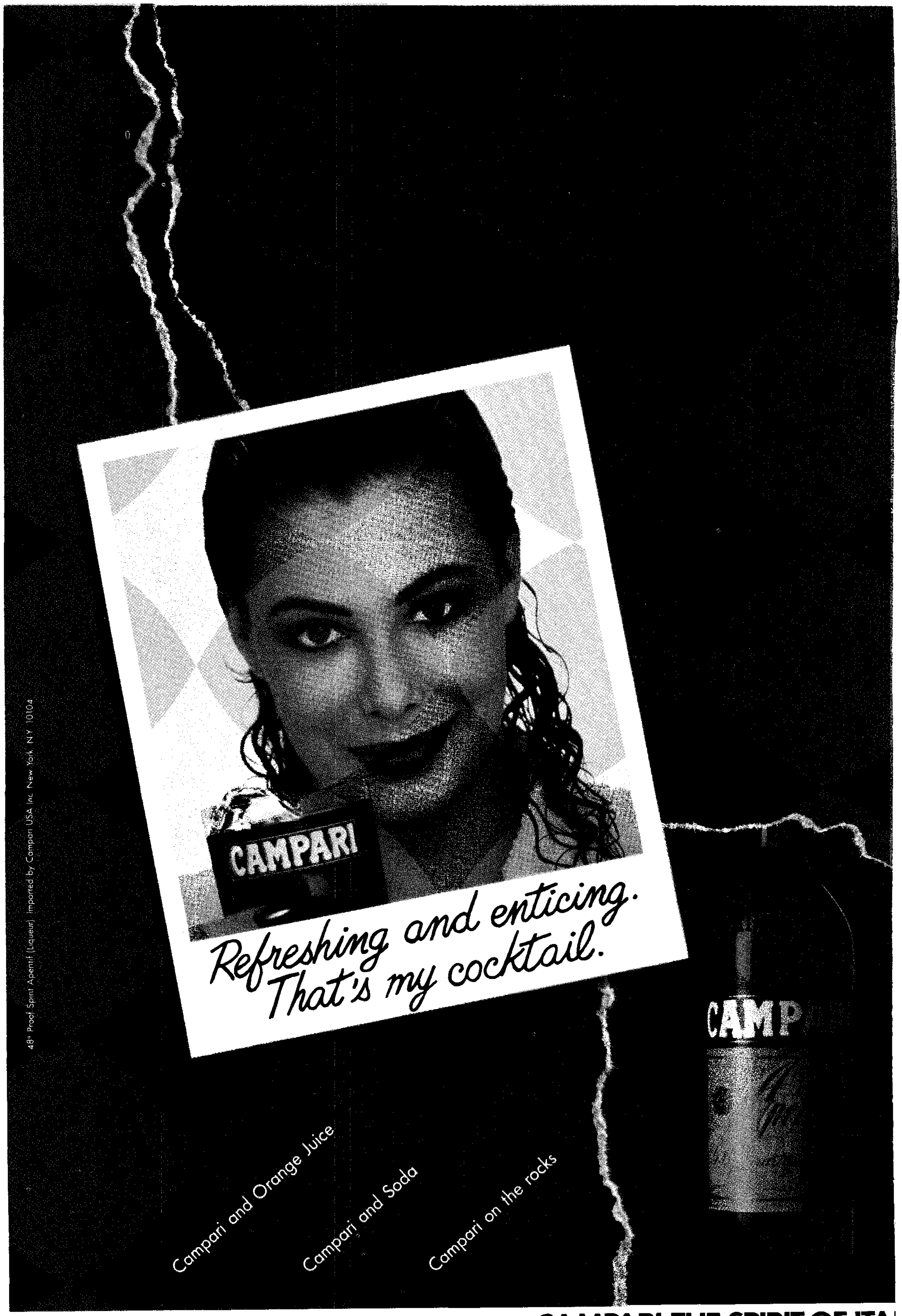
DALLA TERRA DOVE È NATO L'UOMO


Refreshing and enticing.
That's my cocktail.
CAMPARI
Campari and Orange Juice
Campari and Soda
Campari on the rocks
48° Proof Spirit Aperitif (Liqueur). Imported by Campari USA Inc. New York, NY 10104
CAMPARI. THE SPIRIT OF ITA

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
A program of Brazilian films.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: Through June 2: "Beetlejuice" (†). From June 3: "South of Reno" (directed by Mark Rezyka).
Theatre 2: Through June 2: "Salsa" (Boaz Davidson). From June 3: "Funny Farm" (George Roy Hill), with Chevy Chase.
Theatre 3: "Rambo III" (Peter Macdonald), with Sylvester Stallone and Richard Crenna.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Colors" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Rambo III" (Peter Macdonald), with Sylvester Stallone and Richard Crenna.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Willow" (†).
Theatre 2: "Crocodile Dundee II" (John Cornell), with Paul Hogan.
Theatre 3: "Crocodile Dundee II."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through June 2: "Moonstruck" (†).
From June 3: "Funny Farm" (George Roy Hill), with Chevy Chase.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Last Emperor" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through June 2: "Call Me" (Sollace Mitchell).
From June 3: To be announced.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through June 2: "Colors" (†). No performances Wednesday, June 1.
From June 3: "Big" (Penny Marshall), with Tom Hanks.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The Moderns" (†).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Crocodile Dundee II" (John Cornell), with Paul Hogan.
Theatre 2: "Crocodile Dundee II."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Unbearable Lightness of Being" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Above the Law" (Andrew Davis), with Steven Seagal.
Theatre 2: Through June 2: "Beetlejuice" (†). From June 3: To be announced.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Rikky and Pete" (Nadia Tass), with Stephen Kearney.
Theatre 2: "Salome's Last Dance" (Ken Russell).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Rambo III" (Peter Macdonald), with Sylvester Stallone and Richard Crenna.
Theatre 2: "Stormy Monday" (†).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through June 2: "The Milagro Beanfield War" (†).
From June 3: "Funny Farm" (George Roy Hill), with Chevy Chase.

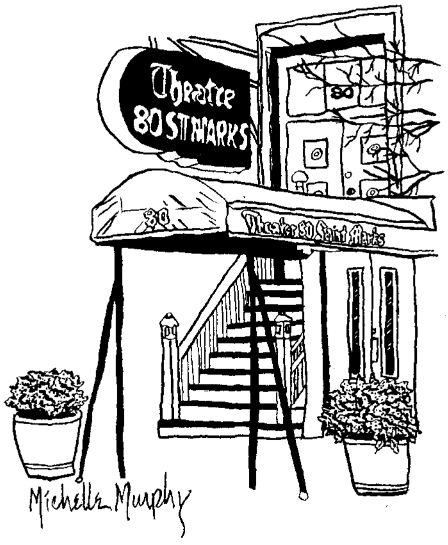
Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "The Manchurian Candidate" (†).
Theatre 2: "Moonstruck" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
Through June 2: "Saturday Night at the Palace" (Robert Davies).
From June 3: "Aria," ten episodes by ten directors.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Willow" (†).

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through June 2: "Salsa" (Boaz Davidson).
From June 3: "The Drifter."

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Crocodile Dundee II" (John Cornell), with Paul Hogan.



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 22.

Theatre 2: "Rambo III" (Peter Macdonald), with Sylvester Stallone and Richard Crenna.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: Through June 2: "Stand and Deliver" (†). From June 3: "Big" (Penny Marshall), with Tom Hanks.
Theatre 2: Through June 2: "Colors" (†). From June 3: "The Wrong Guys" (Danny Bilson).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatres open in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through May 31: "Shattered Dreams: Picking Up the Pieces" (directed by Victor Schonfeld and Jenifer Millstone; in English, Hebrew, and Arabic), a documentary. From June 1: "Welcome in Vienna" (1986; Axel Corti; in German).
Theatre 2: See listings under "Revival Houses."

Bleecker St. Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "My Life as a Dog" (1987; Lasse Hallström; in Swedish), with Anton Glanzelius.
Theatre 2: "Tampopo" (†).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Hairspray" (†).
Theatre 2: Through June 2: "Powaqqatsi" (Godfrey Reggio). From June 3: "The Beat" (Paul Mones), with John Savage.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"The Last Emperor" (†).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through June 2: "The Milagro Beanfield War" (†). From June 3: "Big" (Penny Marshall), with Tom Hanks.
Theatre 2: "White Mischief" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Aria," ten episodes by ten directors.
Theatre 2: "Au Revoir les Enfants" ("Goodbye, Children") (†).
Theatre 3: "Mondo New York" (Harvey Keith).
Theatre 4: "Stormy Monday" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "The Manchurian Candidate" (†).
Theatre 2: Through June 2: "Stand and Deliver" (†). From June 3: The Milagro Beanfield War" (†).
Theatre 3: Through June 2: "The Unbearable Lightness of Being" (†). From June 3: To be announced.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Willow" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Powaqqatsi" (Godfrey Reggio).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Au Revoir les Enfants" ("Goodbye, Children") (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"The Last Emperor" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
"White Mischief" (†).

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
Through June 2: "The Mass Is Ended" (Nanni Moretti; in Italian).
From June 3: "History" (Luigi Comencini; in Italian).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Da" (Matt Clark), with Barnard Hughes, Martin Sheen, and William Hickey.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through June 2: "Dominick and Eugene" (Robert M. Young), with Tom Hulce and Ray Liotta.
From June 3: To be announced.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Willow" (†).

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Bagdad Café" (†).
Theatre 2: "Dragon Chow" (†).
Theatre 3: "A Taxing Woman" (†).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Babette's Feast" (†).
Theatre 2: "Wings of Desire" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through June 2: "Aria," ten episodes by ten directors.
From June 3: "Funny Farm" (George Roy Hill), with Chevy Chase.

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: Through June 2: "Someone to Love" (Henry Jaglom), with Orson Welles, Andrea Marcovicci, and Sally Kellerman.
From June 3: "Big" (Penny Marshall), with Tom Hanks.
Theatre 2: "Stormy Monday" (†).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "The Manchurian Candidate" (†).
Theatre 2: "Crocodile Dundee II" (John Cornell), with Paul Hogan.
Theatre 3: "Moonstruck" (†).
Theatre 4: "Rambo III" (Peter Macdonald), with Sylvester Stallone and Richard Crenna.
Theatre 5: "Rambo III."
Theatre 6: "Crocodile Dundee II."

Metro Cinema I and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: Through June 2: "The Milagro Beanfield War" (†). From June 3: "Aria," ten episodes by ten directors.
Theatre 2: Through June 2: "Stand and Deliver" (†). From June 3: To be announced.

Columbia Cinema, B'way at 103rd. (866-7500)
"Salsa" (Boaz Davidson).

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through June 2: "Colors" (†). From June 3: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through June 2: "Beetlejuice" (†). From June 3: To be announced.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Rambo III" (directed by Peter

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOVIE HOUSES–Cont'd

Macdonald), with Sylvester Stallone and Richard Crenna.
Theatre 2: "Rambo III."
Theatre 3: "Maniac Cop" (William Lustig).
Theatre 4: "Bloodsport" (Newt Arnold), with Jean Claude Van Damme.
Theatre 5: "Salsa" (Boaz Davidson).
Theatre 6: Through June 2: "Blood Kick." From June 3: "The Drifter."

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Colors" (†).

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Friday the 13th Part VII—The New Blood" (John Carl Buechler).
Theatre 3: "The Unbearable Lightness of Being" (†).
Theatre 4: Through June 2: "Dominick and Eugene" (Robert M. Young), with Tom Hulce and Ray Liotta. From June 3: "The Wrong Guys" (Danny Bilson).

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Crocodile Dundee II" (John Cornell), with Paul Hogan.

MOVIELAND, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through June 2: "The Milagro Beanfield War" (†).
From June 3: "Above the Law" (Andrew Davis), with Steven Seagal.

NATIONAL TWIN, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through June 2: "Above the Law" (Andrew Davis), with Steven Seagal. From June 3: "Funny Farm" (George Roy Hill), with Chevy Chase.
Theatre 2: Through June 2: "Dead Heat" (Mark Goldblatt), with Treat Williams and Joe Piscopo. From June 3: "Big" (Penny Marshall), with Tom Hanks.

WARNER, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
Through June 2: "Beetlejuice" (†).
From June 3: "American Gothic" (John Hough).

REVIVAL HOUSES

BIOGRAPH CINEMA, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
May 30: "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" (1945; directed by Elia Kazan), with Dorothy McGuire, James Dunn, and Peggy Ann Garner; and "On the Waterfront" (1954; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger.
May 31: "Panic in the Streets" (1950; Elia Kazan), with Richard Widmark, Paul Douglas, Jack Palance, Zero Mostel, and Barbara Bel Geddes; and "Boomerang!" (1947; Elia Kazan), with Dana Andrews, Jane Wyatt, and Arthur Kennedy.
June 1-2: "Gentleman's Agreement" (1947; Elia Kazan), with Gregory Peck, Dorothy McGuire, and John Garfield; and "Pinky" (1949; Elia Kazan), with Jeanne Crain, William Lundigan, Ethel Barrymore, and Ethel Waters.
June 3-4: "East of Eden" (1955; Elia Kazan), with Julie Harris, James Dean, Raymond Massey, and Richard Davalos; and "Baby Doll" (†).
June 5: "America America" (†).
June 6-7: "The Last Tycoon" (1976; Elia Kazan), with Robert De Niro, Tony Curtis, Robert Mitchum, Jeanne Moreau, Jack Nicholson, and Donald Pleasence; and "A Face in the Crowd" (†).

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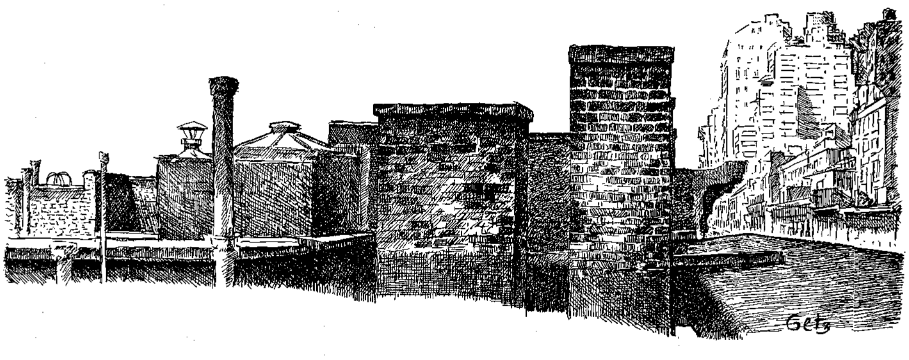
From June 8: "Viva Zapata!" (1952; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Jean Peters, and Anthony Quinn; and "Wild River" (1960; Elia Kazan), with Montgomery Clift, Lee Remick, Albert Salmi, Jay C. Flippen, and Jo Van Fleet.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through May 31: "The Fearless Vampire Killers" (1967; Roman Polanski), with Jack MacGowran and Sharon Tate; and "Knife in the Water" (1962; Roman Polanski; in Polish).
June 1-2: "Smile" (1975; Michael Ritchie), with Bruce Dern, Barbara Feldon, and Michael Kidd; and "Funland" (1987; Michael Simpson).
June 3-4: "Sammy and Rosie Get Laid" (1987; Stephen Frears), with Ayub Khan Din, Frances Barber, and Shashi Kapoor; and "A Private Function" (†).
June 5: "La Dolce Vita" (1960; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Anita Ekberg.
June 6-7: "Alien" (1979; Ridley Scott), with Tom Skerritt, Sigourney Weaver, and Veronica Cartwright; and "Aliens" (1986; James Cameron), with Sigourney Weaver.
From June 8: "Housekeeping" (1987; Bill Forsyth), with Christine Lahti; and "Stacking" (†).

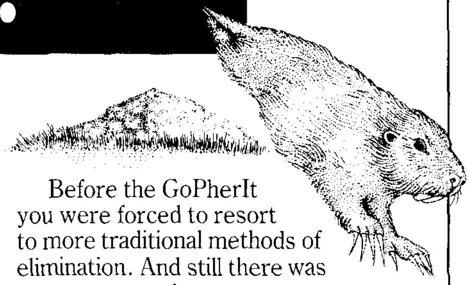
FILM FORUM 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
May 30: "The Gold Rush" (1925; Charlie Chaplin; a silent film), with Chaplin; and three Chaplin short films—"The Immigrant," "The Adventurer," and "Easy Street," all made in 1917.
May 31: "The River" (1951; Jean Renoir), with Nora Swinburne, Arthur Shields, Radha, Esmond Knight, Thomas E. Breen, and Adrienne Corri; and "Two Daughters" (1961; Satyajit Ray; in Bengali).
June 1: "Accident" (1967; Joseph Losey), with Dirk Bogarde, Stanley Baker, and Vivien Merchant; and "The Servant" (1963; Joseph Losey), with Dirk Bogarde, Sarah Miles, Wendy Craig, and James Fox.
June 2: "Knife in the Water" (1962; Roman Polanski; in Polish); and "Diabolique" (1955; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Simone Signoret, Vera Clouzot, and Paul Meurisse.
June 3-4: "The Seventh Seal" (1956; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow, Gunnar Björnstrand, Bibi Andersson, and Nils Poppe; and "Smiles of a Summer Night" (1955; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, Jarl Kulle, and Harriet Andersson.
June 5: "Ulysses" (1967; Joseph Strick), with Milo O'Shea, Barbara Jefford, and Maurice Roeves; and "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" (1979; Joseph Strick).
June 6: "Metropolis" (1926; Fritz Lang; a German silent film), with Brigitte Helm; "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (1919; Robert Wiene; a German silent film), with Werner Krauss, Conrad Veidt, Lil Dagover, and Friedrich Feher; and "Un Chien Andalou" (1928; Luis Buñuel; a short silent film), with Pierre Batcheff, Salvador Dali, and Buñuel himself.
June 7: "Through a Glass Darkly" (1962; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Harriet Andersson, Gunnar Björnstrand, Max von Sydow, and Lars Passgård; "Winter Light" (1963; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Gunnar Björnstrand and Ingrid Thulin; and "The Silence" (1964; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom.
June 8: "The Ladykillers" (1956; Alexander Mackendrick), with Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker, Peter Sellers, and Herbert Lom; and "The Lavender Hill Mob" (†).



THALIA SOHO, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
May 30: "Mildred Pierce" (1945; Michael Curtiz), with Joan Crawford, Jack Carson, Zachary Scott, and Ann Blyth; and "Now, Voyager" (1942; Irving Rapper), with Bette Davis, Paul Henreid, Claude Rains, and John Loder.
May 31: "The Gang's All Here" (†); and "Greenwich Village" (1944; Walter Lang), with Carmen Miranda, Don Ameche, and William Bendix.
June 1: "Laura" (1944; Otto Preminger), with Gene Tierney, Clifton Webb, Dana Andrews, Judith Anderson, and Vincent Price; and "Where the Sidewalk Ends" (1950; Otto Preminger), with Gene Tierney, Dana Andrews, and Gary Merrill.
June 2: "92 in the Shade" (1976; Thomas McGuane), with Peter Fonda and Warren Oates; and "Bring Me the Head of Alfredo Garcia" (1974; Sam Peckinpah), with Warren Oates.
June 3-4: "La Grande Illusion" (1937; Jean Renoir; in French), with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio; and "The Rules of the Game" (1939; Jean Renoir; in French), with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor.
June 5: "A Love in Germany" (1984; Andrzej Wajda; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Marie-Christine Barrault; and "Lili Marleen" (1981; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Giancarlo Giannini.
June 6: "Danger: Diabolik" (1968; Mario Bava), with John Phillip Law; and "Judex" (1963; Georges Franju; in French).
June 7: "The Horn Blows at Midnight" (1945; Raoul Walsh), with Jack Benny, Alexis Smith, and Margaret Dumont; and "The Meanest Man in the World" (1943; Sidney Lanfield), with Jack Benny and Priscilla Lane.
June 8: "Leave Her to Heaven" (1945; John M. Stahl), with Gene Tierney, Cornel Wilde, Jeanne Crain, and Vincent Price; and "Night and the City" (1950; Jules Dassin), with Richard Widmark and Gene Tierney.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
May 30: "Funny Face" (1957; Stanley Donen), with Audrey Hepburn, Fred Astaire, Kay Thompson, and Michel Auclair; and "Sabrina" (1954; Billy Wilder), with Humphrey Bogart, Audrey Hepburn, William Holden, and John Williams.
May 31: "Moby Dick" (1956; John Huston), with Gregory Peck, Richard Basehart, Orson Welles, and Leo Genn; and "A Walk with Love and Death" (1969; John Huston), with Anjelica Huston and Assaf Dayan.
June 1: "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" (1939; Alfred L. Werker) and "The Hound of the Baskervilles" (1939; Sidney Lanfield), the first two of the Basil Rathbone–Nigel Bruce Sherlock Holmes–Dr. Watson series.
June 2: "The Gang's All Here" (†); and "Greenwich Village" (1944; Walter Lang), with Carmen Miranda, Don Ameche, and William Bendix.
June 3-4: "Walkabout" (1971; Nicolas Roeg); and "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975; Peter Weir), with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard.
June 5: "And Then There Were None" (1945; René Clair), with Barry Fitzgerald, Walter Huston, and Louis Hayward; and "Dead of

THE SOUND EVERY GOPHER IN YOUR YARD HATES.



The lawn's looking like a golf course. Your vegetable and spice garden's planted and the flower bed's fertilized. Work done, you climb into the hammock to watch everything blossom.

But the only things coming up are those little dirt mounds that announce — *you've got gophers!*

Something has to be done, but the traditional methods of dealing with these rodents don't appeal to you. Setting traps isn't your style and gas or poisons just aren't safe for children and pets. Not yours, not your neighbors'. Calculating the damage either can do is impossible. And anyway, handling it like that would make you feel like a murderer.

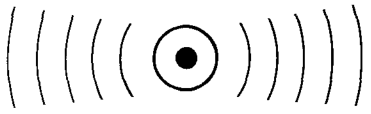
You want to enjoy your garden, not feel guilty every time you look at it.

A triumph of technology.

Here's a simple solution that's remarkably effective. It's called the GoPherIt™ and it's technology's way to deal with the problem. A small, unobtrusive device, the GoPherIt emits a harmless sound that humans and common house pets can't hear. But it drives gophers crazy. In fact, the sound wave emitted by the GoPherIt is so irritating to burrowing rodents like gophers, moles, ground squirrels, shrews, voles and pocket mice that it chases them out of their holes, and your yard, forever!

And they won't come back because the electronic invention emits a nasty sound every 15 seconds day and night for about 6 months. As long as 4 "D" alkaline batteries generally last. In fact, replacing batteries is the only servicing this completely waterproof device needs.

Each GoPherIt stake is 12" long, has a 6" green camouflage top for housing batteries and weighs 1 lb. The sound it emits protects an area of about 1000 sq. yds., so only 5 can save an entire acre.



The sound moves out 50' in all directions.

If you don't need that many give one to a neighbor and make your whole neighborhood a gopher-free zone. Buying additional units saves you money. Check at the end of this ad for pricing details.

Winning without guilt.

Without the GoPherIt your lawn and garden are up for grabs. Even if there isn't an infestation now, doesn't mean you won't be a victim next week. Gophers use long claws to burrow tunnels and chisel-like front teeth to devour plants, leaves, stems, bulbs, vegetables, succulent herbs — even the bark of trees. They move quickly, motivated only by a voracious appetite. And because they don't hibernate, they'll take whatever they don't eat and store it for their winter. They don't care about yours.

And gophers breed like rabbits. In a season, one gopher can produce 30, who are out making trouble on their own after only 6 weeks. In fact, it's so bad the Agricultural Commissioner of Los Angeles has said that, "90% of the current population has to be eliminated to keep ahead of reproduction."

Before the GoPherIt you were forced to resort to more traditional methods of elimination. And still there was no guarantee of success.

Carbon monoxide, for example, hosed from your car can be effective. If it doesn't kill you. Nasty chemicals like pentachlorophenol, carbon tetrachloride and methyl bromide can work as fumigants, though even a refresher course in chemistry wouldn't make them simpler to use. And the GoPherIt also saves you from having to plant bait that's been laced with dangerous strychnine along the burrows.

Gopher free or money back.

This year — instead — do something that won't get your hands dirty. Protect your yard with a couple of GoPherIts in the ground. Nothing could be easier or more effective. And if, for any reason, you don't agree — even if you simply don't like the way it looks — return it. Just send it back within 30 days and we'll send you a full refund, including postage. No questions asked.

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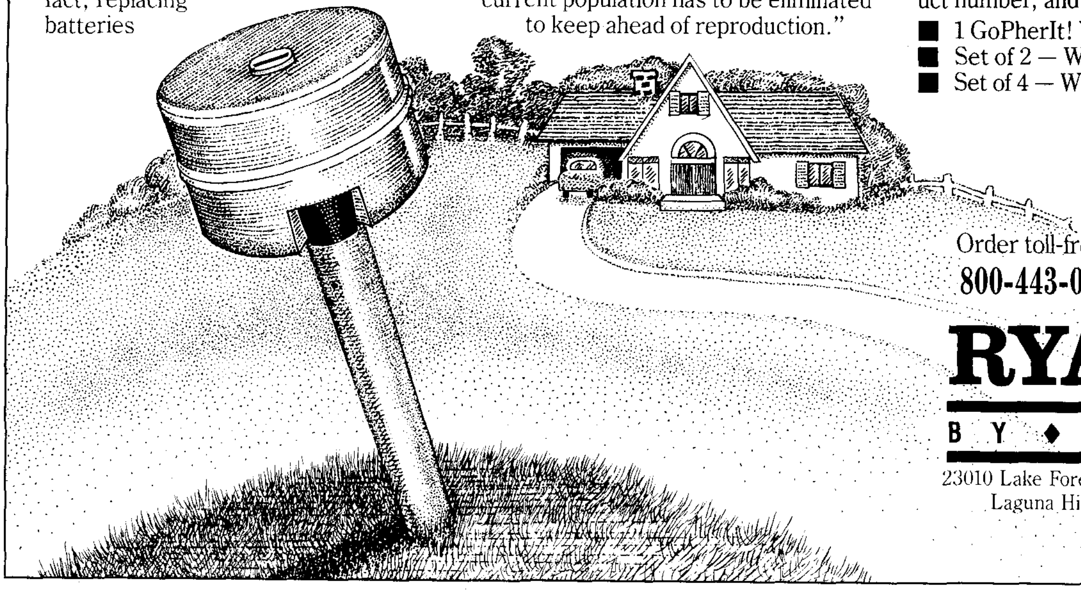

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MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

Night" (1945), a five-part English film about the supernatural.

June 6: "Testament of Orpheus" (1962; Jean Cocteau; in French); "The Blood of a Poet" (1930; Jean Cocteau; in French); and "Orpheus" (1949; Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Maria Casarès, and François Périer.

June 7: "I Could Go On Singing" (1963; Ronald Neame), with Judy Garland, Dirk Bogarde, Jack Klugman, and Aline MacMahon; and "The Star" (†).

June 8: "Remember My Name" (1979; Alan Rudolph), with Geraldine Chaplin, Anthony Perkins, Berry Berenson, and Moses Gunn; and "Mickey One" (1965; Arthur Penn), with Warren Beatty.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THEATRE 1: Theatre closed.

THEATRE 2: May 30 at 3: "Submarine" (1928; directed by Frank Capra; a silent film), with Jack Holt and Ralph Graves. . . . ¶ May 30 at 6:30: "The Way of the Strong" (1928; Frank Capra; a silent film), with Mitchell Lewis and Alice Day. . . . ¶ May 31 at 3: "The Power of the Press" (1928; Frank Capra; a silent film), with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Jobyna Ralston, and Mildred Harris. . . . ¶ June 2 at 3 and 6:30: "Dear America: Letters from Vietnam" (1987; Bill Couturie), a documentary. . . . ¶ June 3 at 3: "There Was a Lad" (1964; Vasily Shukshin; in Russian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ June 3 at 6:30: "Strange People" (1969; Vasily Shukshin; in Russian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ June 4 at 2:30: "Alyenka" (1962; Boris Barnet; in Russian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ June 4 at 5:30: "There Was a Lad." . . . ¶ June 5 at 2:30: "Strange People." . . . ¶ June 5 at 5:30: "Happy-Go-Lucky" (1972; Vasily Shukshin; in Russian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ June 6 at 6:30: A program of films by Abigail Child, who will be present. . . . ¶ June 7 at 3: "The Two Feodors" (1958; Marlen Khutsiev; in Russian). . . . ¶ June 7 at 6:30: "Your Son and Brother" (1966; Vasily Shukshin; in Russian, with English subtitles).

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Through June 5, a program of sixteen films by Andy Warhol. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for film and time schedules and ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—A program of comedy films. June 3 at 6:30 and 8:30: "Elegant Beast" (1962; Yuzo Kawashima; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Ayako Wakao.

Collective for Living Cinema, 41 White St. (925-2111)—May 30 at 8: "The Furies" (1950; Anthony Mann), with Barbara Stanwyck, Walter Huston, Wendell Corey, and Judith Anderson. . . . ¶ May 31 at 8: "This Man Must Die" (1969; Claude Chabrol; in French, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ June 1-4 at 8: A program of 3-D slides and live performances by Perry Hoberman. . . . ¶ June 5 at 8: A program of films by new filmmakers. . . . ¶ June 6 at 8: "Teorema" (1968; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Terence Stamp and Silvana Mangano. . . . ¶ June 7 at 8: "Ruthless" (1948; Edgar G. Ulmer), with Zachary Scott and Sydney Greenstreet; and "Club Havana" (1946; Edgar G. Ulmer), with Tom Neal. . . . ¶ June 8 at 8: "Thundercrack" (1975; Curt McDowell) and "Playboy" (1985; Tessa Hughes-Freeland).

Brooklyn Museum, Lecture Hall, Eastern Parkway—June 4 at 2: "Radium City" (1987; Carole Langer), a documentary. Miss Langer will be present. (For information about tickets, call 1-718 638-5000, ext. 233.)

Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. (662-2133)—Starting June 8, showings at 8, "The Phantom of the Opera" (1925; Rupert Julian; a silent film), with Lon Chaney and Mary Philbin. Original organ score written and played by Lee Erwin.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(Unsigned notes are by Pauline Kael; others are by Terrence Rafferty.)

America America (1963)—Elia Kazan's account, drawn from his own family background, of the fierce struggle of a Greek boy at the turn of the century to escape the persecutions that the Greeks suffered in Turkey and to make his way to the fabled land of opportunity. Though the picture is flawed by the miscasting of the central role (Stathis Giallelis doesn't convince you that he has the will or the passion—or the brains—to realize his dream), and the main narrative line is unconvincing melodrama, there are some fine images, such as the sealed, stifling, yet warm and inviting interiors of a rich merchant's home in Constantinople, and some memorable performances, such as Paul Mann's as the merchant and Linda Marsh's as his daughter. You can feel the desperate ambitiousness to create an epic (this film was intended as the first of a trilogy), and some of the crowd scenes that the cinematographer, Haskell Wexler, has shot have scale and turmoil and a feeling of authenticity. Yet the hero is so blandly uninteresting that there's nothing to hold the movie together, and the tired ideas in the script (by Kazan)—such as a Judas figure who robs the hero and a Christ figure who gives his life for the hero—become embarrassing. With Lou Antonio, Salem Ludwig, Frank Wolff, and John Marley. Music by Manos Hadjidakis; editing by Dede Allen; production design by Gene Callahan. (168 minutes.) (Biograph Cinema; June 5.)

Au Revoir les Enfants (Goodbye, Children)—It's set in Occupied France in 1944, when the writer-director Louis Malle was an eleven-year-old at a Catholic boys' boarding school near Fontainebleau that sheltered several Jewish boys. The Gestapo learned they were there, and sent the ones they found to Auschwitz, and the headmaster to a work camp. One of the Jewish boys was in Malle's class, but Malle didn't get to know him well and didn't realize that he was Jewish. For the dramatic purposes of the movie, he has conceived a close friendship between his alter ego, the fair-haired Julien Quentin (Gaspard Manesse), and the dark boy who is using the false name Jean Bonnet (Raphaël Fejtö). But nothing comes into clear focus—not the boys' attitudes, not even the images. The film (especially the first half) seems padded, formal, discreet. It's like watching a faded French classic. And there's something unseemly about the way Jean is used as an aesthetic object—spiritual, sensitive, exotic. With Francine Racette as Julien's mother and François Négret as the informer. In French. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/22/88.) (Quad Cinema, and Festival.)

Babette's Feast—In a village on Denmark's gray, blustery Jutland peninsula, sometime in the eighteen-eighties, Babette (Stéphane Audran), the French servant of a pair of elderly unmarried sisters (Birgitte Federspiel and Bodil Kjer), prepares a special dinner for her employers and their guests—a lavish, one-time-only orgy of haute cuisine served to a group of devout Lutherans who are used to receiving the Lord's bounty in the form of grim little slabs of boiled fish. Adapting one of Isak Dinesen's "Anecdotes of Destiny," Gabriel Axel, the writer-director, tells this simple tale simply. He establishes a lulling, bedtime-story tone right from the start, perhaps too successfully: our eyelids begin to seem very heavy after twenty minutes or so. The whole thing turns out to be about the consolations of art, and the union of "righteousness and bliss." The film is more righteous than blissful: a more austere celebration of the pleasures of the senses would be difficult to imagine. In Danish and French. —T.R. (Cinema Studio.)

Baby Doll (1956)—Tennessee Williams' droll and engrossing carnal comedy, set low-down in Mississippi. The infantile, flirtatious heroine (Carroll Baker) sucks her thumb and sleeps in a crib. Her balding, middle-aged husband (Karl Malden) has agreed not to consummate the marriage until she is twenty; meanwhile her husband's enemy, a sharp Sicilian (Eli Wallach) lays expert hands on her. (His performance is also expert.) Carroll Baker as the lazy girl who couldn't get through long division and Malden as a grotesque simp (lust makes him helpless) are all-out funny—it's unlikely that either of them ever gave another performance this good or had such wonderful material again, either. And when the mustachioed Wallach—his beady eyes shining with lechery—makes his move on Baby Doll, pushing her in a swing until she's sweetly dizzy, he seems a master of barnyard seduction. (This must be the only movie ever made in which the heroine invites a man into her crib.) With Mildred Dunnock as Baby Doll's half-crazed old aunt, the young Rip Torn as the dentist, and Madeleine Sherwood, Lonny Chapman, and a number of residents of Benoit, Mississippi, whom the director, Elia Kazan, employed as extras. (Biograph Cinema; June 3-4.)

Bagdad Café—After an argument with her husband on a godforsaken stretch of highway at the edge of the Mojave Desert, a fat German tourist named Jasmin (Marianne Sägebrecht) checks into a crummy motel attached to the equally crummy Bagdad Café. This movie, the first in English by the German director Percy Adlon (whose 1985 "Sugarbaby" was also a vehicle for Sägebrecht), is filled with eccentrics who are apparently meant to be lovable. The rather precious conceit of the film is that Jasmin somehow brings the outcast characters together in a kind of extended family; by the end, the Bagdad Café has been transformed into a popular roadside cabaret, with everyone contributing a specialty (Jasmin does magic tricks). The American performers are trapped in a movie that treats them as merely exotic—waxwork grotesques waiting to be animated by a mysterious German touch. Eleonore Adlon and Christopher Doherty collaborated with the director on the screenplay. With CCH Pounder, Jack Palance, and Christine Kaufmann.—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza.)

Beetlejuice—Set in an idyllic New England town, this farce about the afterlife is a variant on "Topper" (1937) and "The Old Dark House" (1932). A devoted, home-loving young couple (Alec Baldwin and Geena Davis) are drowned in a car accident, and when they return to their house as ghosts they are miffed by the redecorating of the New Yorkers who have bought it. Too mild to scare these intruders away, they call upon the services of the rutty little demon Betelgeuse (pronounced Beetlejuice). Michael Keaton plays the part, and his uninhibited comic performance is like an exploding head. He isn't onscreen nearly enough—when he is, he shoots the film sky-high. The story is bland and the movie is slow to get going, but with crazy comedy you settle for the moments of inspiration, and this picture has them. The young director, Tim Burton, takes stabs into the irrational and the incongruous; the film's blandness is edged with near-genius (and some great special effects). The smudge-faced blond Catherine O'Hara, who's the possessor of the freakiest blue-eyed stare since early Gene Wilder, is brilliant as the madwoman who is the new lady of the house. (4/18/88) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Coronet, Olympia, and Warner; through June 2.)

Colors—This muckraking melodrama about L.A.'s two most powerful confederations of drug-trafficking youth gangs is deadened by standard cop-movie ploys. The veteran cop (Robert Duvall) and his new partner, the young fireball (Sean Penn) who likes to rough up suspects, are the only characters we get to know, and we already know them. The director, Dennis Hopper, and the cinematographer, Haskell Wexler, try for vividness, with the camera hightailing after the fast-moving gang members, and they catch images of the random violence of boys who

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IN BRIEF–Cont'd

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are high on crack or PCP, and have arsenals of assault rifles and submachine guns. But despite the film's kinetic style it feels slow and long and tame. Hopper isn't inside the material, except for his identification with its nihilistic view that the cops' activities are purposeless and that life doesn't make any sense. He's a visual aesthete—less a director than an artistic arranger of people in the frame. With Maria Conchita Alonso, Trinidad Silva, and a cast that includes a dozen or so actual gang members. (5/2/88) (Gramercy, and Embassy 1. . . . ¶ Gotham Cinema; through June 2. No performances Wednesday, June 1. . . . ¶ 86th Street East Twin, and Olympia; through June 2.)

Dragon Chow—This first film by the German director Jan Schutte is a low-key vignette about a pair of immigrants, one Pakistani and one Chinese, trying to open a restaurant in Hamburg. The movie is almost unbelievably modest: it's shot in black-and-white; it's only seventy-five minutes long; and the script, by the director and Thomas Strittmatter, confines itself to a handful of clearly defined characters and a couple of simple issues. All Schutte seems to want is to show us how Asian workers survive—or fail to—on the margins of Europe's economy: they take jobs as flower peddlers and kitchen helpers, live in seedy dormitories, hold on to the comfort of their native languages, and fear the whims of immigration officers. His cool, restrained style keeps the material from becoming heavy and obvious: he makes his political points glancingly and does his best to avoid sentimentality. (He slips only toward the end, in a scene involving a photo and a postcard.) The most effective passages are silent, documentarylike explorations of the immigrants' everyday landscape—the treeless streets, bustling ethnic restaurants, and overlit sandwich bars of run-down urban neighborhoods. "Dragon Chow" is just good enough to make us wish that Schutte were a little more adventurous, that this thin slice of life would occasionally surprise us with a fresh sensation, a hint of exotic flavors. With Bhasker (as the Pakistani), Ric Young (as his Chinese partner), and Buddy Uzzaman. The lovely cinematography is by Lutz Konermann. In German, Mandarin, Urdu, and Sanskrit. (Subtitles appear only when the characters speak German.)—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza.)

A Face in the Crowd (1957)—Andy Griffith as a hillbilly guitarist who rises to dangerous prominence on television in Elia Kazan's blast at the fascist potential in American mass culture. Some exciting scenes in the first half, but the later developments are frenetic, and by the end the film is a loud and discordant mess. With Patricia Neal, Walter Matthau, and Anthony Franciosa. They could all use a good cold shower. Lee Remick, making her film début, is an amazingly sexy young baton-twirler. Budd Schulberg wrote the script; the music is by Tom Glazer. (Biograph Cinema; June 6-7.)

The Gang's All Here (1943)—Busby Berkeley's own special brand of kaleidoscopic fantasy, turned into psychedelic surrealism by the electric reds and greens of Twentieth Century-Fox's color processing. Those who consider Berkeley a master consider this film his masterpiece. It is his maddest film: chorus girls dissolving into artichokes; a banana xylophone; and, for the song "The Lady in the Tutti-Frutti Hat," Carmen Miranda appears in platform wedgies on an avenue of giant strawberries. Alice Faye sings the torch song "No Love, No Nothing," and also introduces the "Polka-Dot Polka" ballet, which as a piece of staging passes description. With Benny Goodman and his orchestra, and Charlotte Greenwood, James Ellison, and Edward Everett Horton. (Thalia SoHo; May 31. . . . ¶ Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 2.)

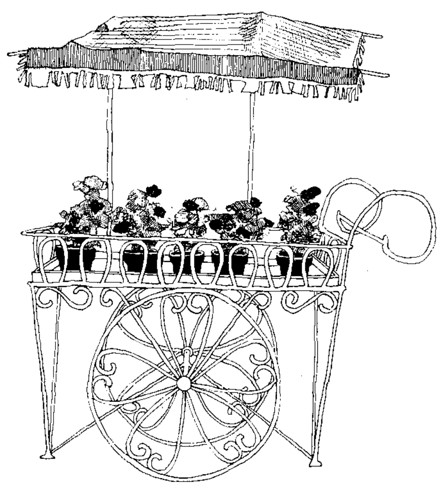
Hairspray—The writer-director John Waters treats the message movie as a genre to be parodied, just like the teenpic. Combining the two, he comes up with a pop dadaist musical comedy, set in Baltimore in 1962. Waters loves narrative, and he has half a dozen plots crisscrossing each other. In the middle are the spherical Mrs. Edna Turnblad (played by the male actor Divine) and her baby-blimp daughter, Tracy (Ricki Lake); they wear matching mother-and-daughter outfits. Tracy, who's the newest teen-age dancer on "The Corny Collins Show," discovers that black kids aren't allowed to take part and she becomes a leader in the fight for integration. Meanwhile, Divine watches over Tracy and preens like a mother hen. There's a what-the-hell quality to Divine's acting which the film needs; it would be too close to a real teenpic without it. When Divine's Edna Turnblad is onscreen in the sleeveless dresses she's partial to, the movie has something like the lunacy of a W. C. Fields in drag. With Ruth Brown, Debbie Harry, Sonny Bono, Jerry Stiller, Shawn Thompson, Ric Ocasek, Pia Zadora, Jo Ann Havrilla, and Waters himself as a sicko psychiatrist. (3/7/88) (Waverly.)

The Last Emperor—With John Lone, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci. (11/30/87) (Eastside Cinema, 8th St. Playhouse, and 57th St. Playhouse.)

The Lavender Hill Mob (1951)—As the prim, innocuous civil servant with a hidden spark of nonconformity, Alec Guinness carries out a dream of larcenous glory: robbing the Bank of England. It's a minor classic, a charmer. Stanley Holloway is the genteel, artistic accomplice; Alfie Bass and Sidney James are the professional assistants; and one of the beneficiaries of Guinness's wrongdoing is a bit player, Audrey Hepburn. Directed by Charles Critchton. (Film Forum 2; June 8.)

The Manchurian Candidate (1962)—A daring, funny, and far-out thriller about political extremists. George Axelrod adapted the Richard Condon novel, and John Frankenheimer came to life as a director. This picture may be the most sophisticated political satire ever made in Hollywood. With Angela Lansbury, Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey, and James Gregory. (Loews New York Twin, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Loews 84th Street Six-plex.)

The Milagro Beanfield War—The story is about a conflict over water rights in New Mexico between the struggling Mexican-American community and a bunch of powerful developers who are buying up land in the desert. Robert Redford's film of John Nichols' novel treats the material as an occasion for Capra-like populist comedy, and the feel-good, triumph-of-the-little-guy stuff overwhelms the jokes—the same thing often happened to Capra, who knew how to direct comedy, so it's not a surprise that it also happens to Redford, who doesn't. But he's assembled a lively, talented cast here, and their little bits of business keep the movie watchable. John Heard, Rubén Blades, Julie Carmen, James Gammon, Daniel Stern, and M. Emmet Walsh all seem to be having a good time, and Redford's direction is best when it simply relaxes and lets their vitality carry the movie. Also with Chick Vennera, Sonia Braga, Richard Bradford, Carlos Riquelme, and Christopher Walken. Adapted by Nichols and David Ward.—T.R. (Beekman, Art Greenwich Twin, Metro Cinema, and Movieland; through June 2. . . . ¶ 23rd St. West Triplex; starting June 3.)



The Moderns—The big subject of Alan Rudolph's new movie, a comic reverie on Americans in Paris in the twenties, may have got the better of him: the tough-guy romanticism is ridiculous, the jokes are self-conscious and mostly dumb, and Rudolph's eccentric vision seems not so much audacious as merely adolescent. The few sequences that show the director at his best are ones without dialogue: a boxing match between the down-and-out artist-hero (Keith Carradine) and a rich, evil art collector (John Lone), and a lovely montage in which Carradine forges a Cézanne, a Modigliani, and a Matisse. Despite these moments, and despite Carradine's finely shaded performance, the movie feels phony. With Linda Fiorentino, badly miscast as an elegant siren desired by both Carradine and Lone, and Geraldine Chaplin, Geneviève Bujold, Wallace Shawn, and Kevin J. O'Connor, as a callow, aphorizing Hemingway. Script by Rudolph and Jon Bradshaw.—T.R. (Plaza).

Moonstruck—A rose-tinted black comedy, with its own special lushness. Cher is devastatingly funny and sinuous and beautiful as a widowed bookkeeper who lives with her Italian-American family in a big old brownstone in Brooklyn. When the bookkeeper and her fiancé's brother, a baker (Nicolas Cage), start lusting for one another, a fairy-tale full moon lights up the movie. And when you see that the whole cast of family members are involved in libidinal confusions the opera-buffa structure can make you feel close to deliriously happy. Cage is a wonderful romantic clown: he can look stupefied while he smolders. And the director, Norman Jewison, working from John Patrick Shanley's script, stylizes the ethnic performances given by the husky-voiced Olympia Dukakis, the great, leering Julie Bovasso, Vincent Gardenia, Danny Aiello, John Mahoney, and Anita Gillette. The picture is slender, but it's an original: its mockery is a giddy homage to our desire for grand passion. (1/25/88) (Loews New York Twin, and Loews 84th Street Six-plex. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; through June 2.)

A Private Function (1985)—This joint début film by the celebrated British television playwright Alan Bennett and the young director Malcolm Mowbray never quite makes the final leap into lewd farce, but it's pretty funny anyway. The action is set in a small Yorkshire town in 1947, during the worst of the postwar austerity, and the plot involves the efforts of the local pillars of society (Denholm Elliott, John Normington, Richard Griffiths) to fatten a hidden, "unlicensed" pig for a banquet celebrating the nuptials of Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip. They run into trouble when the pig is stolen by a mild-mannered chiropodist (Michael Palin), who is encouraged by his Lady Macbeth of a wife (Maggie Smith). The movie is trivial, but alive and unruly; the characters cheat and conspire on such a low level that it suggests "Volpone" set in a cabbage patch. With Liz Smith, Bill Paterson, and Rachel Davies. (Cinema Village; June 3-4.)

Stacking—What's stacked in Martin Rosen's film is hay, on a Montana ranch. The stackers are a fourteen-year-old girl (Megan Follows) and a hard-drinking hired hand (Frederic Forrest). The girl's father (Ray Baker), the owner of the ranch, is a self-pitying loser laid up in the hospital, and her mother (Christine Lahti) is restless and unhappy, eager to get out. The screenplay, by Victoria Jenkins, thus lays three different bad genres on top of one another: the save-the-ranch movie, the coming-of-age movie, and the alcoholic-redeeming-himself movie. This is the independent-film equivalent of Hollywood "high concept," with elements guaranteed to appeal to established funding sources such as PBS's American Playhouse. "Stacking" seems utterly convinced of its

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

IN BRIEF—*Cont'd*

own virtue and purity, but its earnestness is glib and conventional. It's proof that independent filmmakers can pile it at least as high as their studio counterparts can. Also with Jason Gedrick and, briefly, Peter Coyote.—T.R. (Cinema Village; starting June 8.)

STAND AND DELIVER—Strictly speaking, this educational-inspiration story about a wizardly math teacher in a poor East L.A. high school isn't much of a movie: it's clumsily directed (by Ramon Menendez) and predictably virtuous (it's an American Playhouse production). Yet it's fairly enjoyable—painless, at least. The screenplay, by Menendez and Tom Musca, is based on the true story of Jaime Escalante (Edward James Olmos), who arrived at dispirited Garfield High, which was on the brink of losing its accreditation, and managed to get his students excited about learning his subject—an entire class of these disadvantaged kids eventually took and passed the advanced-placement exam in calculus. Olmos, who's best known as the supercool Lt. Castillo on "Miami Vice," does a spectacular turn. With thinning hair and a wardrobe of those grotesque shirts that scream "math teacher" to the world, he plays Escalante as a benign psycho, an impassioned nerd whose humor and energy are plausibly inspiring. Also with Lou Diamond Phillips, Rosana de Soto, and Andy Garcia.—T.R. (86th Street East Twin, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Metro Cinema; through June 2.)

THE STAR (1953)—Very bad. Bette Davis as a star who once won an Academy Award but is now down on her luck; she lands in jail for drunken driving, and is saved by Sterling Hayden, a boatbuilder who once acted with her. Others who wander about in this lachrymose, exploitative treatment of the lives of aging stars (it was originally written for Joan Crawford) are Natalie Wood, Minor Watson, and Warner Anderson. Stuart Heisler directed, feebly. Davis throws her weight around but comes through in only a few scenes. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 7.)

STORMY MONDAY—This first feature by the British director Mike Figgis is the sort of thriller that's usually called "stylish"—perhaps because it doesn't have much substance. Roger Deakins' cinematography is heavy on *noir*-ish atmosphere—rain-slick streets, neon signs, gloomy bars—and Figgis, who also wrote the screenplay, has given the characters a familiar aura of low expectations and weary integrity. He isn't a bad director, but the movie doesn't have a potent enough sense of *danger:* the hero and heroine (Sean Bean and Melanie Griffith) seem too young to have developed the properly resigned, don't-give-a-damn attitude, the self-destructive edge that really makes us fear for *noir* protagonists; and the villain (Tommy Lee Jones), though ruthless and mean, lacks the obsessive quality that would convince us that he'd track his enemies for the rest of their lives, for the sheer fun of exacting his revenge. Sting, of all people, gives the liveliest performance (as a harried night-club owner). —T.R. (Gemini, Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.)

TAMPOPO (1986)—With Nobuko Miyamoto and Tsutomu Yamazaki, directed by Juzo Itami. In Japanese. (6/1/87) (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

A TAXING WOMAN—The third film written and directed by Juzo Itami is his first dull one. It's a comedy about tax evasion, pitting a dishonest and very clever businessman (Tsutomu Yamazaki) against the awesome forces of Japan's national tax office, whose relentless spirit is most purely incarnated in a tiny, dogged female inspector named Mrs. Itakura (Nobuko Miyamoto). This sounds like fun, but, despite some clever notions and a handful of inventive scenes, the movie feels tentative, not fully worked out; it's as if Itami got bogged down in research and forgot about the jokes. For whatever reason, "A Taxing Woman" is much more conventional than the director's previous films, "The Funeral" and "Tampopo." Here, he plods along competently, but rarely finds an opportunity to show off his explosive, eccentric visual wit—money just doesn't inspire him the way death, food, and sex do. The movie runs an extremely slow two hours and seven minutes. In Japanese. —T.R. (Lincoln Plaza.)

The Unbearable Lightness of Being—With Daniel Day-Lewis, Lena Olin, and Juliette Binoche; directed by Philip Kaufman. (2/8/88) (D. W. Griffith, and Embassy. . . . ¶ 23rd St. West Triplex; through June 2.)

White Mischief—At first, Michael Radford's film about upper-class English settlers in Kenya in the nineteen-forties seems bracingly sardonic: there isn't a hint of the sneaky romanticism and nostalgia for Empire that colonial dramas so frequently succumb to. As one aristocratic viper after another is introduced, and each member of the large and familiar cast (Greta Scacchi, Charles Dance, Joss Ackland, Sarah Miles, John Hurt, Trevor Howard, Geraldine Chaplin) makes his distinctively peculiar entrance, the movie promises to be wicked fun. Amazingly, though, as the action gets nastier the picture gets duller. The screenplay, by Radford and Jonathan Gems, is based on the real-life murder of Josslyn Hay, Earl of Errol (Dance), a colonial Casanova who conducted a flagrant affair with young Lady Diana Broughton (Scacchi), to which their jaded social set reacted with a mixture of amusement and jealousy. As the movie concentrates more and more on the unsavory triangle of Errol, Diana, and her creepy middle-aged husband (Ackland), we begin to get the uneasy feeling that the director has lost track of his own intentions. For all the melodramatic complications, the characters remain static, as if they'd been frozen in place after their initial scenes—T.R. (Art Greenwich Twin, and Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

Willow—The evil sorceress Queen Bavmorda (Jean Marsh) is killing all the newborn babies in the Daikini domain, because of a prophecy that an infant born with a special mark will bring about her downfall. Placed on a raft of rushes, the savior baby girl drifts downriver into the land of a peaceful, elflike people, the Nelwyns. A young Nelwyn farmer, Willow (Warwick Davis), tries to protect her, and eventually, with the help of an outlaw Daikini swordsman, Madmartigan (Val Kilmer), and a rebel Daikini, Airk (Gavan O'Herlihy), Willow storms the evil queen's black castle. This tale involves trolls, vicious black boars, nine-inch-tall men called Brownies, platinum-wigged Tinker Bells, a two-headed dragon, and some four hundred special-effects shots. Before it's over, you feel as if you'd fallen into a pile of mixed metaphors. Produced by George Lucas, who also wrote the story, the movie seems to be one stale idea after another. The director, Ron Howard, shows his gentle talent only in his handling of the three-foot-four-inch Willow, whose sweet-faced humility could make parts of the movie appealing to kids. (Adults may observe that Lucas, who underwent a costly divorce, has made a sword-and-sorcery epic in which all the power is in the hands of women.) With Billy Barty—triumphant as usual—as the High Aldwin of the Nelwyns, and Joanne Whalley, Julie Peters, and Patricia Hayes. Made in England, Wales, and New Zealand. (5/30/88) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Tower East, Guild, and Loews Paramount.)

Wings of Desire ("Der Himmel über Berlin")—The director, Wim Wenders, who wrote the script with the collaboration of Peter Handke, had a theme: in an approximation of Rilke's words, "Joy has gone astray." We're told that "when the child was a child," stories held together. Now all we have is fragmentation, entropy. Two angels—Damiel (Bruno Ganz) and Cassiel (Otto Sander)—hover over the bleak, divided city and move among the forlorn Berliners, listening to what's in their minds: listening to the questions about existence that these people ask themselves. Our overhearing what the angels hear—the thoughts chanted on the track, all in even, quiet tones, as grayed out as the sunless skies—works on us like a tranquillizer. The dim whimsy, the recitations of prose poetry that recall the Beats—it all produces a blissed-out stupor that feels vaguely avant-garde. Eventually, Damiel falls in love with a beautiful French aerialist (Solveig Dommartin), and gives up his wings. With Peter Falk, who brings some funky warmth to the role of an American movie star, and Curt Bois as a sad-faced old man called Homer. The cinematography (tinted black-and-white, and color) is by Henri Alekan. This Franco-German production is in English, French, and German. (5/30/88) (Cinema Studio.)

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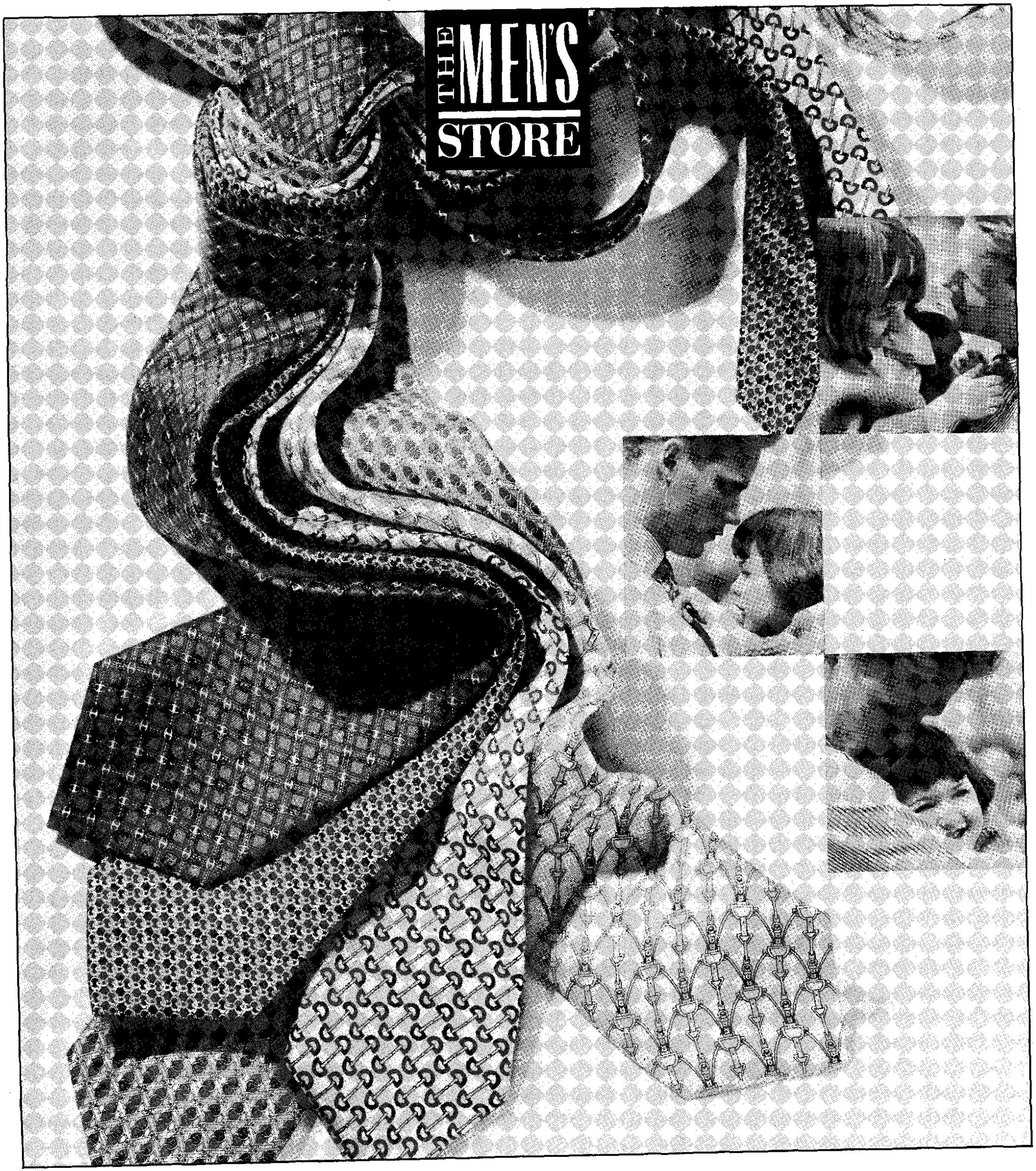

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

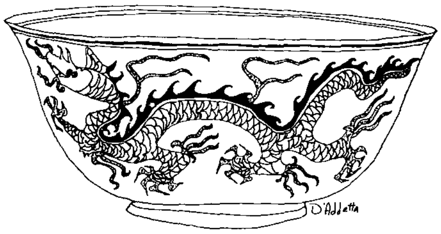
TWELVE months ago, probably not one American in fifty recognized the name Manuel Noriega, much less knew who he was. Today, he is notorious—as the military strongman who runs Panama, as an alleged drug trafficker under indictment by two federal grand juries, as the man the Reagan Administration has been struggling to force from power since early February. It has been a pathetic spectacle to watch, this frenzied four-month crusade against Noriega, and with each passing day the United States has looked more like (to borrow ex-President Nixon's phrase) "a pitiful, helpless giant."

Why did we suddenly want Noriega out? Or, to be more precise, why did our government, after many years of supporting, conspiring with, and even employing Noriega, decide he had to go now? The real story may never be known. All that seems clear at the moment is that the officially stated reason—that we will have no truck with dictators or drug dealers—is a subterfuge. High-ranking officials in Washington have known for years about Noriega's drug dealing and contempt for democracy. There is persuasive circumstantial evidence that Vice-President George Bush may be among those officials, his vehement denials notwithstanding.

In 1972, Nixon Administration officials considered assassinating Noriega. Earlier this year, Secretary of State George Shultz and his deputy for Latin-American affairs, Elliott Abrams, advocated kidnapping him. Throughout the intervening years, however, Noriega enjoyed a close and cordial working relationship with a number of agencies of the United States government. The Central Intelligence Agency thought so much of him as an intelligence source that our taxpayers are reported to have ended up paying Noriega as much as they paid their own President—two hundred thousand dollars a year. And, according to a report in the *Times*, the Drug Enforcement Administration long overlooked abundant evidence of Noriega's drug activities in return for information about certain drug operators the D.E.A. was after.

"Three things protected Noriega," one congressional expert recently explained. "First, the primary American interest was in the canal, and for that reason we wanted stability in Panama. American officials recognized some of the evils of the Noriega regime, but they were reluctant to dump it, because who knew what would follow? Second, the Department of Defense has its Southern Command, which directs all United States forces south of Mexico, headquartered in Panama, so it wanted stability, too, and from its point of view the status quo was working. Finally, the intelligence community apparently had a coöperative relationship with Noriega whereby it got secrets from him about the Cubans and the Sandinistas."

Late in 1985, the American Ambassador to Panama, Everett Briggs, urged reëxamination of America's ties to Noriega, and by last year Noriega's domestic political opponents were calling for him to step aside. The Administration, however, stood firm. The General's help with the war against Nicaragua was seen as vital. Both Elliott Abrams and William Casey, the C.I.A. director, allowed their "Nicaraguan obsession" to blind them to Noriega's unsavory actions, according to recent congressional testimony by Francis McNeil, a former United States Ambassador to Costa Rica and former Senior Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for Intelligence and Research. A memo Casey wrote after meeting with Noriega on November 1, 1985, "made clear that he let Noriega off the hook" on drugs, thus giving the dictator the impression that "if he could keep us happy on Nicaragua, he could do as he pleased," McNeil testified.



Washington's hope for a stable Panama was finally shattered last June, when a former top Panamanian military commander named Roberto Díaz Herrera blew the whistle on the dictator. Díaz's accusations, which sparked the most serious political protests to occur in Panama since the military seized power, in 1968, included the charge that Noriega committed fraud in the 1984 national elections by overturning the victory of a Presidential candidate whom he and the Reagan Administration opposed, and awarding the Presidency to Nicolás Ardito Barletta, the candidate they favored. The following year, Noriega ousted Ardito Barletta after he naïvely called for an investigation into the brutal death of Dr. Hugo Spadafora, a critic of Noriega, whose decapitated body had been found in a United States mail sack in Costa Rica, just across the border from Panama. Díaz claimed that the trail of responsibility for Spadafora's death led directly back to Noriega.

Abrams did not launch his own high-profile campaign to remove the dictator until after the Justice Department announced its drug indictments of Noriega, in February. Only

Abrams himself knows the real reasons for his change of heart. (Abrams may also be one of the few who know how deeply Noriega and his men were involved in the enterprise run by Oliver North and Richard Secord.) Whatever his motivation, Abrams' efforts have brought little but humiliation to the United States, and they may foreshadow his own departure from government. Elliott Abrams, despite his combative manner, his lies to Congress, his advocacy of an unpopular war, and his involvement in policy failures in Nicaragua, in Haiti, and now in Panama, has never become the kind of political liability to this Administration that, for example, Attorney General Edwin Meese has. That may soon change. Ranking aides to both Howard Baker, the White House chief of staff, and Colin Powell, the national-security adviser, recently acknowledged to Alfonso Chardy, of the Miami *Herald*, that they had organized a campaign to persuade Secretary of State Shultz and President Reagan to fire Abrams.

Welcome as that would be in some quarters, it would not address the deeper flaws in our Latin-American policy. In Washington, the debate about Noriega has focussed largely on the deal to be struck with him, and on its political implications here. Could we get him out? Should the drug indictments be dropped? What effect would all this have on the Presidential race? Underlying this debate are two assumptions that have fouled our relations with our neighbors to the south for decades: that we have the right to dictate what governments they shall have, and that our interference in their internal affairs is always for right-minded reasons—in this case, to restore democracy to Panama. (Mr. Abrams offered a revealing glimpse of Yankee-style democracy early in his campaign against Noriega when he met in Miami with Eric Arturo Delvalle—whom Noriega himself had installed as a figurehead President in 1985—and hastily agreed to back his bid to become Panama's next leader.)

Just as our history of tolerating disdain for democratic procedures—Noriega's disdain, and Pinochet's, and Stroessner's, for example—makes our claim of moral superiority difficult to sustain, so our inability to get rid of Noriega reveals the pitfalls of our heavy-handed approach to weaker nations, or what former Senator J. William Fulbright called "the arrogance of power." Early this year, the United States could have endorsed a quiet effort by three former Central American Presidents to engineer Noriega's departure from Panama—an effort that had the support of many in the Hemisphere and thus offered a fair chance of success. Instead, we chose to play the imperial bully, blustering our way forward and bragging that Noriega would be out in a matter of days, and all the while congratulating ourselves on our concern for freedom in Panama. The results speak for themselves.

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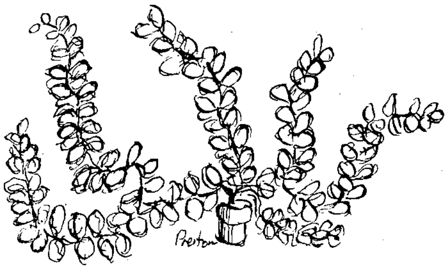
Dismount

Mark Kindschi, a thirty-seven-year-old slack-rope walker who has lived for the last three years on a tugboat moored in the Hudson, has decided to leave New York. This week, after more than a decade of street performing, he will be on his way, taking with him several large spools of five-sixteenths-inch steel cable, some rope, a duffelbag full of juggling clubs and drumstick-shaped torches, several iron braces, a three-hundred-pound forge (he is a self-taught blacksmith), a six-volume edition of the plays of George Bernard Shaw, and his fiancée, Mia, who is another slack-rope walker. (They met a couple of years ago when she walked across a mooring line onto the tug.)

Many people feel that Mark Kindschi's departure marks the end of the golden age of the New York street performer—a period that began in the post-Tall Ships era and ended sometime in early to mid-Trump. Mark Kindschi never went to clown college. He has never applied for a Guggenheim or used the phrase "new vaudeville." He taught himself rope walking on a New York street, and kept walking on the rope until nobody in New York seemed to care anymore, and then he decided to get off.

"I've always loved the circus," he said the other morning, sitting in the galley of the tug as it rocked back and forth gently in the wake of a big tanker that had just passed. "One of my earliest memories is of sitting in my grandfather's orchard, outside Baraboo, Wisconsin, and listening to a steam calliope in town, fifteen miles away. The original Ringling Brothers Circus was there, and its calliope must have been one of the last steam calliopes in the world. Anyway, one day about eleven years ago, after I had come to live on the Lower East Side, I decided to teach myself to walk the wire. I took a rope and I went up to Riverside Park, and I tied one end of it to a tree and one end to a fence. Then I got up on it, and I immediately pulled down the fence. The next day, I went back and slung my rope between two trees, and then I kept falling on my head for a number of years.



"I suppose what I love about the walking has to do with balance. If you shut your eyes and walk blind, the balance is pure—a pure, centered sense. You feel as if you're an atom at the very center of the universe. That sounds California, I know, but it's true. The hard part comes when you try to make money off that pure moment—then it gets muddied. I began as a street juggler in 1977. I was an O.K. juggler, though I never had much patter, because I've always thought that patter takes away from the juggling. But there were very few street performers at that time, and so I got away with it, and did pretty well. Today, just juggling wouldn't be enough. Just patter wouldn't be enough. You'd probably have to promise to disembowel yourself to attract a crowd.

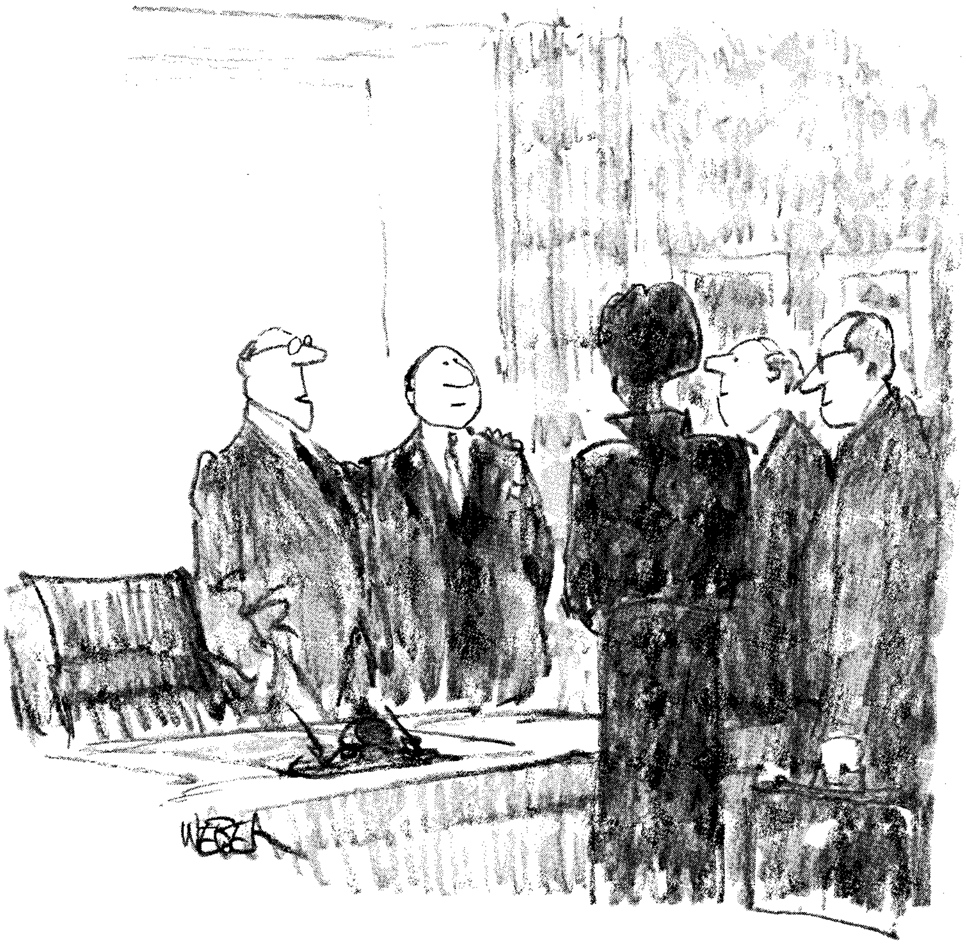
"Street performing grew very quickly. By the summer of 1978, you'd be fighting for a space to perform. So I looked up. I thought that since I was walking on the wire every day I might as well do it at night and try to make a little money. I thought people would be taken by it. You're down there watching some mime, and you look up and some other guy is on a rope, juggling fire. I know that street performers must sound like jerks when they start making small technical distinctions, but it's important to know that I'm not a tightrope walker, though everyone calls me that. I'm a slack-rope walker. Tightropes are *tight*. Philippe Petit needs three tons of tension on his wire just to walk to the corner store. The high wire is much grander—more death-defying and balletic. But the tightness of the wire doesn't allow you to make minor errors. You're playing with mortality.

"Even so, twelve shows a night on the slack rope was hard, so for a while I decided to try some other stuff. I learned to breathe fire. I breathed fire and I swallowed fire. Since I've finally decided to leave, I suppose I can spill some trade secrets. This is the secret of fire-breathing: you take gasoline in your mouth and spit it out. I *hated* fire-breathing. The only good moment was once when I nearly torched Richie Havens. I was practicing in an alley in the Village, and Richie Havens was on his way to a recording session." Mark imitated the guttural voice of the folk-singer—"Here-ah come-ah-s the suh-un"—and went on, "So, suddenly, right in the alley, yes, here comes the *sun*, Mr. Havens. I didn't mean to do it, or anything. I think he was only singed, but it was a memorable moment. Then I tried sword swallowing, but the less said about that the better, and I went back up on the rope. I didn't make much money—maybe thirty or forty dollars a night. I know you read in the papers about some juggler or magician making a hundred dollars a night, but not me. I don't know—maybe they were making a hundred dollars a night by taking the money out of my hat when I was up on the wire.

"And then something happened. Sometime in the early eighties, it got to be more and more difficult to draw a crowd. We were becoming a kind of television. It was creepy—you could feel it. You had them watching, and then, thirty seconds—maybe a minute—later, you're still juggling torches and they're just not there. I mean, they're standing there, but they're not watching. They're *waiting* for something. And the city was changing. It's no longer as friendly a place. I mean, I suppose that if you came in 1956 you'd think I was crazy to say that it was friendly in 1976—I know that, I know all that—but something changed. There used to be three communities here—the poor, the rich, and the artists. Now it's the poor and the rich, and as the poor get poorer they get nastier. Every street performer is used to being mugged. I've never exactly enjoyed being mugged, but once it was almost good-natured—or, anyway, impersonal. Now there's this look in their eyes—they'd *like* to kill you. So about two years ago Mia and I started saying that we had to go away—which is a moment that we never really thought would happen."

When Mark is dismayed, he can regain his equilibrium only by walking on the wire for a while, and he went out to a shed on the pier where he keeps one of his wires strung, got up on it, and within thirty seconds was himself again. Through the slats of the shed he could just see the towers of the World Trade Center. "Did I tell you what happened last night?" he said. "You know, I had been intending to leave for Maine with Mia next week, to work as a blacksmith. I thought, Well, maybe Mia and I can work on a double act together, and take it to some little circuses in Europe. A double act is hard on the slack wire, because it sets up oscillations." He bounced, to demonstrate, and the rope trembled wildly. "You can manage your own oscillations, but if someone comes out on the wire from the other end it's hard. Which I'm told is a pretty good metaphor for marriage. To get a double act together you just have to be prepared to do some falling, known in the trade as a 'dismount.' " He fell off the wire in a split. "You lose the skin on your legs, but what the hell. We thought of getting married on the wire, but that's a little sixties. A few years ago, we were at a juggler's wedding, and they were juggling over the head of the bride and groom when something slipped and it just *rained* juggling clubs on the bride's head. Not the kind of wedding memory Mia wants to take through life. Anyway, I was all set to move to Maine when Philippe Petit called. He's walking across the Grand Canyon this September—his masterpiece—and he asked me to come out and work with him. Which pleases me, even though I have to buy a suit.

"You know what I've been thinking about all week? I can't say that I'm going to miss the city. But I keep thinking how puzzled people will be by



"Mr. Caldwell comes to us from a minimum-security correctional facility in Pennsylvania."

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what I've left here." He put his hands up on the roof of the shed to steady himself. "There—*that!* All over New York, in every place I've lived, that's what I've left—a trail of handprints across the ceiling."

Beatrix Potter

A FRIEND of ours went to the Beatrix Potter exhibition at the Pierpont Morgan Library and came back with this report:

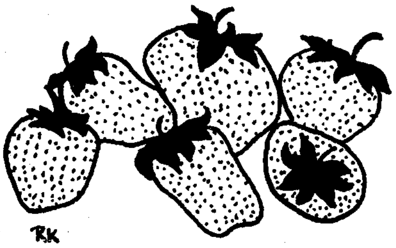
I arrived at the Morgan in a torrential rainstorm, took off my rain gear, and headed for the main exhibition hall. This show is entitled "Beatrix Potter: Artist and Storyteller," but Potter was first and foremost a naturalist, and the walls of the Morgan testify to that. Beatrix Potter was born in 1866, and lived an unusually solitary life. Until her brother Bertram was born, in 1871, she had hardly ever seen another child. On summer holidays in Scotland and, later, in the Lake District, she and Bertram fell passionately in love with the natural world. In the main room you can see her precise and intensely focussed watercolor drawings of fossils, weasels, bats, butterflies, and fungi. (Fungi were her particular interest.) There are sketches of a dead thrush, and a drawing of sweet bay with faint arrows drawn in to show the angle of the light, and there are studies of pigs, mice, and lizards, and an anatomical drawing of a sheet-web spider, and details of insect legs and wings. A zoologist who had never heard of "The Tale of Peter Rabbit" would feel perfectly at home at this show.

In a glass case is a sketchbook that Beatrix Potter kept at the age of eight. One page has a color study of caterpillars, and on the facing page, written in a childlike but well-developed hand, are some observations on their habits. In another case is another set of handwritten notes, on the subjects of Penicillium and other fungi, and cancer research—these written when Beatrix Potter was seventy.

Potter's biographer, Margaret Lane, tells us that she and Bertram, as children, boiled a dead fox in order to articulate its skeleton. At the Morgan is a letter written by Bertram, away at school, to Beatrix, who was then about twenty, that says, "I should advise you to boil that dog's skull in soda if you can get a pan." Blown-up photos of her as a young girl and a young woman show a sweet-faced person with a level gaze. A shot of her at sixty-five introduces a stout, rather formidable-looking woman in tweeds, clogs, and a felt hat. (By that time, she was a Lake District farmer and sheep breeder.) The clogs are under glass at the Morgan, and so is her paintbrush.

Potter's first commercial venture, undertaken when she was twenty-four, was a series of Christmas cards showing handsomely dressed rabbits engaged in social life—these are on display, too—but it was "Peter Rabbit" that made her famous. The book began as a letter to a little boy named Noel Moore, who was recuperating from an illness. "My dear Noel," the letter begins. "I don't know what to write to you, so I shall tell you a story about four little rabbits whose names were Flopsy, Mopsy, Cottontail and Peter." This letter is on display, of course, and so are the original drawings from the book. These and all the original pictures for her books are a revelation. Generations of children and parents have loved these books, but no printing process, however advanced, does justice to the richness and clarity of the pictures.

Near a display of editions of "Peter Rabbit" in a number of languages, and in Braille, is a drawing that was tossed out after the fifth printing—a cheerful picture of Mrs. McGregor handing a nice-looking pie to an unseen Mr. McGregor. The pie, as the text makes clear, contains Peter's father, and Potter's publisher considered the picture too gruesome for children. But it seems to me that this deceptively sweet drawing gets to the heart of Beatrix Potter's charm. She never wrote down to children and she did not whitewash nature on their behalf. Scary things happen in her books. (Of course, funny things happen, too.) Mr. Jeremy Fisher goes fishing in the rain and is almost eaten by a trout; poor Tom Kitten is set upon by Anna Maria and Samuel Whiskers, who want to turn him into a roly-poly pudding. The show demonstrates that Beatrix Potter was a precise and serious little girl, and that when she grew up and made books for children she saw no need to lower her standards.



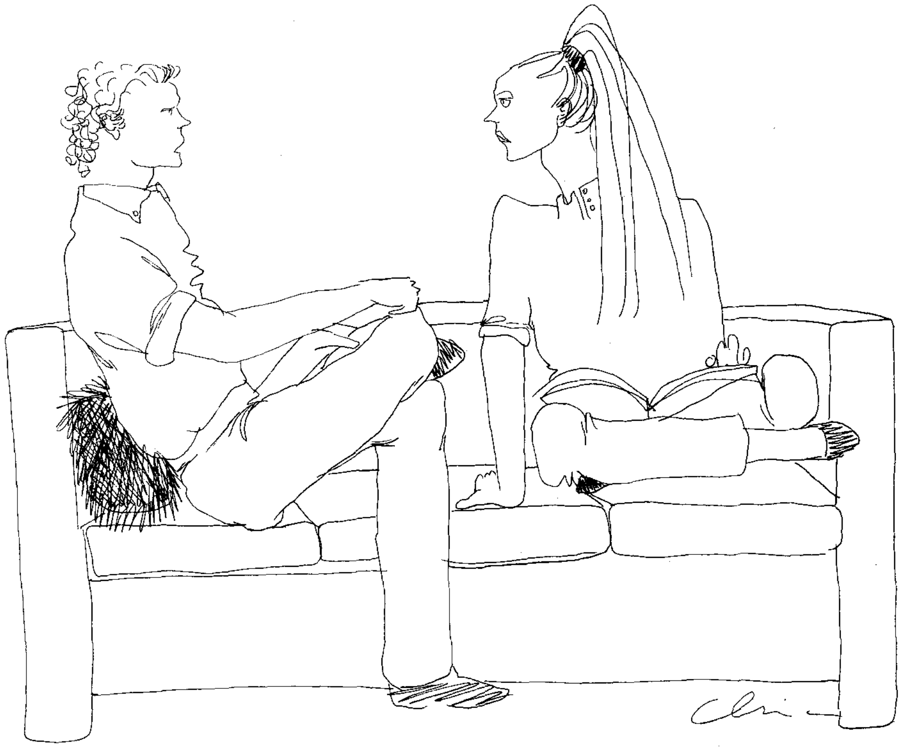
When it was time to leave, I put on my raincoat, and felt rather like Mr. Jeremy Fisher as I watched the rain come down in sheets. Also looking out was a woman carrying a toddler and holding a little boy by the hand. This reminded me that I had seen very few children at the show. I asked the woman how her children had liked it.

"They *loved* it," she said. "I just wish the pictures had been hung lower."

Armen and Arman

ARMEN AMIRIAN and Arman Shahikian are the Armenian car men. For now, disregard the fact that they teach car and motorcycle maintenance at the Knowhow Workshop at the New York City Technical College division of continuing education, the fact that they are sometimes mislabelled cousins (actually, they're brothers-in-law), and the fact that when they greet each other they have a tendency to bark like agitated cocker spaniels—just concentrate on their roles as radio personalities. On the third Monday of the month, Armen and Arman usually ride their motorcycles to WNYC and give free over-the-air advice to anyone who calls in with car trouble. We went down to WNYC not long ago, sat in Control Room No. 2, and watched their show through soundproof glass. When Armen said, "This guy comes to me the other day with a Volvo 145, which is an early-seventies station wagon. Two hundred and twenty thousand miles on the clock, four different colors of body panels, rolls of duct tape holding it together—baling wire, coat hangers—and he goes, 'Hey Arm, there's a noise in the back of this,' " he rolled his eyes incredulously, he sawed the air with his arms, and he gave us a look that said, "Can you believe this?" Right away, we knew that it's not enough to simply listen to Armen and Arman. You have to watch them in action.

The following is a play in one scene. It takes place in Studio A at WNYC. You don't need to know much about Studio A except that it's state-of-the-art: intimidating control panels and microphones. So that you can tell the characters apart, it's important to remember that Armen, with an "e," is the thin one with the beard and the "Motorsport" T-shirt, and Arman, with an "a," is the heavyset one with the mustache and the suspenders. They both wear headphones. They and Leonard Lopate, the host of the show, are the only characters in the play—the only characters we can see. There are also people who call in with car trouble. It's noontime. Armen and Arman are in a characteristically good mood.



"Let's run out this weekend and buy some deck furniture—just the two of us."

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Caller No. 1, Laurie: Somebody's giving me a car. It's a '73 AMC Hornet wagon. It has over a hundred thousand miles on it, and it needs brake work and a new exhaust system. Is it worth putting in the money?

(*It's obvious that Armen and Arman don't think much of the car. While Laurie is talking, they laugh quietly but convulsively. They gag. They make disgusted faces. Arman almost falls out of his seat.*)

Armen: Well, it's a free car. The question is: How badly do you need a car? (*More laughter.*)

Arman: How badly do you need a *Hornet*?

Laurie: Well, I'm worried that I won't be able to find parts for it.

Leonard Lopate: She's going to have problems getting gasoline for it, isn't she?

Armen: No. The three gerbils that live under the hood don't need any kind of special gasoline. You can get parts for that car, sure. Plenty of guys out there are making those kinds of exhaust systems and brake units. But before you sink a couple hundred skadols into a car why don't you bring it to somebody and have him give it a serious look-see? Find out what else it might need.

Caller No. 2, Carolyn: Uh, my car is currently in Connecticut, and it's a '68 Mustang—you know, that beautiful Mustang? Soon it's going to have its twentieth anniversary. Now, believe me, it's had its problems. There are cracks in its body. But it's still running, and so am I and—

Leonard Lopate: Carolyn, we have a lot of calls. What's the problem with the car?

Carolyn: O.K., I would like to bring the car into New York and learn how to use it. Also, I want to take a class in motorcycles at the same time. I want to learn how to do that, too.

(*Armen and Arman can hardly breathe from laughter. They pretend they're going to leave the studio; they clutch at each other. But then, miraculously, Armen, in an encouraging and gracious manner, gives Carolyn all the information she needs.*)

Caller No. 3, Jim: If you get a sound up front that seems to require spray on the fan belt—

Armen (*makes rapid wing motions with his arms and a mosquito noise*): That noise?

Jim: Well, almost. It sounds like something's going on in the radiator. How would I know if it's the water pump or just a fan belt?

Arman: A water pump would give you more of a gargling noise.

Jim: So it's possible that the belts need to be replaced?

Armen and Arman: Right.

Caller No. 4, Ron: I've got a '64 Mercury Parklane convertible that I inherited from my father and would like to keep, but I'd like your advice on whether it's worth it.

Arman (*treads imaginary water*): Where do you dock this boat?

Ron: It's got one hundred and forty thousand miles. I've had it for about half of its life, and replaced only the fuel pump and the water pump. But right now when I accelerate uphill there's a low rumble—

Armen and Arman: Like this?

(*They begin to run through the gamut of car noises, making various clacking and roaring sounds.*)

Ron (*finally*): No, it's like *fmrr*.

Armen: Try putting in some high-test and try downshifting the automatic into second. Leave it in second as you go up a hill, so that the engine revs at a higher speed. If neither of those things makes a difference, it's probably that the car is detonating—meaning that the gas these days isn't good enough for the car, or that there's some carbon buildup in the top end. If none of those things help, then it's time to do a compression check. O.K.?

Ron: O.K., and thanks.

(*Now we're nearing the end. Leonard Lopate executes a couple of smooth transitions and then wraps things up with a question that every car owner should ask.*)

Leonard Lopate: How do you insure that your radio isn't stolen?

Armen: Take it with you.

Arman: But that does not prevent your window from being broken.

Armen: Yeah, it's like the story about the guy who has a sticker on the side of his car that says "No Radio" and the thief breaks the window and leaves a note saying "Just checking."

Curtain.

BOYS WHO DO THE BOP

LEARNING to type? Not easy, right?

It is work which gives flavor to life.
It is work which gives flavor to life.
It is work which gives flavor to life.

It can't be easy, with the letters presented to you shuffled up the way they are. Few typing instructors will concede that there's any disarray, but at least half the instruction books I've seen feature practice sentences that try to play up the learner's sense of purpose and foster a feeling of order where there's apparently none.

Enid is in her room putting on makeup. Why do anything to those delicate features? "Because it takes up time," she would say if asked.

Enid closes her bedroom door when she changes her clothes but leaves it ajar when she's doing her face; is she hoping some small talk might reach her dainty ears? If that's so, and if I am to oblige, I have to keep one eye on the keyboard, one eye on that door. Have I been much too quiet already? It must be so, for she's starting to sing.

I've been across this country clear
from Bangor, Maine, to Frisco, where
I turned around,
feet on the ground,
and headed back on home somehow

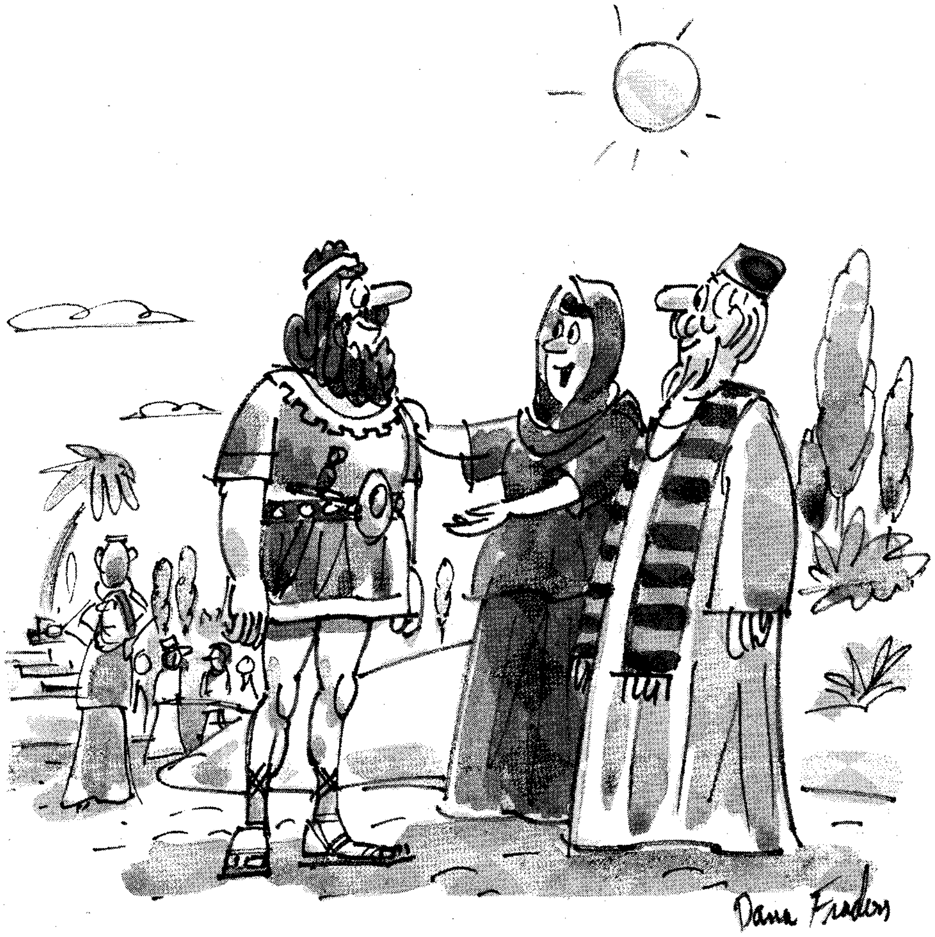
That's a good song; why would I want to interrupt it? Besides, typing requires concentrated practice.

Do the thing and you have still the power; but they who do not the thing have not the power.

Soon she says, "Oh you want more floor show?"

When Lady Luck would treat me
  right,
I'd hit some town on a Saturday
  night,
and rule of thumb
where I come from
is party time is now. I'm—

She stops making up in her oval dresser mirror and comes out to look in the full-length one.



"This is Joshua. Joshua fit the battle of Jericho."

"These pants are too . . . what is the word, Noonie? Or cats got tongue?"

I like Enid, and I like just about anything Enid says to me, and I'd just as soon hang around here with her and her cats as just about anything, maybe anything. Now, to talk or to type?

If you would not be forgotten, as soon as you are dead and rotten, either write things worth reading or

"Unable to wear THESE pants at THIS time," she says, and walks back into her room and closes the door.

This is the longest I've stayed at Enid's, six weeks now. The sofa here is certainly comfortable; I prefer it to the bed in the spare room, to my bed back home, maybe any bed anywhere. Now the door is ajar again.

I'm a girl who digs a chance
to get out on that floor and dance

Her room, if you enter, is just a neat, compartmentalized, one-windowed box with sections for books, for yard goods, for notebooks, for keepsakes—but the first thing you notice is the background odor, which is of perfume mixed with stale cigarette smoke. That doesn't sound inviting, but you might not turn and run.

I've danced in the east,
I've danced in the west,
and the thing that I like best is

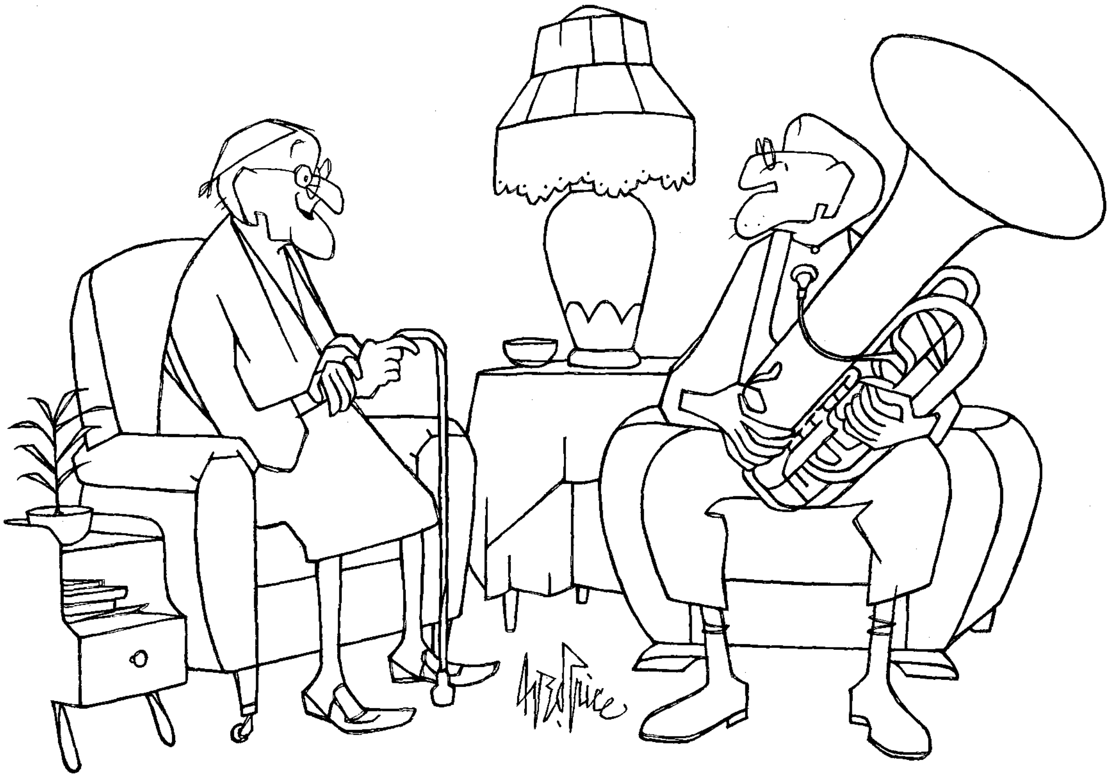
Enid once told me she was going to be a singer—that was when one of her husband's friends, who instead became a doctor, was going to be a songwriter. Do I think Enid might get married again? Any such new husband would certainly want the sofa cleared, or perhaps a new, less comfortable sofa, and, simultaneously, the cats declawed. That would all be too bad, but what do I have to do with it outside of being a worrier about Enid? Now the bedroom door is opening wide.

BOYS who do the BOP,
MAN, they never STOP.
Give 'em cut time
and, man, they're flying,
those BOYS who do the BOP

Enid, wearing different pants, walks from her room toward the bathroom.

those BOYS—Boys! Boys! Boys!
who DO—do do do do do do
the BOP—Boys who bop!

I'm no help, either. On Tuesday, after I came back and told her about a



"*Play 'Misty' for me.*"

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girl I met over at the Peabody, Enid stopped wearing a bra. She set up the ironing board right in front of where I was typing and started ironing with her shirt mostly open, so what did I do but ask how come she usually wears a bra. She said something about gravity and time, then left the room, and when she came back she'd buttoned her shirt nearly up to her neck.

"Hullo, anybody home?" Enid, now through with bedroom and bathroom, says to me, then turns her attention to one of the cats. "What, not enough litter for a cute thing to scratch? We call Cat Litter King, O.K.?" She picks up the cat and brings its face to hers as she sits by the phone and dials the King's message machine. "Greetings! Enid and cats on Comm. Ave. wouldn't mind a royal visit. We want a case of cat food that says 'Cat Food.' Not without labels, not cat-and-dog food, and not labelled 'Dog Food' that you say is cat food. One hundred pounds of litter in ten-pound bags, not two fifties—what do you think we are? We're home late tonight and all tomorrow night. *Sois prudent*, Your Highness." What an entertainer! Enid is no snob!

Enid puts down the phone and the cat, and is lost to me for a few minutes. I think she is thinking about the past, which is something I've pretty well cultivated out of myself, thinking about the past. As I turn off the typewriter, Enid looks over at me and says, "Let's go here, let's go there! That's the thing to do, right?"

THERE was nothing like the Cat Litter King where I came from; there were also things in Boston I couldn't get used to. Just before I first visited Enid, her small white cat, the one she told me would sleep on her neck, got stolen from out front by the junkies down the block. "Let's go get it back?" a friend of hers had mocked my suggestion. "Noonie, you don't go confronting addicts!" So as I went up and down Commonwealth Avenue putting up Lost Cat signs I had to fill my mind with other things, like memorizing the alphabetically ordered cross streets—Arlington, Exeter, Fairfax or Fairfield, Gloucester; that's all I remember now, and Exeter Street's easy, because that's where the Exeter Street Theatre is.

It was only a couple of days later that Enid started talking about my getting some kind of job, though following right up with how after she moved to Boston she'd go through the Help Wanteds, circle all the interesting ones, fold the newspaper neatly on top of her recycling pile, and then go out to a museum or two. Once Enid did get me something part time at Faneuil Hall Marketplace. She was working near there then, so a lot of times we got to have lunch together, and I even started thinking maybe that's why she got me the job. If it was a nice day and I got off early, I would go back to her place and sleep on the sofa in the sun with the cats. On days I wasn't working, I would walk and walk—one day I did the whole Freedom Trail—or just turn to my Old List, which was some basic things that had looked at first to me impossible to do but that just about everybody seemed able to do, like skipping rope, riding a bike, driving a car (or, as I updated the list, if you learned on an automatic, then driving a standard), swimming, and, of course, typing. (I don't have a New List but do keep an Auxiliary one, which is for not-impossible-looking things, like certain dances.)

ENID and I set out walking and, by the Charles River, Enid lights up a cigarette and tells me how her mother, who smokes, too, waits until everybody at their house has gone to bed and then goes outside on the patio and breathes out, all the way, emptying her lungs—push push push—completely, then breathes in a full load of fresh air, and then forces every bit out again, convinced that she's cleaning that day's smoking out of her lungs. I laugh at that, really laugh, and after a two-second delay Enid laughs, too.

I've never actually met Enid's mother, but I talked to her on the phone once when she called and Enid was out. She knew who I was and kept calling me by my first name, again and again, with the most luxurious voice. Enid has every right to sound like that but doesn't. Enid's mother wanted, I think, to ask me how Enid really was, and I wasn't so sure of myself that I said anything that would make her worry, but I didn't try to make her not worry, either.

Here, there; and from the Cambridge side of the Charles, up by M.I.T., Enid points out the narrow eastern face of the new Hancock building and tells me that it reflects the sunrise in a long vertical line, and that the western end does the same at sunset. (You've got to admire the Hancock, though it's tall and modern, and modern with problems. Try looking at it from the south when you're way down on Tremont, or from the north, from beside the old Hancock, going right up close.) "I liked it in plywood and I like it now—windows and all, as long as nobody gets hurt," Enid says, while reaching one hand over her head, tracing a halo's shape with her finger, around and around.

It isn't late when we get back to her place, but Enid's tired, and does have to get up early to move her car for Friday street-cleaning before going to work, so right away she puts on that white cotton nightdress of hers and gets into bed. I feel bad that we've developed any sort of routine at all, Enid and I, because soon I'm probably going to be someplace else, and, to take just one example, who's going to read from her book, that scrapbook of stories about sleep she's put together in her more than thirty-one years? Every evening I've been reading something from it to her after she gets into bed. It's a great book—so good that I've had all three hundred and sixty-six oversize pages photocopied to take with me when I go. Tonight's story was taken from the autobiography of Benjamin Franklin:

> . . . I walked again up the street, which by this time had many clean-dressed people in it, who were all walking the same way. I joined them, and thereby was led into the great meeting-house of the Quakers near the market. I sat down among them, and, after looking round awhile and hearing nothing said, being very drowsy thro' labor and want of rest the preceding night, I fell fast asleep, and continued so till the meeting broke up, when one was kind enough to rouse me. This was, therefore, the first house I was in, or slept in, in Philadelphia.

Philadelphia? I only have to hear a city's name and I start to get ideas. Actually, I'd kind of made up my mind to try New York.

"Enid?"

"What, Noo?"

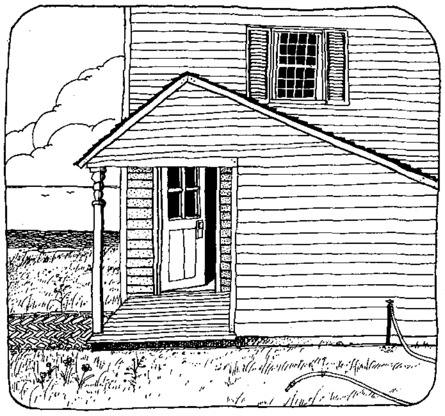
"Are there any more words to that song?"

"There's more I can't remember right now. I think I'm asleep."

Before I leave this time I'm going to get those bop lyrics on paper; otherwise I'll have to write to wherever she is, and what if she has a new last name?

"Is it O.K. if I stay up and type?"

"S'all right. I like a little background noise when I dream." (Enid really doesn't mind it when I stay up late and type.)



NOTES ON THE 1860s

George Boole's book on the laws of thought appeared in 1854;
that's three years before Baudelaire's "Les Fleurs du Mal."

In Boole's book the seed of the computer is to be found,
the ticking relays, the vacuum tubes of the future.

With charming innocence this algebra teaches us
that every set has something in common with the "empty set."

The empty set. In a dream I meet Baudelaire,
small, transparent, dark shadows under his eyes,

and I insist that he comment on Boole.
He accepts this request as being altogether natural

and starts with a quotation from the Marquis de Sade:

"Nothing floods us with fear and lust so much
as knowledge of the ticking relays, the vacuum tubes,

murmurs that come from the hotter mine shafts of the future."

All of a sudden he checks himself, as if he'd said too much.

"Sir, we walk on ice polished by the wind. You understand?

We live in a time when the wind is rising."

—Lars Gustafsson

(*Translated, from the Swedish, by Christopher Middleton.*)

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CURB SERVICE

In the small cities of South America one does not have to send to the store for a container of milk. The milkman walks through the streets with his supply, stopping at each door or window, where the customer may see for herself that it is fresh. And how can she doubt it when his supply is kept fresh in the cow that accompanies him?

IT was only ten-thirty and I still wasn't sleepy, so I started looking through the cupboards for something to eat. Next to three boxes of Wheatena and behind the saltines was an open bag of Pepperidge Farm Tahiti cookies. There were only two cookies in the bag, and since I hate to eat the last of anything when there's someone else who might come snacking, I took just one cookie. Then, maybe because I was alone and it seemed so quiet, I got out a pen and wrote in ink on the bag, "Contains One Only—No Good if You're Hungry." I put the bag back on the shelf, went and stretched out on the sofa, and thought some more about Benjamin Franklin, and then Thomas Jefferson, and then John Hancock, and then whether or not I'd kissed Enid good night. I had, but it was the kind of kiss you can't expect to go far, a kiss without plans.

CONFIDENTIAL ACCOUNTS
HIGH ENERGY ACCOUNTS ONLY
W Miller

SO all that was a Thursday night. Then Friday, then Saturday, then Sunday; then Monday I left for New York, and I haven't seen Enid since. I did leave her my P.O.-box address from back home, because I wasn't sure where I'd end up, and my cousin who works at the post office is good about forwarding things. Using that system, I've received three communications from Enid, three in five years:

1. In a puffy envelope mailed not long after I left Boston was the empty Pepperidge Farm cookie bag, with an "N" added to my note; i.e., "Contains NOne Only—No Good if You're Hungry."

2. Several months after that I received a postcard showing the lobby of a hotel in a place like Tahiti, and there, among other words, was "honeymoon"—not as in "Hoyle Up-to-Date," not honeymoon bridge. Enid once told me that her mother used to tell her, "You might as well be nice." Even with that I couldn't decide whether or not to send a wedding present, which is to say I didn't.

3. Then nothing for over four years until this menu, here in my hand, reached me earlier today. No message, but each dish and price printed in Enid's hand, along with the restaurant's name, and its address, three thousand miles away. I looked at the menu for a long time, and did think of writing something on it like "Menu Only—No Good if You're Hungry" and sending it back, but then thought better of it. (Another thing I'd been cultivating was thinking better of things.)

As for what went the other way, once in a while I'd sent her funny newspaper clippings and stuff, but every time I wrote a real letter I knew it was a mistake the minute I dropped it into the big blue box. And telephones? You can't get them to work right.

THAT'S still a great song, that bop one. It's a good thing I wrote down the words before leaving, but just getting lyrics on paper is not really how such things should be done. The way to make a song yours is by singing it—right? Some how-to-do book must say that. I gave my typing one away, because learning was so hard for me I began to feel that if I ever got good at it it would be while getting less good at something else.

Doing all right in New York, with all my books in one place for the first time in fourteen years, including two big identical dictionaries. I keep one at each end of my apartment so there's no lugging around. I turn to them often. "Menu" comes from the French for "detailed list," "detailed" as in "small and detailed," while "snob" has no accepted etymological origin—though I've heard of Latin teachers who like to say it's short for "*Sine NOBilitate*," "without nobility." But Enid was no snob!

Enid's sofa was comfortable, yes, but on that Thursday night there was some noise from the street, a car radio playing loud, I think, so I moved my blankets into the spare room in back, which shared a wall with Enid's and was its mirror image. Unfortunately, the bed there was much too soft, and I still couldn't sleep. I started wondering if there was any part of a moon out that night, and if the long narrow ends of the Hancock ever reflect moonlight in a line—if not when the moon is large but pale on the rise, then maybe when it's small and bright in the sky. A little while later I heard Enid get up, use the bathroom, and, I thought, go back to bed.

A few more minutes passed and then, from outside the spare-room window, came a sound that should have made me think of death, or birth, but even before I got up to look I knew what it was: Enid, expelling a day's intake from her almost thirty-two-year-old lungs, cleansing them well with the damp, night-morning air.

—RICK ROFIHE

MENDOCINO

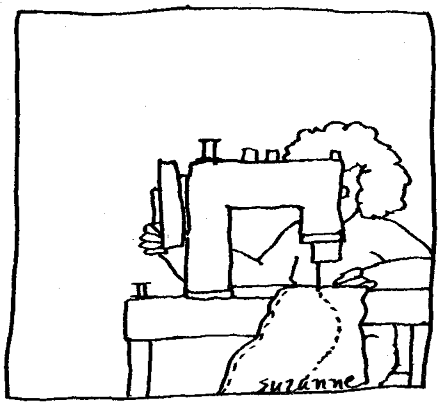
BLISS is driving north on Highway 1, looking at the crashing Pacific. She would like to pull the car over and walk along the water's edge, but there is no beach here, only cliffs jutting out over the ocean. The mountains, the road, the water—it's so gorgeous it's getting monotonous. So she begins to make small promises to herself. If Gerald starts in on the beauty of the self-sufficient life, she will allow herself a solitary one-hour walk. If Marisa invites her to join in the baking of bread or the pickling of cucumbers or the gathering of fresh-laid eggs, she will invent a friend who lives nearby with whom she has promised to have a drink. These people—her younger brother, Gerald, and his girlfriend, Marisa (his R.F.L., as he calls her, his Reason For Living, and, really, this irks Bliss as much as anything else)—live in Mendocino County, two and a half hours north of San Francisco, a mile from the coast, in a small, isolated house of their own design. It is, Bliss remembers, a nice enough house, made tacky by a pair of stained-glass windows that flank the front door—windows that Marisa made. She is, Gerald has said more than once, an *artisan*. Life for Marisa—and, now, for Gerald—is about using your hands whenever you can. Bliss has been tempted in the past to point out that your brain must contribute something to this equation, but she is determined to keep all snide remarks to herself on this visit. After all, it will be the first time she has seen them in over a year. And, too, today is the tenth anniversary of their father's suicide. She wants to be on her best behavior.

Bliss would like to think that this reunion was Gerald's idea—a peace offering of sorts—but she is sure that Marisa is behind it. Even the way Gerald asked her sounded like Marisa—didn't she think it would be nice if they could *be together* for a weekend. Until a couple of years ago—until Marisa—Gerald was a sensible man. Stodgy even, with his job working for a big accounting firm, with his careful haircuts and his fuel-efficient cars. They had a nice relationship; every four or five months Bliss would fly up from L.A. and Gerald would squire her around San Francisco, surprising her with tickets to chamber-music concerts, with dinner at out-of-the-way Asian restaurants. They would exchange work stories, and, into a second bottle of wine, confide in each other the news of their most recent failures at love. It amazes Bliss that until this moment she never once realized it was because they were failures that they talked about them. Now Gerald has his success, and it is as if the two of them had never been anything but what they are now: wary, cordial.

As Bliss turns from the coastal highway onto the road to Gerald and Marisa's property, it occurs to her that she has come empty-handed—no bottle of wine, no flowers, nothing. It would be worse if this were her first visit; she has been here once before, a year ago June, when Gerald and Marisa threw a housewarming party and she flew up for the day with Jason. But still, she ought to have something. So she makes a U-turn on the narrow road and heads back to the little store she passed a few miles back.

She didn't get a very good look at it when she drove by, and it's a disappointment. She was hoping for a little country fruit-and-vegetable place; she could have bought a dozen dusty peaches and offered them as coals to Newcastle—at least Gerald would have gotten it. She'll be lucky if this place has a head of iceberg; it might as well be a 7-Eleven.

She walks up and down the aisles, looking for something halfway suitable. The only beer they have isn't expensive enough to give someone as a gift, and when she looks at the refrigerator section, thinking she might find some cheese, there's next to nothing there, either—just Velveeta and the kind of cream cheese that's whipped and has things added to it. She is drifting through the store, ordering herself to buy *something*, when she comes to the packaged cookies. She puts her hand out to a package, retracts it, then reaches again and picks the cookies up. They are Ideal bars—Gerald's favorite cookies when they were children. She's surprised they still make them; she hasn't seen or thought of them in years. The packaging hasn't changed a bit, though, and now she remembers Gerald hoarding whole packages of them in his room, eating them in bed at night. Their rooms shared a wall, and sometimes when she'd turned off her light and was lying wide awake in bed she could hear the cellophane crinkling.



She buys six packages. It seems a ridiculous number, as she tosses them onto the seat of the car and heads back up the road. One, maybe, or two, but six? She doesn't want to think of what Marisa will say.

IT is almost dusk when Bliss turns down the long driveway leading to their house. She left L.A. at six this morning, and her shoulders ache. She should have flown and rented a car at the airport, as she and Jason did last summer, but she'd convinced herself it would be fun to drive. She thinks now that the real reason she drove was to put off this moment for as long as she could.

She gets out of the car and stretches her arms over her head, bending from side to side; she hopes they have a decent bed. Then the front door opens and there is Gerald, in shorts and hiking boots and with—she can't believe it—a beard.

"The weary traveller," he says, coming down the walk to her car. "Are you dead?"

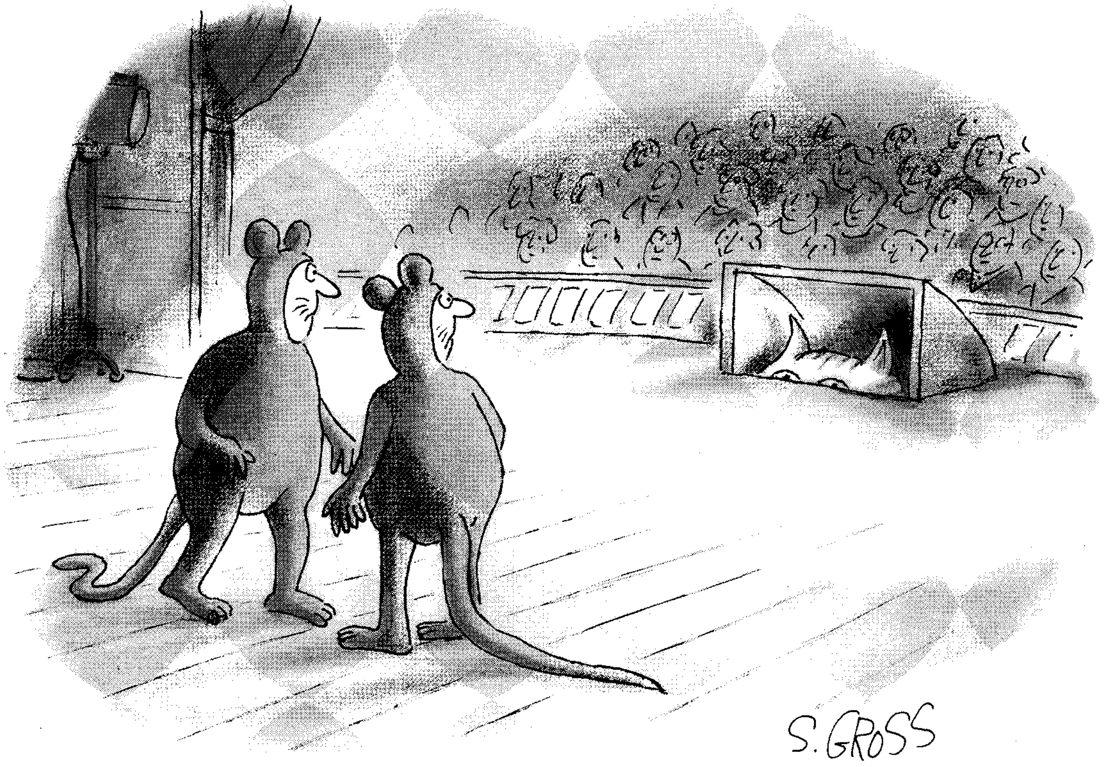
"Yes," she says, "I'm dead and I've gone to Heaven and met this man who looks so familiar to me." She reaches up and touches his beard. "This is new," she says.

"Like it?"

He is darker than she, and with the beard his face has a slightly menacing look. "It makes you look older," she says.

"Than who?"

She is about to answer with some kind joke ("Than me, the aging spin-



ster") when she realizes that he isn't really paying attention—he's looking back at the house.

Marisa appears, and Bliss has to admit it—she's beautiful. She is one of those tall, earthy women with frizzy hair—brown, in this case—but her size and strength are very feminine. She wears a flowered skirt and a man's sleeveless undershirt, and her arms and legs are lean, golden. Bliss can understand why Gerald is attracted to her—and attracted he is. When she joins them at Bliss's car, he puts an arm around her waist and squeezes her, as if she were the one who had just arrived.

"How are you?" Marisa asks. It sounds to Bliss like an invitation to make a long confession.

"O.K.," Bliss says. "You look great. Both of you—you look so healthy and fit."

"We are," says Marisa, and Bliss thinks, Well, the battle lines are drawn.

They go into the house, Gerald carrying her suitcase and Bliss holding the brown bag that contains the cookies. Gerald leads her to the guest room, which is in the back of the house, next to the kitchen. He sets the suitcase down and turns to her. For a moment she thinks he is going to tell her something—a secret, something he hasn't told Marisa, even something *about* Marisa—but all he says is "The bathroom's through there if you want to wash up. Come on into the kitchen whenever you're ready."

He leaves, and she realizes she's been hugging the cookies to her chest; and this would have been the perfect time to give them to him. She sits on the bed to test it, and when she finds that it's nice and firm her relief is so great it surprises her. She goes into the bathroom to splash some water on her face.

In the kitchen Marisa is chopping vegetables; Gerald is uncorking a bottle of wine. The kitchen windowsills are lined with jars of things, Bliss can't tell what—they are murky and either red or purple or green. Marisa sees her looking at them and says, "I'm so far behind on my canning."

"Don't listen to her," Gerald says. "You should see the cellar." He offers Bliss a glass of wine and she takes it, warning herself to be careful—the last thing she wants is to have to get through tomorrow with a hangover.

"Why don't you show Bliss around while I get dinner ready?" Marisa says. "Before it gets too dark." It seems to Bliss that Marisa has this—has everything—all planned out.

"Blister?" Gerald says, and she blushes with pleasure; he hasn't called her that in years.

"I'd love it."

"Bring your wine." She starts to follow him, but he turns back and looks at her feet. "Actually, do you have any other shoes? It's a bit muddy in places."

She does, but they're no more suitable for mud than these. She's suddenly very embarrassed—as if they could know what's in her suitcase, or in her closet at home: nothing rugged. "Think I'm a prima donna, do you?" she says. "What's a little mud?"

Gerald shrugs, but Marisa says, "You can't go out in those, you'll ruin them. We've had rain almost every day for the last two weeks." She goes to a closet and pulls out some rubber boots that remind Bliss of a pair she had in elementary school. "Here," Marisa says, "try these."

They're huge, probably three or four sizes too big, but Bliss slips off her sandals and steps into the boots. "O.K." she says. "Great. Thanks."

"They're too big, aren't they?" Marisa says. "Wait, I'll get you some socks."

"Jesus, Mare, we're only going to be gone for ten minutes," Gerald says, but this doesn't seem to have any effect on Marisa; she disappears, then returns with two pairs of heavy socks for Bliss.

By the time they get outside, the light has nearly faded. Everything is a deep violet—the sky, the field behind the house, even Gerald's face. Bliss wishes she could tell what his expression is; is he irritated at Marisa?

"This way," he says, setting off around the house. "We've done a lot since you were here."

First he shows her the herb garden—a fenced-off square with neat little rows of more herbs than Bliss can imagine anyone wanting. He points them out, one by one, and Bliss tries to make admiring sounds. Then he launches into an explanation of how great it is to grow your own herbs, how they're useful for much more than just cooking. He bends and picks something, then holds it up to her nose. "Smell good?" he says.

It does, but she doesn't know what it is. "Mmm."

"It's rosemary," he says.

"Nice."

He looks down at the plants and scuffs at the earth with the toe of his boot. "We've been thinking," he says, but he doesn't go on.

"I wouldn't worry about it too much," Bliss says. "I do it, too, sometimes." *Immediately she's sorry.*

"Should I tell you this?" Gerald says. "Oh, why not. We've been thinking of having a baby."

Bliss is stunned. Not that it's so hard to imagine Gerald as a father—she's always thought he should have children. And Marisa was obviously born to have babies—the ultimate show of capability. But she realizes that in the back of her mind she's been waiting for him to go back to San Francisco, to being who he was.

"Are you?" she says finally. "Wow."

He waves the rosemary in her face. "Marisa wants to have a girl and name her Rosemary."

"Nice," Bliss says. And if it's a boy, Oregano?

They stand still in the herb garden for a little while longer, then Gerald says, "Come see the chicken coop. I built it myself."

MOUNTAIN TIME

Time is shadowless there. Mornings reoccur
only as enchantments. Only as light for her

to watch berries ripen by on the mountain ash.
For him, at a short distance from her, to catch fish.

Afterward, darkness will be only what is left of
a mouth after kissing or a hand laced in a hand.

A branch. A river. Will be what is lost of words
when they turn to silences, then to sleep. Yet

when they leave the mountain what he will remember is
the rowan tree. That blemish, that scarlet. She will think of

the arc of the salmon after sudden capture—
its glitter a larceny of daylight on slate.

—Eavan Boland

• •

WHEN Gerald's tour is over, it is truly dark, the kind of clear, chilly night that's rare in Bliss's part of the state. There are so many stars out it looks like there's barely enough room for them all in the sky. She wonders whether Gerald can still identify the constellations; one winter when they were children, their father set up a telescope on the back porch, and after dinner on clear nights he'd tell them to put on their coats and they'd troop outside to look at the sky. Bliss remembers how impatient her father was with her: No, Bliss, he'd say, *that's* Taurus; I've told you before. You're not using your head. She'd look over and see her mother silhouetted in the doorway, and although she knew her mother would welcome her back inside—let Gerald do it, her mother would say, then your father will be satisfied—Bliss would stay outside, fingers getting numb, and try to remember.

When they reach the front door, Gerald stops and says, "I hope you don't mind vegetarian."

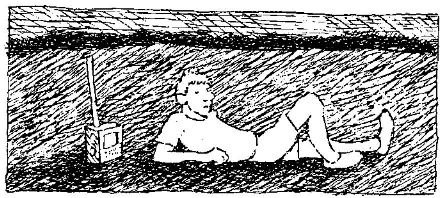
"Not at all," Bliss says. "It'll do me good to be so wholesome."

Gerald bites his lip, and she sees that this time she has offended him. "Seed to table," he says. "I know you think it's dumb or pretentious or something, but it's really important to me. It makes me feel like I'm in control of my life. Or at least part of it."

He turns to open the door. To stop him she says, "I don't think it's dumb at all," and she's surprised to find that it's true. It's the way she sometimes feels about the bookstore: she and her partner order books and the books arrive and they put them on the shelves and people buy them. "It's like the bookstore," she says.

"I'm not sure I get the connection," Gerald says. "But thanks. It matters to me that you don't condemn my life."

The directness of this unsettles her; it has always unsettled her that he can say something so revealing, so personal, and not have the saying of it undo him. It's the kind of confession that would choke her up. He stares at her for a moment, but the only reply she can think of is "Don't you ever miss eating meat?"



He laughs. "Not much. And when I do I get in the truck and drive to Santa Rosa to a place that makes a great meatball sub." He grins and opens the door, motioning her to go in ahead of him. Once they're inside, he heads for the kitchen, but she stops to take off the muddy boots. It's silly, really, but as she peels the socks down over her feet she's filled with the strangest feeling of satisfaction: Marisa may not like it—she may not even know it—but when he wants to he still eats meat.

There's a delicious, spicy smell coming from the kitchen as Bliss heads down the hall. When she gets there, though, she stops in the doorway: Gerald and Marisa are standing at the sink, talking in low tones. Marisa has pulled her hair into some kind of bun, and Gerald is running his finger up and down her neck.

"Hi," Bliss says.

They pull apart and turn to face her. "Hi," says Marisa.

"Hungry?" Gerald asks. "I'm starved."

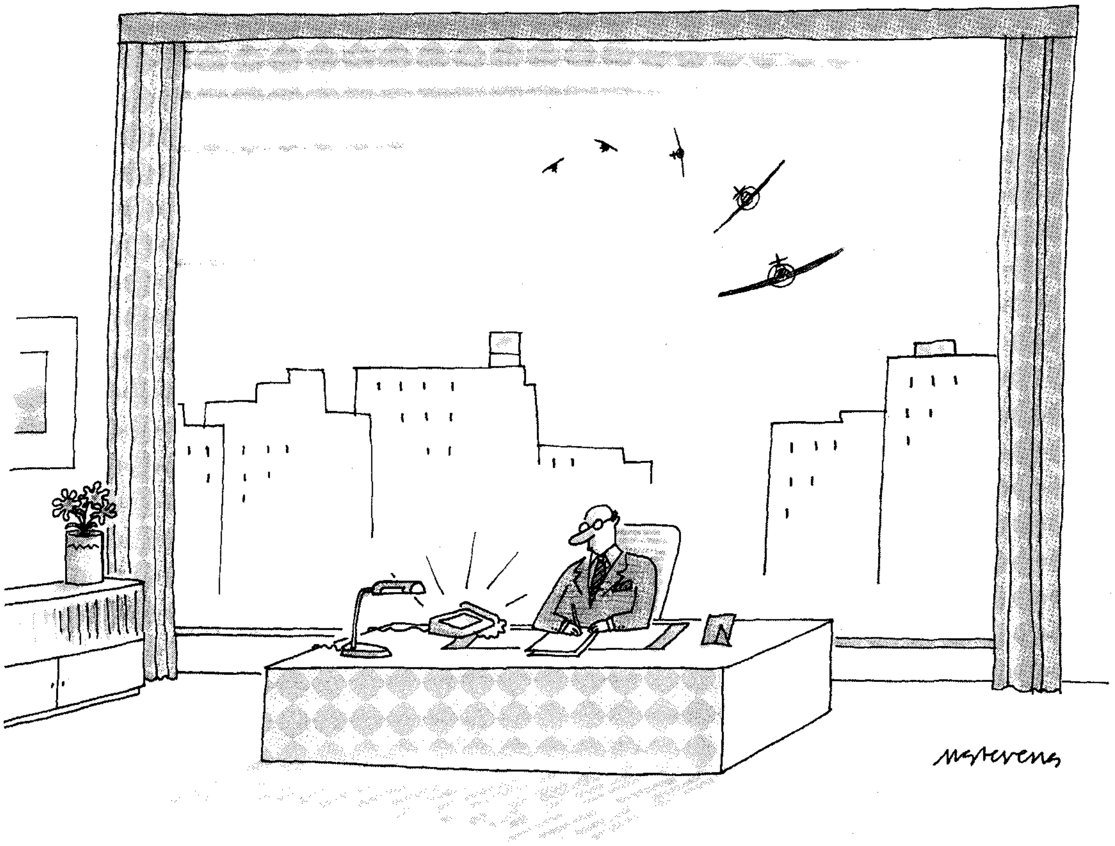
Marisa pats his shoulder. "Lucky you," she says. "Dinner's almost ready." She smiles at Bliss.

"Almost?" he says in mock outrage.

She laughs. "It will be as soon as you get the salad out."

Bliss stands in a corner and watches as they move around the kitchen, taking things from the refrigerator and stove top and oven and putting them on the table. They don't look at each other or touch, but they're *connected* somehow—it's as if they were performing some kind of dance they'd been rehearsing for months.

They all sit, and Marisa serves their plates with rice and some kind of vegetable mixture—ratatouille, Bliss decides. They talk for a while about the things Gerald showed her—the chickens, the last of the tomatoes, the wood shop—and then Gerald asks about the bookstore. Bliss tells a story about a guy, Walter, whom she hired a few weeks ago to be a cashier. He seemed perfect—he lived around the corner, said he could work extra hours whenever she wanted, even volunteered to open the store for her one morning when she had to go to the dentist. Then one night she was on her way home from having dinner with a friend and decided to stop at the store for a book. When she got there she found Walter and three of his friends sitting on the floor eating takeout pizza, passing around a fifth of vodka, and paging through bookstore books with their greasy fingers. "The thing that really got me," Bliss says, "is that when I told them to get out, they just walked off and left the pizza lying in the middle of the floor."



"Bandits at two o'clock, Mr. Feldon!"

• •

"That is terrible," Marisa says. Her forearms are resting on the edge of the table, and she has tightened her hands into fists. When Bliss looks at her face, she thinks she sees tears in her eyes. "People like that have no consideration."

This seems self-evident to Bliss—obviously Walter is a jerk; that's the point. "Well," she says.

But Marisa goes on. "He'll probably never learn, either. You know? He'll probably go through life trespassing on people's decency, never doing a single thing for anybody. Someday he'll marry some poor woman and ruin her life. God, that kind of thing makes me sick!"

Bliss is mortified. She looks away from Marisa's red face at Gerald; he's got such a worried look on his face that she wishes she could reach across the table and touch his arm. He looks the way he used to at the dinner table at home, toward the end, when her father was always angry at her mother. Is it not true, her father would say to her mother, that you told me you were going to finish that typing by dinner? Gerald, her father would say, what do you suppose could have happened? Do you suppose it just slipped your mother's mind that she had twenty pages to type for me today? Or do you suppose she was too God-damned busy talking to her friends at the grocery store to think of anything else? Well? Well, Gerald? Well?

Gerald looks up at Bliss, and she can see that his mind is whirling. She smiles at him—she will say the first thing that she can think of. But he beats her to it. "What kind of pizza was it?" he says.

Then he gets up and goes around behind Marisa's chair and leans down low, and when his arms reach around her, tears begin to stream from her eyes. Bliss looks down at her plate and pokes at the remains of her dinner with her fork. If this doesn't stop soon, she'll have to leave the room. When she looks up again, Gerald is staring at her, his face hard and challenging.

Finally Marisa reaches for her napkin and dabs at her face. She looks up at Bliss and says, "Sorry."

Bliss smiles and shrugs.

Gerald gives Marisa's shoulder a final pat and straightens up. Then Marisa pushes her chair back and stands, too. "Well," she says, as if nothing had happened, "are we done? I'll get going on the dishes. Why don't you two make a fire in the other room?" She carries a few things to the sink and begins to run the water. She turns back to Bliss. "I'm sorry we don't have any dessert," she says.

"We've got fruit," says Gerald. "Want a plum?"

"I'm fine," says Bliss. "It was delicious." She takes her plate to the sink and sets it down. This is not the right moment for the cookies.

THE living room is sparsely furnished—just two armchairs and several large pillows on the floor.

"Sit," Gerald says, coming up behind her. He pats one of the chairs.

"Don't you guys want the chairs?" Bliss says. "I'll sit on one of those."

"Nonsense," he says.

So she sits in one of the chairs and watches him build the fire. Marisa's scene has disturbed her—does she do this kind of thing a lot?—but curious as Bliss is, she hopes Gerald won't bring it up. She doesn't really want to talk about it.

"That was a good dinner," she says.

"Thanks," he says, without turning around. He lights a match and touches the flame to some newspaper, then sits looking into the fireplace. Finally he turns to face her. "Listen," he says, "let's just drop what happened in the kitchen, O.K.?"

"Of course," Bliss says. "I wasn't going to—"

"She's just a little on edge is all," Gerald says. "Having a visitor."

Bliss blushes. It wasn't *her* idea to come up here.

"I don't mean it like that," Gerald says. "She just wants you to like her."

He doesn't seem to expect a response; he turns back to the fireplace and pokes at the logs with a piece of kindling. She should say, "Oh, I do like her," but it would sound so forced; her mother used to sit on the edge of her bed at night and say, "I love you, baby," and then, after the slightest pause, "Do you love me?"

"That should catch," Gerald says, standing up. He claps his hands together to get rid of the wood dust, then sits in the other chair. "We were thrilled when it started getting cooler again. There's a guy up the road who lets me chop firewood for free."

"Just like that?"

"Well, I give him a hand when he needs it. I helped him build a new kitchen."

"How'd you learn to do all this stuff, anyway?"

"I must have a natural aptitude," Gerald says. They both laugh; he was the kind of child who, in art class, used his Popsicle sticks for abstract sculpture when everyone else was making a birdhouse.

"No, really," Bliss says.

"I wanted to," Gerald says. "That's really all it takes."

Marisa comes in from the kitchen carrying a tray. "I made some tea," she says. She offers the tray to Bliss, and Bliss thanks her and takes a mug. It smells strange, and she decides that it's some kind of herbal tea, made from their herbs. She would give anything for a cup of coffee right now.

Gerald takes a mug, and Marisa sets the tray on the floor at Gerald's feet. She pulls a pillow over and sits on it, leaning against his legs. No one says anything.

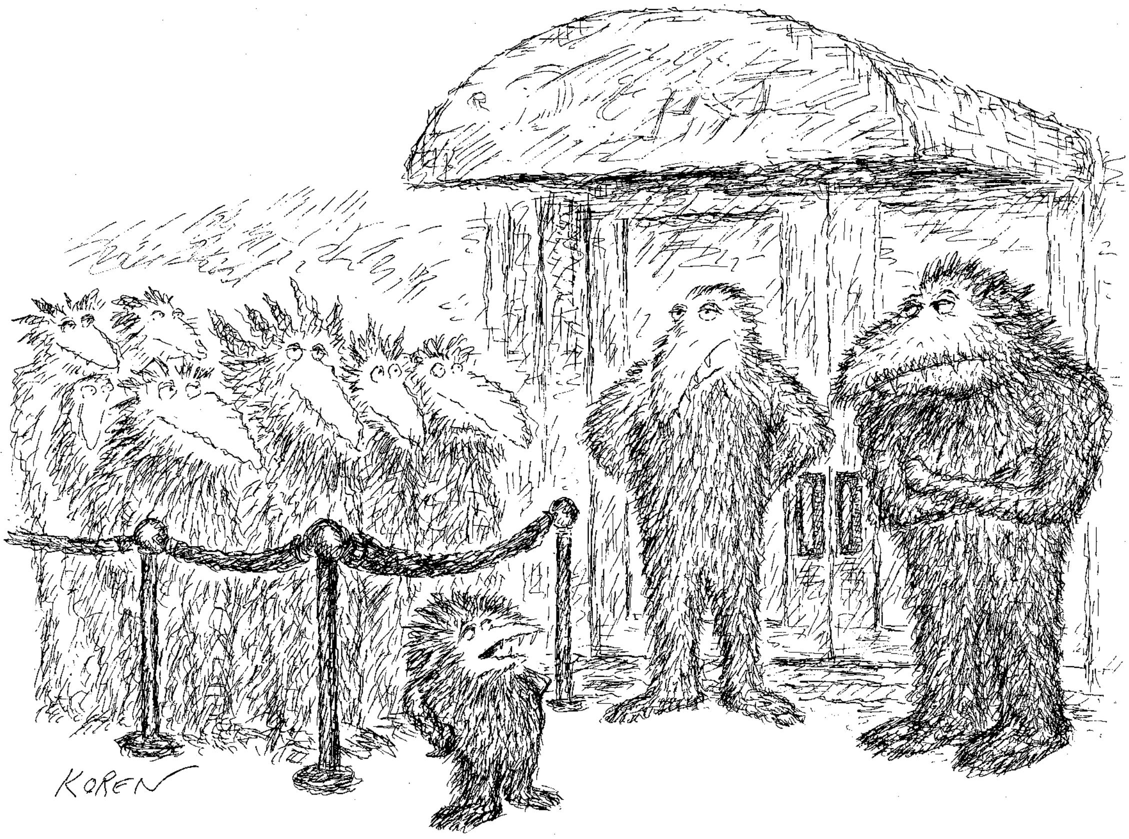
Bliss sips her tea, which tastes a little like almonds, and looks around the room for something to remark on. The walls are bare except for bunches of dried leaves—more herbs?—hanging in great clumps. There's a little stained-glass something-or-other in one of the windows, and Bliss thinks, O.K., that'll do; she's about to ask Marisa if she made it when Gerald clears his throat.

"So," he says, "ten years."

Bliss looks into her tea. It has been in the back of her mind that he might bring it up; she just hoped he wouldn't. She always thought they had a tacit agreement not to discuss it. She looks up and sees that Marisa has straightened a little, and she feels a flash of anger at her, as if she put the words into Gerald's mouth. They're both waiting for her to reply. "Yeah," she says.

"I think it was even a Friday," Gerald says.

"No," Bliss says, "it was a Wednesday." She remembers this distinctly. She was at home from college for the weekend and she'd driven back to school early on the Monday morning; then late that night her mother had called and said that her father hadn't come home, and she called again Tuesday afternoon to say he still wasn't home, so Bliss drove back; and on



"Do you have any idea who I am?"

Wednesday morning the phone call came from the police: a chambermaid at a motel a hundred miles away had found his body. "I'm positive it was a Wednesday," Bliss says.

They are silent again. Bliss remembers driving over to the high school and waiting in the office while someone was sent to get Gerald from his class. Her old French teacher had come walking in, and her face lit up at the sight of Bliss. "What a wonderful surprise," she said. "How's school going? How are you?" Then Gerald appeared on the other side of the glass door, and for a moment, while Mlle. Barlow was still talking, Bliss looked through the glass at Gerald and realized from his expression that he had guessed why she was there.

She looks at Gerald now. She can tell that he's struggling with something—is he trying to get himself to say something more or to keep quiet?

"Remember how I wanted to go back to school the next day?" he says. "What a jerk."

"No," Bliss says, "I completely understood how you felt. I had a paper due that Friday and I kept thinking, My paper, my paper, like someone was going to be mad at me if I didn't get it done."

"And who do you suppose that someone was?" Gerald says.

"No kidding."

"It was different, though," Gerald says. "I just wanted to get out of the house."

Bliss nods. It was different and it was the same. Who didn't want to get out of the house? Even her mother kept saying she had to get to the store so she could make dinner, when all afternoon people were coming over with casseroles and stews—more food than they could eat in a week.

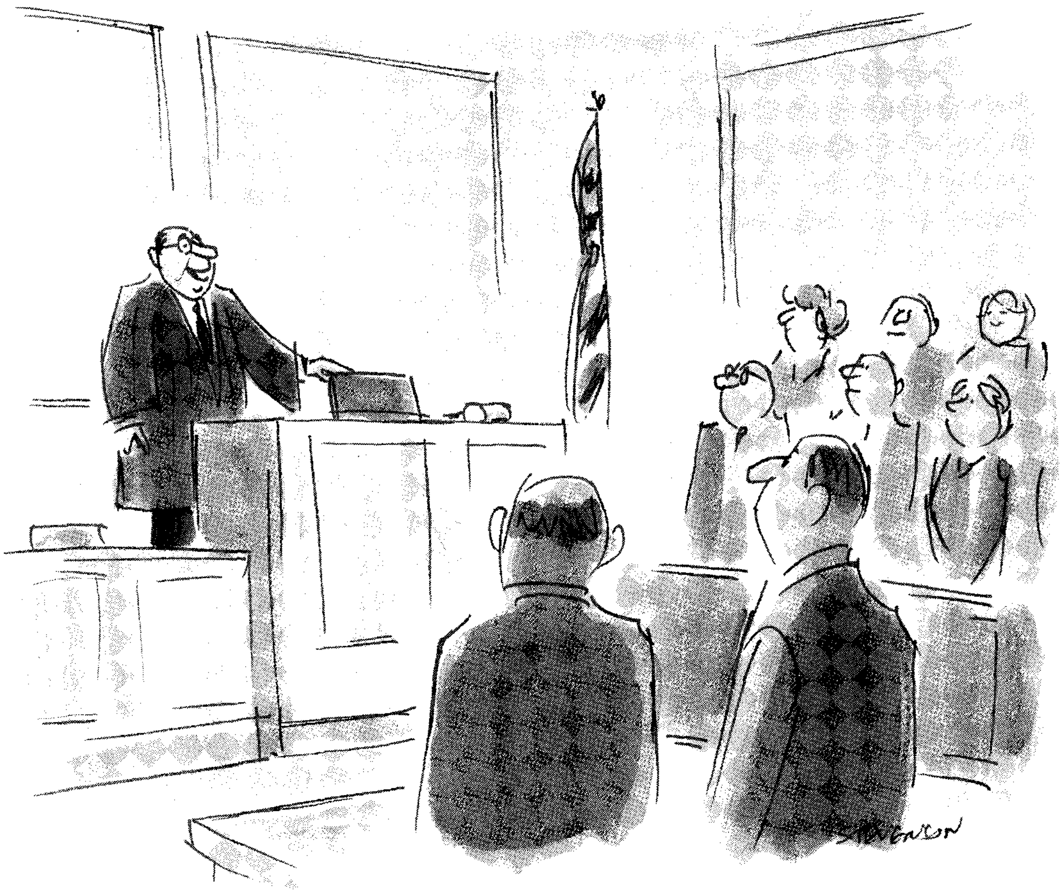
"Why do you think he did it?" Marisa says, and Bliss closes her eyes.

Why did he do it? This is the central question of Bliss's life. It's so central that it's no longer really a question at all, so much as a state of mind. She has made her accommodation to it: it's as much who she is as anything else—her name, her face in the mirror. She has always thought Gerald felt the same way, that there was no real answer. Now she can't help thinking that Marisa has asked the question for him, that he asked her to ask it, and the idea of the two of them going over it all—late at night, in the dark—makes Bliss want to get up and run. Leave it alone, she wants to say. Leave it *alone*. But then she opens her eyes and wonders whether she's wrong: Gerald seems surprised, almost fearful. Is he as reluctant to say anything as she is? She looks at Marisa and realizes that she's *curious*—she asked because she really wants to know.

For every answer, there's another question. *What* was he so angry about? *How* did that turn into despair? *Why* did he finally give up? Out of nowhere Bliss remembers a time when she was thirteen or fourteen and so awkward and shy about going to school dances that she wouldn't tell her mother about them until the last minute, when it was too late to buy a new dress; she'd pretend to be disappointed that she couldn't go because she didn't have anything to wear. Her father got wind of it somehow, and at five o'clock on the afternoon of the Christmas dance he offered to drive her to the shopping center; he took her from store to store, waiting patiently until she found something she liked. He was so nice about it—it was a dark-green velvet dress and he told her it was perfect because it matched her eyes and made her skin look luminous. He actually said that—"luminous." How does this fit in?

"I guess," Bliss says, "he didn't want to go on living," and although this is so much *not* an answer, Marisa nods, as if she's satisfied.

Gerald puts his hand on Marisa's shoulder and she nestles between his legs and rests her head on his knee. He starts playing with the hair that's come out of her bun, twisting it around his finger, and it comes to Bliss all at once:



"Good morning, everybody. My name is Donald, and I'll be your judge today."

• •

her brother loves this woman. The business with the boots, his confession about the meatball sub, her outburst in the kitchen—they don't mean anything; they're the tiniest of truths about these people. He loves her.

Bliss sinks back into her chair and sips her tea, which has grown cold. She looks at the fire. It's a perfect fire, really: the flames are spread evenly across the logs and leap to a dramatic peak in the center of the fireplace. She's not sure she even knows how to make a fire; isn't there some special way you have to place the logs so there's just the right amount of space between them?

"Are you tired?" Gerald says. He's smiling at her, a sad kind of smile, and although she's not tired—she feels absolutely wide awake—she nods and yawns and stands up.

"It was a long drive," she says.

Marisa moves as if to stand, and Bliss says, "No, don't." She walks over and kisses Gerald on the cheek, hesitates for a moment, then leans down and kisses Marisa, too. "Good night," she says.

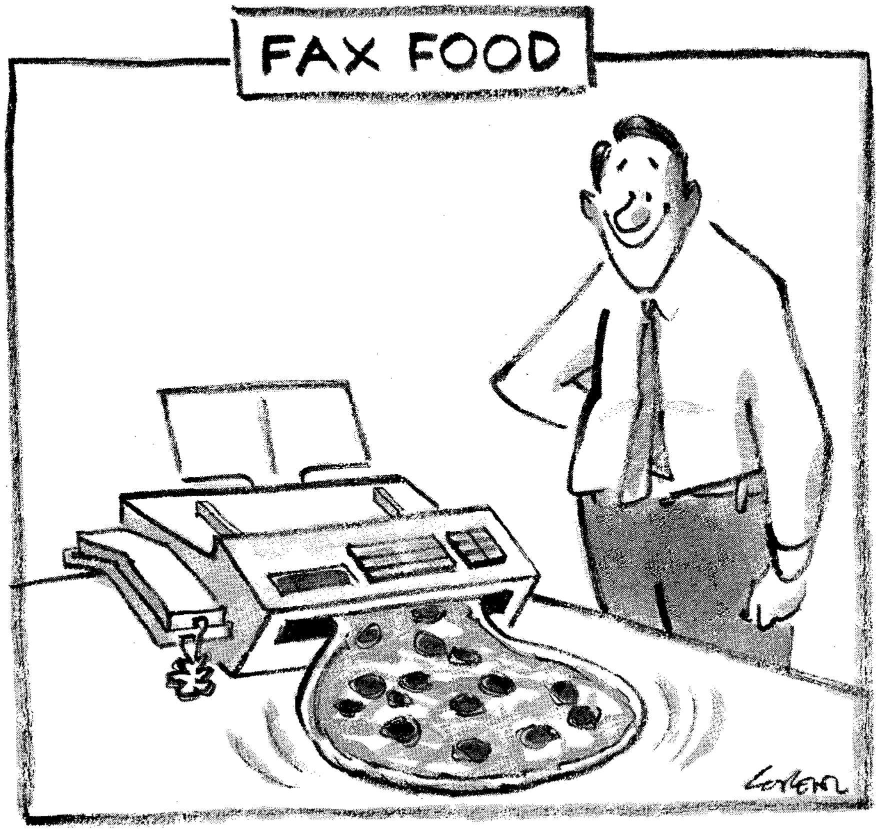
SHE lies on the bed in her room without undressing. She keeps seeing the morning with Jason when she first knew how it was going to be. They were at her apartment and they'd finished their coffee and were standing in the kitchen. She was waiting for him to suggest that they spend the day together, thinking, Say something, say something, until it was like an incantation in her mind. When he finally spoke, though, and said, "Bye, I'll call you," instead of disappointment she had felt an enormous rush of relief—a feeling, she thinks now, of things falling back into place. She doesn't know what her reason for living is, but it could never have been him. He was never her reason for anything except wearing more makeup than she felt comfortable in and pretending, for a few months, that she was part of something serious.

She changes into her nightgown and goes into the bathroom to brush her teeth. Lying on the counter, still in its wrapper, is a brand-new bar of scented soap. She's sure it wasn't there before. She picks it up and brings it to her face; through the blue paper she can smell the rich aroma of sandalwood. Marisa must have brought it in while she and Gerald were outside. It's an expensive soap, and she has a hard time imagining Marisa in one of those drugstores that call themselves pharmacies and sell imported brushes and combs one aisle over from the Maalox. She can't help feeling flattered—did Marisa buy this soap expressly for her?

She unwraps the soap and washes her face; it makes her skin feel clean and tight. Then she brushes her teeth, turns off the bathroom light, and gets into bed. Tomorrow she will give them the cookies. If Gerald's pleased by them, Marisa will be, too.

Lying in bed, still wide awake, she finds herself thinking of the last time she and Gerald had dinner alone together in San Francisco. He took her to a little Burmese place out by the park, and they pored over the menu, dismayed to find that everything sounded exactly like the Chinese food they'd had the night before. Then Bliss found a section of salads and they thought, *Aha! Something new!* They agreed on a dish called Lap Dap Dok; it was described as a spicy salad made of tea leaves. It arrived at their table on a wide, shallow plate, and the waitress held it up for them to see. It was like a pinwheel: six different ingredients barely touching each other. Bliss had identified sliced chili peppers and peanuts and something that looked vaguely like chopped parsley when the waitress took a pair of spoons and mixed the whole thing together into a dark paste. Bliss helped herself to a large spoonful, then took a little bit between her chopsticks and put it in her mouth. Immediately she was horrified: it was bitter and sour and rotten-tasting all at the same time—easily the worst thing she'd ever eaten. She started to giggle, waiting for Gerald to taste it, and when he did his expression made her laugh even harder. "I wonder if this is what dung tastes like," he said, and then he turned red and started to laugh, too. Soon they were both laughing so hard that people began to look at them. She remembers now how familiar that laughter felt to her—the sick, giggly, helpless laughter of two children in a world of their own.

—ANN PACKER



Four-color Pizza with Pepperoni and Extra Cheese

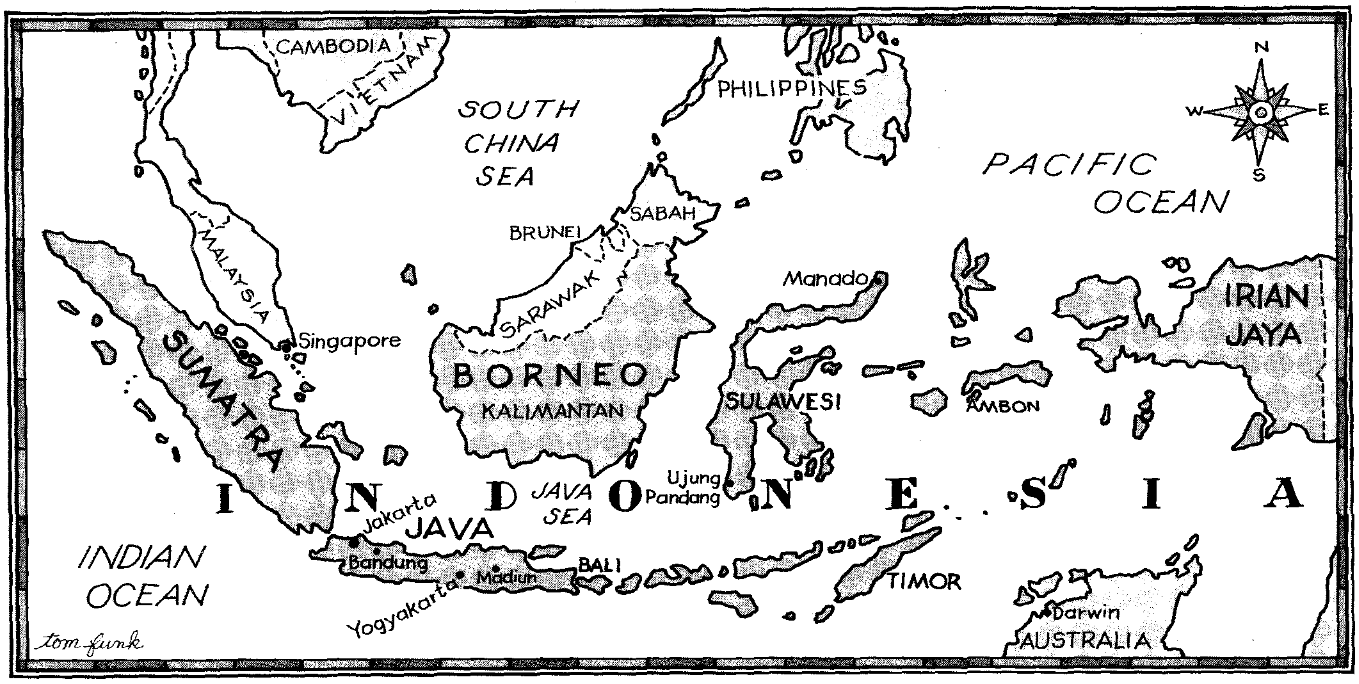
•

Jackson supports human rights abroad and is in favor of the creation of an independent Palestinian State on the Left Bank.—*Anglo-American Democrat, a publication of Democrats Abroad, U.K.*

Parisians willing.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

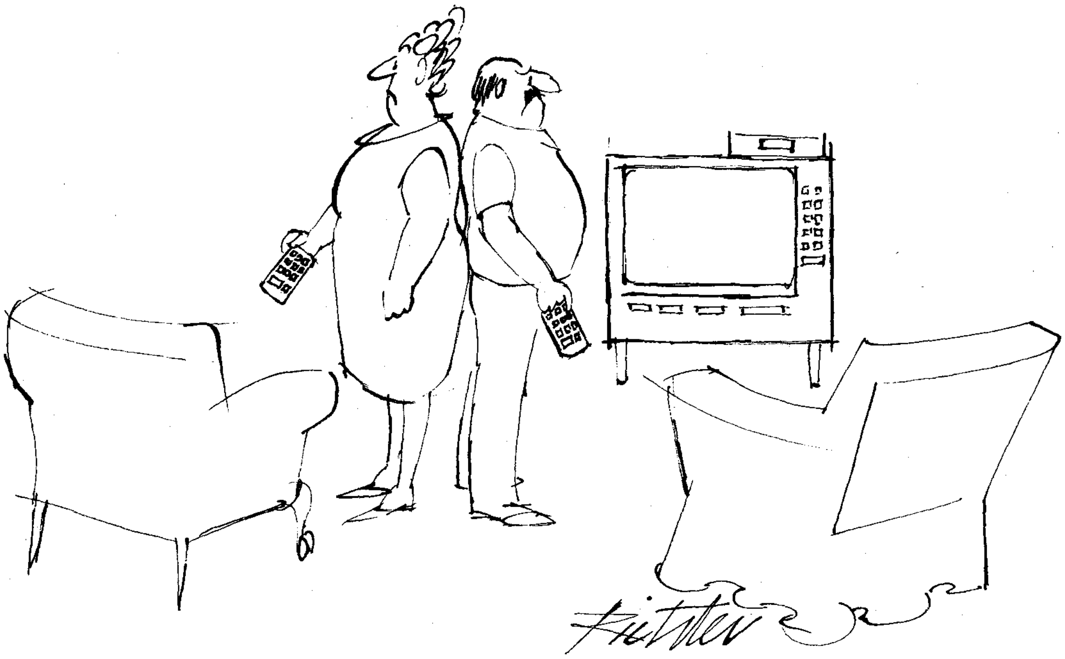
THE NEW ORDER—I



AFTER the Islamic fundamentalists toppled the Shah of Iran, in 1979, the Rand Corporation, the research organization that has long provided highly classified thinking papers for Washington policymakers, suggested that potential instability and succession problems in three Asian countries deserved study. Two of the countries were the Philippines and South Korea, in both of which street demonstrations have since brought down governments. The third was Indonesia, a country whose potential role in world affairs seems to be inversely proportional to the world's general knowledge of it. With a hundred and seventy million people, it is the world's fifth most populous nation (after China, India, the Soviet Union, and the United States), and its Muslim population is larger than that of any other country—in fact, larger than the Muslim populations of Iran, Iraq, and Egypt combined. Strategically, Indonesia is just as critical for American interests as Korea or the Philippines. From ports in Japan and in the Philippines, the aircraft carriers, destroyers, submarines, and guided-missile cruisers of the Seventh Fleet make their way through the waters of the Indonesian archipelago en route to the vital Indian Ocean. Geopolitically, Indonesia's importance is such that from the American perspective, according to Marshall Green, a retired career diplomat who is a distinguished Asia hand, the overthrow of an anti-American, Communist-leaning government in Indonesia in 1965 is one of the most momentous events to have occurred in Asia since the end of the Second World War. Economically, Indonesia is potentially the wealthiest nation in Southeast Asia, for its natural resources surpass those of Japan, Korea, Taiwan, or India: it is one of the ten largest oil-producing countries; it ranks first in the exportation of liquefied natural gas (most of which goes to Japan); and it has vast timber forests, gold, rubber, tin, and coffee.

The secret Rand study, which was considered so sensitive that only some twenty copies were circulated among the highest-level officials in Washington, ultimately focussed on the Philippines and Indonesia. "In both cases, a dictator had been in power nearly twenty years, and one naturally wondered what next," says a person familiar with the Rand report, which was examined again earlier this year by the American Ambassador to Jakarta. Indonesia's long-reigning ruler is Suharto—like many Indonesians, he uses only one name. He has already surpassed former Philippine President Ferdinand Marcos's tenure, of twenty years and two months. The fall of Marcos, in 1986, and the street demonstrations that ended the military's reign in Korea, in 1987, caused embassies in Jakarta to send back to their capitals analytical reports that essentially addressed a single question: Is Indonesia next?

The Indonesian government reacts angrily to any comparisons with the Philippines. In April of 1986, when the Sydney *Morning Herald* published a front-page story likening Suharto to Marcos, in respect to the wealth accumulated by their wives, children, and friends, the next plane carrying Australian tourists to Bali was turned around and sent back, with the tourists still aboard, and all Australian journalists were banned from Indonesia—a ban that was lifted only in April of this year, and then only in part. But, strongly as Suharto might resent suggestions that he is another Marcos (and they are somewhat unfair), after Marcos's fall word went out from the Presidential palace to senior Indonesian government officials and their friends, many of whom have converted their government



connections into liquid assets and ample endowments, that they should be less conspicuous in their consumption—a decree that was followed by a noticeable decline in the lavishness of weddings.

Suharto’s ascension to power began in October of 1965, following a coup against Sukarno, the country’s first—and only other—President. The coup failed, but it unleashed forces that led to the killing of tens of thousands of Indonesians, and, eventually, after severe internal power struggles, to Sukarno’s ouster. Sukarno transferred much of his power to Suharto, at the time an Army lieutenant general, in March of 1966; a year later, Suharto became Acting President, and in March, 1968, the People’s Consultative Assembly, which meets every five years, named him President. He has been reëlected by the Assembly for four five-year terms, most recently in March of this year. The “elections” have been completely predictable, given the control that Suharto and the government exercise over the political system.

The question now is how much longer Suharto will hang on. A heavyset man, with a round face and long gray sideburns, Suharto projects the image of a benevolent grandfather. He is still popular among the Indonesians—certainly more popular than Marcos was with the Filipinos during his last few years in power—because he has brought economic progress and political stability to the nation. At the same time, however, precisely because of this progress and stability, more and more Indonesians think it is time for Suharto to step aside, to allow for a democratic selection of the country’s leaders. There is also a growing resentment toward him because of the business activities of his family members. Some observers, Indonesian and foreign, have thought, perhaps wishfully, that to preserve the good feeling Indonesians have for him he might resign before the end of this five-year term. If not, then most Indonesian political analysts and foreign diplomats seem to feel that the current term will be the last for Suharto, who turns sixty-seven on June 8th—but back in 1978 many observers felt the same way about the term beginning then. And, assuming he remains healthy, he may well try for another five-year term in 1993. Can he leave the palace, when his family and close friends have so much at stake financially? If he departs, he has to worry that they will be subject to investigations and possible prosecution, as has happened to relatives and close associates of the deposed leaders in the Philippines and Korea. Whenever he goes, will there be a peaceful transition of power? The violent transition from the dynamic, charismatic Sukarno, who thundered against the West, to the reticent, inward-looking Suharto left deep scars on the body politic. From a larger perspective, the question is whether an authoritarian government can peacefully become a more democratic one.

* * *

Indonesia’s existence as one nation is in itself a remarkable accomplishment. At the time of independence from the Netherlands, in 1949, the present-day Indonesians had little more in common than that they had all been part of the Dutch mercantile empire, the Netherlands East Indies. They were disunited by culture, by tribe, by language—some three hundred ethnic groups speaking more than two hundred distinct languages.

Today, about the only thing that Indonesians share besides their animistic traditions is what nature has granted their islands, which are strung like different-shaped beads and ornaments along the equator. There are only two seasons—wet and dry. The days and nights are of almost equal length year-round. The nation tends to rise early, the devout Muslims for their morning prayers, and they and everyone else get started on the business of the day before the heat and the humidity drain off energy; to call someone at home at 6:30 A.M. to arrange an appointment is not considered inappropriate, I discovered.

Though there is now a common language, Bahasa Indonesia, the diversity persists. Last November, several days of rioting shook Ujung Pandang, when police tried to enforce a law requiring motorcyclists to wear helmets. Numerous residents of this port city, on the southern tip of Sulawesi (called the Celebes by the Dutch), explained the disturbances to me by saying that the Bugis and Makassarese—the principal ethnic groups in the area, and the nation’s premier seafaring people—were rebellious by nature. Later, when I remarked to residents of Padang, a prosperous city in West Sumatra, that everyone there seemed to be complying with the helmet law I was told it was because the Minangkabau, who make up most of its population, were naturally law-abiding. The Minangkabau culture is egalitarian, dynamic, and matrilineal, while Javanese so-

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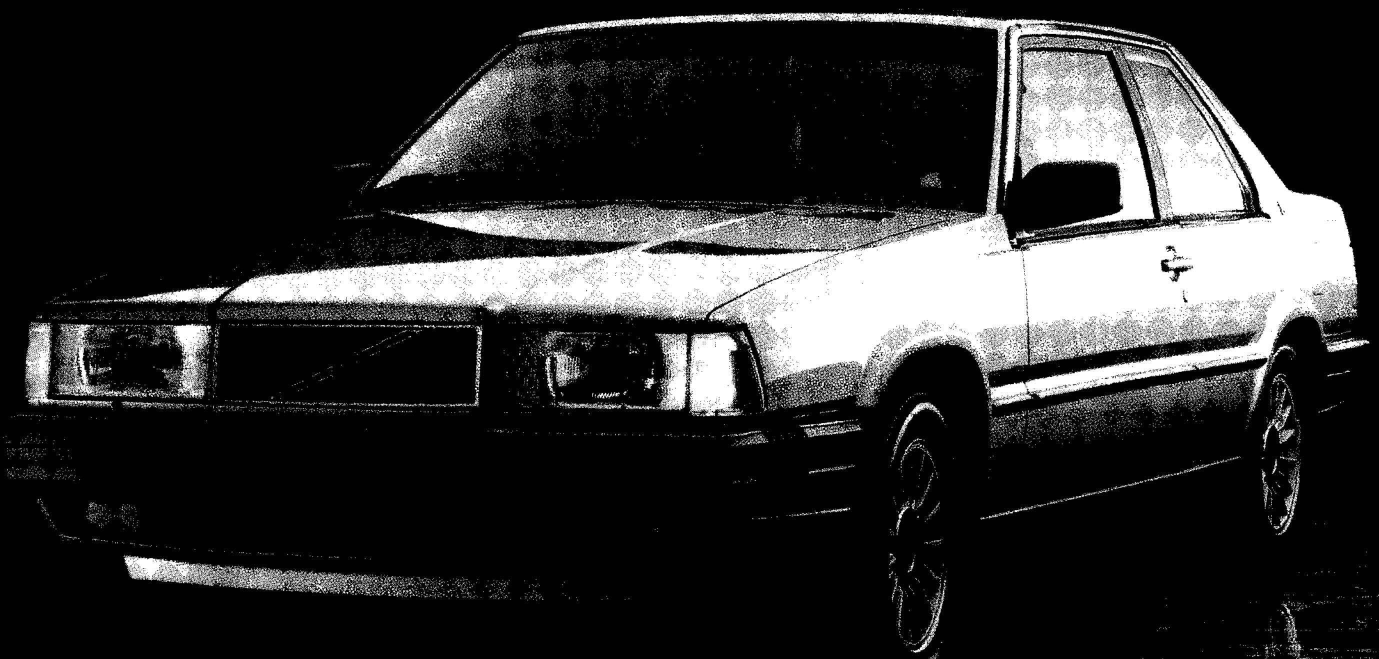

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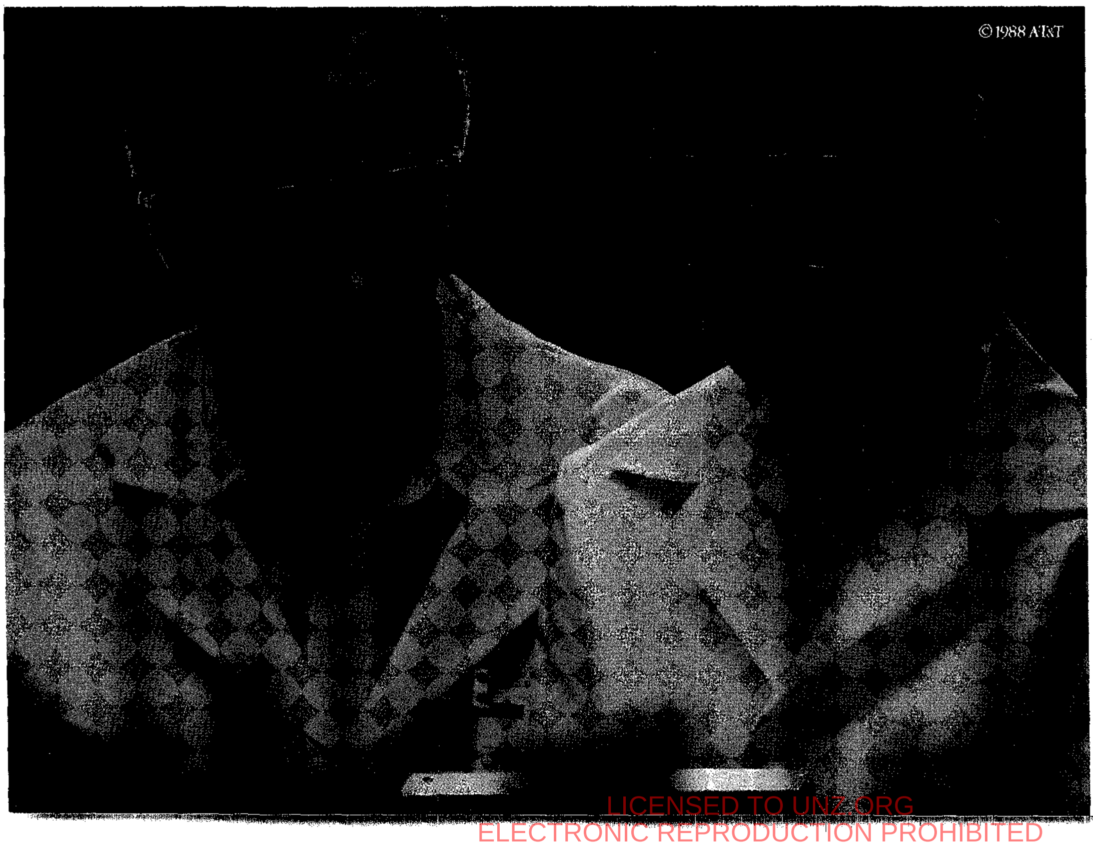

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ciety is hierarchical and authoritarian.

"He's Batak," I would be told about someone. Or "He's Javanese." The statements don't reflect value judgments or prejudice but are made by way of explanation—to help an outsider understand how and why the country operates as it does. Bataks, from Sumatra, are described as outgoing, gregarious, aggressive. The Javanese, who are Indonesia's predominant ethnic group, are noted for their indirection and desire to avoid confrontation. Generally reticent, they tend to mask their emotions. Bataks and Javanese tell the same joke to illustrate the differences between them: A man on a crowded bus has his foot stepped on. The Batak hauls off and slugs the perpetrator. The Javanese says, "Excuse me, pardon me, but it's possible that sometime in the future I may need to use my foot, so, if it wouldn't be too much trouble, could you move yours?"

The Javanese are unquestionably a gentle people. Ask a government official for something, and if the answer is no, that isn't what he'll tell you. I asked for permission to visit East Timor, which has been off limits without official permission since Indonesia sent in troops in 1975 as a prelude to annexing the area outright. I made my request through both official and unofficial channels. Everyone I asked was most pleasant, and said, in effect, "Why, sure, there shouldn't be any problem, but it would have to be officially approved." When will that approval come? "The minister in charge of the matter is out of town." Or "The people who can make the final decision will meet tomorrow." Or "Call on Friday, we should know then." Or "Call when you come back from your trip to Sumatra." For two months I was never told that I could not visit East Timor, that my request had been denied. It was just never granted. The closest to a "no" I ever heard was "not yet"—*belum*, which is probably the most frequent answer to any question in Indonesia. Ask a taxi-driver if he speaks English: "*Belum.*" Ask a young man if he's married: "*Belum.*" Ask a woman how many children she has. Even if she has none, her answer is likely to be "*Belum.*"

The nation's diversity extends to religion, and so does its tolerance. The country is ninety per cent Muslim, but they are divided between the devout and the nominal. All Indonesian religions—Christianity, Buddhism, Hinduism (concentrated on Bali), and Islam—are tinged with native traditions of mysticism and animism. In 1975, an Indonesian named Loky Herlambang wanted to develop a marine preserve and diving center in Manado, a predominantly Christian city in northern Sulawesi. But before Loky could even begin trying to convince the federal bureaucracy, he had to overcome resistance from the local residents, who feared that divers would disturb the spirits in the sea. "I assured them that we would coöperate with the spirits," Loky told me. Such respect for the spirits is not limited to remote villages. In 1983, before construction of a modern international airport for Jakarta could begin, Indonesian Muslims and French Christians (the French had the construction contract) offered up prayers during a ceremony in which the heads of five water buffalo were buried. In earlier times, a young girl or boy was sacrificed before land was disturbed—a gift to the spirits living on the land.

Suharto is a Muslim, and, though he hasn't made the hajj to Mecca, he fasts during Ramadan and goes to the mosque regularly. But at fifteen, after spending his early-boyhood years in a rural village, living at different times with a paternal great-aunt, his mother, his father, and his stepfather, he was sent to live in the house of a *dukun*, a traditional Javanese mystic, sought out for his magical powers to cure diseases (physical and mental), to hex enemies, and to predict the future. And Suharto still listens to spiritual advisers. A former American Ambassador recalled that sometimes when he had instructions from Washington to see Suharto about something, Suharto's *dukun* would have informed the President that it was not a good day to see the American Ambassador. "Try explaining that to Washington," the Ambassador commented in an interview last December. (It might be easier today.)

d. ehrenberg

Indonesia consists of thirteen thousand six hundred and seventy-seven islands, some six thousand of them inhabited, which extend over more than three thousand miles of equatorial waters. Overlay a map of the archipelago on a map of the United States, and it stretches from California into the international waters of the Atlantic. Flying over the archipelago diagonally, southeast to northwest from Darwin to Singapore, one sees dot after dot of deep-green land, each surrounded by a ribbon of sand and then a band of turquoise, within the vast blue of the open sea. How is it possible to govern all those disconnected units stretched out over such a huge area? There is no possibility of a continental railroad or an interstate highway system to provide a sense of unity.

There are tiny islands like Bali, which draws tourists to its relatively unspoiled charm, and Ambon, which wanted to stay with the Dutch. East Timor was little known to the outside world until Indonesian soldiers took it over in 1975 and "Timor" joined "Biafra" as a synonym for starvation and the horrors of war. Most of Borneo, the world's third-largest island, belongs to Indonesia. Kalimantan, the Indonesian portion of Borneo, is the country's "frontier," with acres of timber forests, oil deposits, and gold. Sumatra, Indonesia's westernmost island, which is larger than California, is endowed with great natural resources and a rich cultural diversity. Earlier this year, the governor of the Sumatran province of Lampung began exporting elephants, because they were disturbing villagers; and on a paved road a car might pass a bicycle with a monkey perched on the handlebars among coconuts it has retrieved for its master.

At the far eastern end of the Indonesian archipelago is Irian Jaya, some of whose tribes came into contact with the Western world only during the last decade. In some remote villages, men wear only penis gourds, except when they don yellow slickers and yellow safety hats to work in foreign-owned mines. The people of Irian Jaya are Melanesian, not Malay, and predominantly Christian, not Muslim. A wide expanse of snowcapped mountains and

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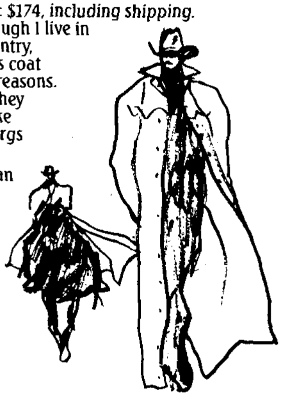

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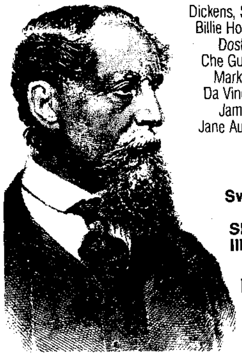


thick jungles, it is sparsely populated—3.5 persons per square kilometre.

Two time zones to the west of Irian Jaya is Java. Its population density is twice that of Japan: nearly a hundred million people are crowded into an area about the size of North Carolina, which has six million. Except for a few large cities, Java looks from the air like one huge continuous lush checkerboard of rice fields; they are plowed by farmers behind water buffalo—as reliefs on the walls of Borobudur, a colossal Buddhist temple in Central Java, show them to have been plowed in the eighth century.

At the western end of Java, and looking out on the Java Sea, is Jakarta. It may be less representative of Indonesia than New York, Washington, and Los Angeles are of the United States, but it is the center for business, government, and entertainment, and much else besides. In the seventeenth century, the Dutch laid out the port city, which they called Batavia, along intersecting canals. Dutch-colonial houses with high ceilings and spacious rooms, for coolness in the tropical heat, are still in evidence on tree-canopied boulevards. But they are engulfed by a city that seems to expand endlessly. In 1945, the population was nine hundred thousand. By 1960, it was approaching three million, and it has more than doubled since, to nearly seven million.

Travellers tend to malign Jakarta as corrupt, crime-infested, noisy, and dirty, but while crime is certainly a problem, it is generally safe to walk the streets at night, and during the two months that I recently spent in Indonesia not a single taxi-driver tried to cheat me on the fare. The city's harshness is leavened by green; handsome palms, shade trees, bougainvillea, and frangipani flourish. Banana trees seem to grow wild in the shantytowns. Jakarta is afflicted with the same disease as most large cities in the world today—too many cars, clogging poorly maintained arteries. To improve the flow of traffic, *becaks*—three-wheeled cycles, with the seat in front, that are powered by muscular, usually barefoot men—have been banished from the major streets; they still ply the back streets, providing inexpensive door-to-door service. The modern version of the *becak* is a small, three-wheeled orange machine that put-puts along at a few miles an hour, the rate at which the traffic crawls during what seem like daylong jams. But, unlike most overcrowded cities—and certainly unlike Mexico City and New York—drivers don't ram their way through traffic with one hand on the horn.

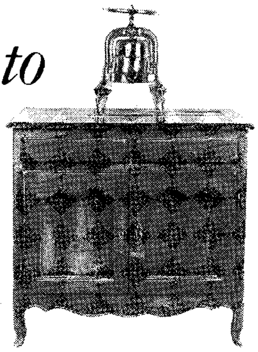
From the air, Jakarta is an endless washboard of terra-cotta roofs. Like Los Angeles, it's a flat city, with some foothills in the distance. And, like Los Angeles, it doesn't seem to have any real downtown. The city sprawls over three hundred and sixty square miles, an unbroken maze of straight canals, wide boulevards, and narrow streets. Residential, commercial, and industrial districts merge haphazardly. Wherever retail stores are clustered, unemployed men earn a few cents directing customers to vacant parking spaces and signalling others when it's safe to emerge. Directly off a busy commercial street may be a neighborhood for the middle class, its houses with gardens and walls and one or two cars in the driveway, its mosque with a tin dome roof. Suddenly you arrive in a kampong; the word, meaning rural village, has come to be applied to poor urban neighborhoods. In the kampongs, the streets become narrow sidewalks, leading through warrens of concrete or cinder-block houses with common walls. The ceilings are low, the rooms small, the furnishings sparse. Most have jalousie windows. There might be electricity but rarely are there sewage systems.

A country's modernization can be traced by what happens to its markets. In the beginning, they are on the streets, the venders displaying their wares on plastic sheets or from carts. Then the government builds a covered market. Here sellers of fruit, fish, meat, shoes, dresses, tape recorders, toothpaste, and soap operate cheek by jowl; in a dimly lit, poorly ventilated space, smells crowd upon each other and so do sounds. In Jakarta, one famous market district, in which Sukarno was said to prowl late at night, has gone upscale. It is indoors now: several stories, connected by escalators, where coffee shops sell cappuccino, women push shopping carts along supermarket aisles, and teen-agers play video games.

Nevertheless, street and sidewalk venders are still ubiquitous in Jakarta. Lining major roads are tree and plant nurseries; businesses doing brisk trade in Greek columns, short and tall, and statues; and men cutting and bending metal rods and welding them into decorative birdcages. When the torrential rains attack, between October and April, filling the streets above the level of running boards, venders quickly appear hawking jungle-green ponchos. (An umbrella would be futile.) In the evening, many streets are converted into eating bazaars. From pushcarts, protected from rain when necessary by pieces of plastic, families offer barbecued goat, *sate*, rice, stir-fried vegetables, and coconut milk and other liquid concoctions to patrons seated on planks. The aromas mix with the pervasive, and distinctively Indonesian, clove scent of *kretek* cigarettes.

Sukarno wanted Jakarta to be an international city—a city that would make Indonesians feel they lived in the modern world, and that would attract the world to Indonesia. He built a seven-story department store; state-owned, it was named Sarinah, after his childhood nurse—as was a booklet he wrote about the rôle of women in Indonesia's revolution against the Dutch. Sarinah was one of the first multistory buildings to go up along Jalan Thamrin, the city's main commercial thoroughfare, which was six lanes wide in Sukarno's time and has ten lanes today. Less than half a mile south of Sarinah is the Hotel Indonesia. When Sukarno built it, in the early nineteen-sixties, it was the largest and most modern hotel in Southeast Asia; it was the setting for Christopher Koch's novel "The Year of Living Dangerously" (later made into a movie), and the hangout of foreign journalists recording the political tensions that would eventually erupt to overthrow Sukarno.

Sukarno was obsessed with grandeur, his country's and his own. With money from the Soviet Union, he built a huge sports complex for the 1962 Asian Games. In the northern part of the city, he built what was at the time the world's largest mosque. And throughout the city he erected statues in the style of Soviet social realism. On a pedestal in the middle of a small traffic island, a woman on bended knee, in a long skirt, her hair pulled back, offers a bowl of rice to a peasant man, barefoot and shirtless, in shorts and a conical hat, with a rifle with bayonet over one shoulder. The statue was donated by the Soviet Union. Sukarno's



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biggest monument is a four-hundred-and-fifty-foot marble obelisk that bears a striking resemblance (intentional) to the Washington Monument and is topped by the Olympic Flame, which is covered with seventy-three pounds of gold leaf. The obelisk is in the middle of Merdeka (Freedom) Square, a large park, which is filled early on Sunday mornings with martial-arts classes, teen-age girls playing badminton, men kicking soccer balls, children frolicking in the fountains, and venders of ice cream.

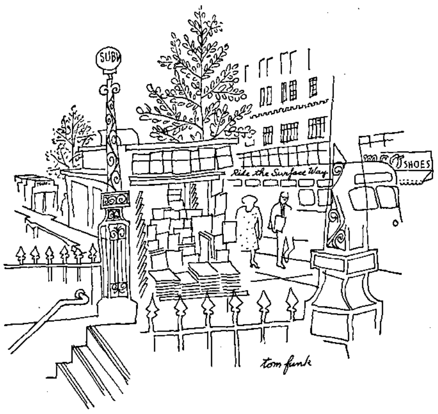
Leading south from Merdeka, adjacent to the mosque Sukarno built, is Jalan Thamrin. On a three mile stretch there are banks, airline offices, two multiscreen movie theatres, international hotels, automobile dealerships, and a glimmering shopping arcade of designer boutiques and expensive restaurants. On both sides of the boulevard the standard monuments to capitalism have risen—glass-and-concrete office buildings. The thirty-four-story Landmark Centre has a small sign on top indicating that it is the home of Citibank, and one at the base announcing that I.B.M. has its offices there. On the other side of the street is the American Express Bank; beside it cranes are busy on the upper floors of what will be the thirty-odd-story Sudirman Plaza. Nearby is the twenty-six-story Chase Plaza. Not far away is the eighteen-story Bank Central Asia, with a lobby of highly polished marble. It is controlled by Liem Sieo Liong, one of the world's richest men, who has been doing business for Suharto since the President was a commanding officer in Central Java in the nineteen-fifties. Suharto's eldest son, Sigit, and his eldest daughter, Siti, are two of the bank's principal shareholders.

INDONESIA has often been on the verge of disintegration. While the Indonesians were fighting the Dutch —they had declared independence on August 17, 1945, but the Dutch didn't cede sovereignty until 1949—the struggle was threatened by ideological differences. In 1948, soldiers loyal to the Communist Party of Indonesia, the P.K.I., which had supported the independence effort, seized the town of Madiun, in East Java, and called for the establishment of a regional government. Though the rebellion was quickly crushed, Madiun was an ominous harbinger of the political frictions that ignited the nation twenty years later.

By the mid-fifties, rebellions were erupting throughout the archipelago, fuelled by an incendiary mixture of religion, economics, and politics. During the war for independence, a separate Islamic army had been established; after independence, many Muslims continued to fight for the creation of an Islamic state. Economically and politically, the inhabitants of the Outer Islands felt that they had ousted the Dutch only to be subjugated by another colonial power, the Javanese—and this resentment lingers today. Java is agriculturally rich, but most of the country's export wealth comes from the other islands—particularly Sumatra, which produces three-quarters of Indonesia's oil and also coffee, tea, tobacco, and rubber. Yet the power resided with the Javanese, and most of the available development funds were being spent on Java. Sumatra and Sulawesi wanted more autonomy. Finally, there were currents of anti-Sukarnoism and anti-Communism surging through the rebellions.

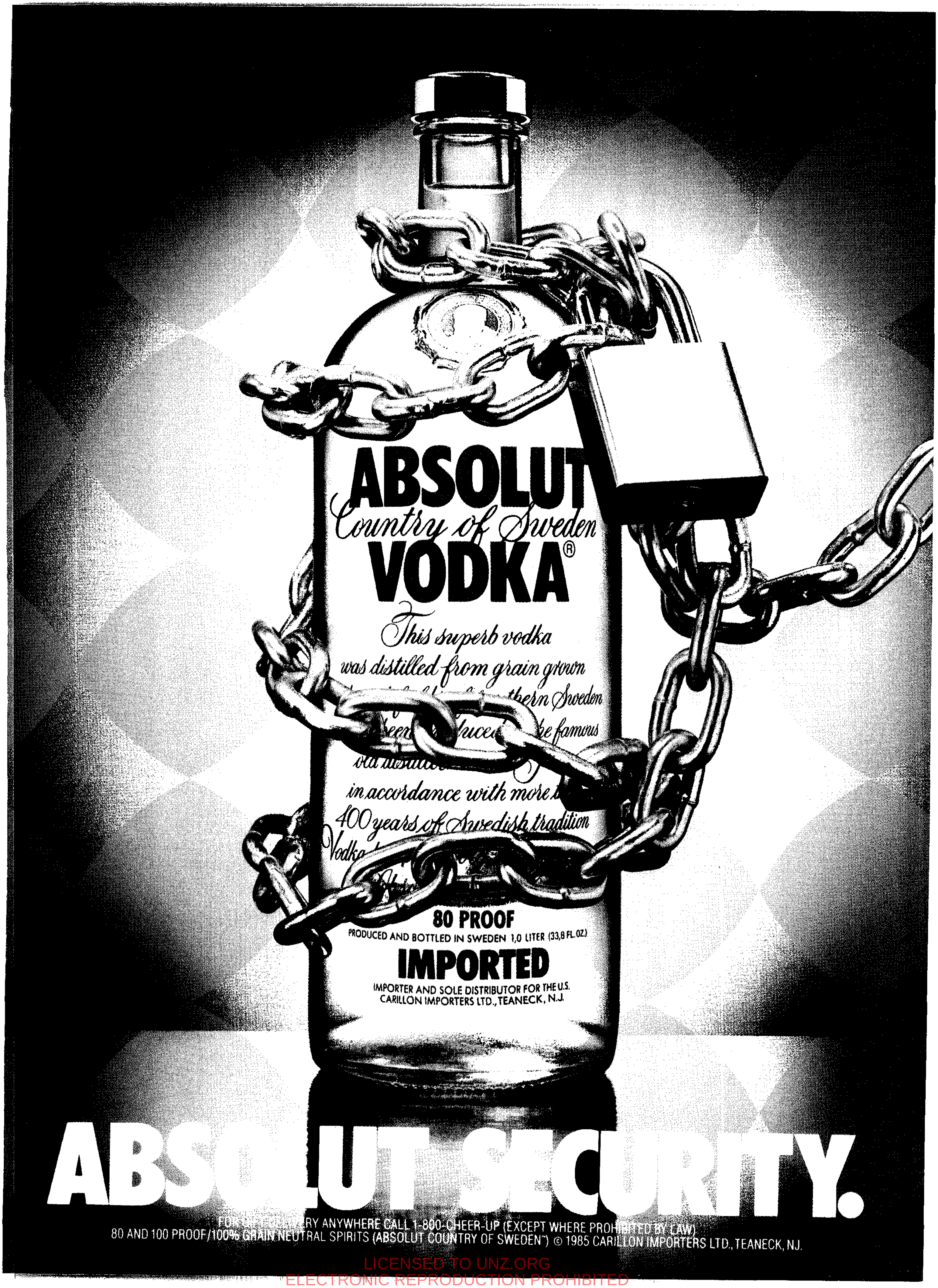
The United States took advantage of the rebellions to put pressure on Sukarno. In 1955, Sukarno had given his fledgling nation world prominence when he played host to an Afro-Asian conference at Bandung—seventy miles east of Jakarta—which was then and is now the intellectual center of Indonesia. The Bandung Conference was the birth of the nonaligned movement.

In Washington in those days, there was no tolerance for nonalignment, with the Cold War at its height and John Foster Dulles as Secretary of State. Even Joseph Smith, a self-declared "lifelong liberal Democrat" who was harshly critical of Dulles' world view, thought covert actions against Sukarno were justified. "I found it difficult to accept Sukarno's brand of neutralism," Smith, a director from Washington of the C.I.A.'s operation against Sukarno in 1957, writes in his autobiography, "Portrait of a Cold Warrior," one of the most informative books about the agency. With Sukarno's blessing, the P.K.I. grew stronger, reaching a membership of at least a million by the mid-nineteen-fifties. As part of its efforts against the Communists, the C.I.A. had secretly funnelled a million dollars to the Muslim Masyumi Party for the 1955 elections. Further C.I.A. covert action was needed, Smith writes, because "what we thought we saw happening was the infiltration technique of the world Communist movement directed from Moscow at work to bring the rich Republic of Indonesia into the Soviet satellite domain."



The C.I.A. launched a covert war against Sukarno—a precursor of the war against the Sandinistas twenty-five years later. Several American paramilitary specialists were smuggled into rough terrain in Sumatra and Sulawesi to advise the rebels; arms were delivered by submarine; and a small rebel air force was created, operating out of Clark Field, in the Philippines. The American involvement was exposed in May of 1958, when Allen Pope was shot down near the port of Ambon after he accidentally bombed a church on a Sunday morning, killing most of the congregation. In June, Washington withdrew its support for the rebels. Four years later, Attorney General Robert Kennedy secured Pope's release —and Jakarta got its first freeway, which is still jokingly referred to by Jakartans as the Pope Highway. Built with American funds and by American technicians, it has held up far better than a road that was built by the Soviets at the same time. As I was driven past the intersection of the two roads, my driver remarked that they had convinced many Indonesians that the country would do better to align itself with the United States than with Russia.

Many Indonesians saw Washington's efforts as destructive and misguided, because Indonesia as a nation was bound to suffer from the rebellion, whatever the outcome. "If the rebellion were to succeed, it would be successful only outside Java, and you cannot face Java without outside powers helping, and that would mean we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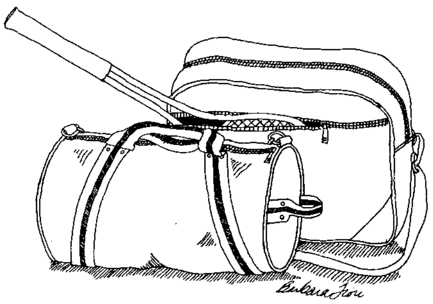
would be destroying the very thing we had fought for—national independence," says retired Lieutenant General T. B. Simatupang, who was chief of staff of the armed forces after independence and whom the C.I.A. tried to recruit for the 1958 rebellion. On the other hand, he says, echoing what he told the American Embassy back in 1958, "if the rebellion were to be defeated you have only strengthened Sukarno, the Communists, and Java—the very opposite of what you intended." Indeed, when the rebellion was defeated, those forces, including the Communists, did grow stronger. Moreover, United States support for the rebellion, says an American diplomat with service in Indonesia, contributed to Indonesia's "underlying insecurity that centrifugal forces could predominate" and that Indonesia "could fly apart."

IN 1965, the country nearly did fly apart. "Indonesia stood at the edge of the valley of death and looked into the abyss of non-existence," General Simatupang has written about the events of that time. The trauma began on October 1st, when a small group of officers calling themselves the 30 September Movement, and led by Lieutenant Colonel Untung, a battalion commander in the Presidential Guard, launched a coup d'état. Trucks filled with armed soldiers sped to the homes of seven generals who the plotters believed had to be silenced if the coup was to succeed. They were to be kidnapped. Two generals resisted and were shot immediately. A third—Achmad Yani, the Army chief of staff—was shot in his bedroom when he asked permission to change from his pajamas into his uniform. Three were taken alive and killed later. (Suharto was not picked up, for reasons that remain a mystery. The conspiratorial view is that he was involved. Others say he simply wasn't considered a threat. According to one secret C.I.A. report of the time, Suharto "apparently escaped because the plotters were misinformed as to his whereabouts.")

Only one of the seven survived—General A. H. Nasution. Trained at a Dutch military institution, he became a guerrilla fighter against the Dutch during the war for independence. Under Sukarno, he served as head of the Army and as the armed forces' chief of staff. In the mid-nineteen-fifties, Nasution set forth the doctrine that still guides the Indonesian military: *dwi fungsi*, or "dual function." According to this doctrine, the military's role is to defend the country and also to participate in the nation's social and political development. In recent years, Nasution, a short, vigorous man nearing seventy, has run afoul of Suharto. He has criticized the authoritarian nature of Suharto's government and called for a return to constitutional democracy; for that, the government has restricted his right to travel abroad, and has prohibited him from addressing young military officers.

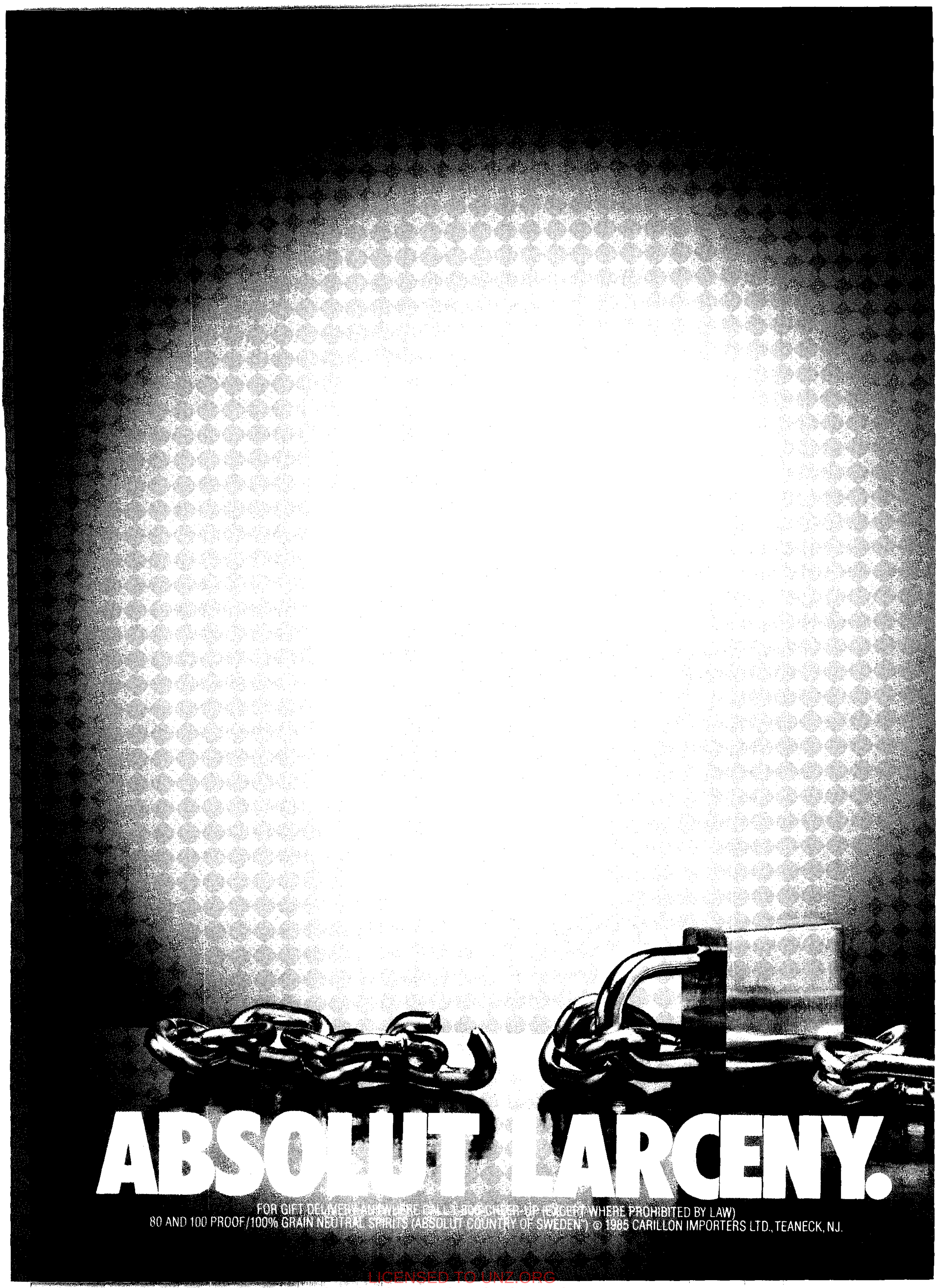
In the front room of Nasution's Dutch-colonial home, on a leafy Jakarta boulevard, hangs a portrait of a small girl with short, straight brown hair and big brown eyes; she is wearing a sleeveless yellow dress, and her hands are folded in her lap. "She was killed by the Communists," Nasution said, reflecting his version of who was primarily responsible for the coup, when he saw me looking at his daughter's portrait. "Five bullets." He went on to explain that she was killed in a burst of gunfire the night the soldiers came for him. She was in kindergarten that year.

The bullet holes from 1965 are still in the door of Nasution's bedroom, and there are pockmarks from bullets high in the bedroom walls. "It was four A.M.," he recalled. "There were mosquitoes in the room. I was out of bed, and my wife turned the lights on—we were searching for mosquitoes. My wife heard someone force the front door. 'Nas, these people will murder you,' she said. I said to my wife, 'No, they are military men. I will talk to them.' So I opened the door. I saw him in this position." Nasution crouched, his arms extended in the fashion of a man aiming a rifle. "As a military man, I fell quickly to the floor. My wife quickly closed the door." She leaned against the door. Bullets singed her hair, and one grazed her chest. Nasution fled through the back of the house. As he reached a seven-foot concrete wall at the side of the house, he turned and saw his daughter, covered with blood. "I started to go back, but my wife said no." He climbed onto a flower planter, scaled the wall, and broke an ankle as he fell into the yard of the Iraqi Embassy, next door. He lay there for several hours while the soldiers searched for him. His wife was not harmed.



In less than forty-eight hours, the coup was over, and the student demonstrations and the killings began. The demonstrations, backed by the Army, were designed to bring down Sukarno, and they eventually did. The killings were designed to eliminate the Communists, and they did—and a lot of innocent people besides. The Army carried out some of the killings—sometimes openly and sometimes using soldiers dressed as students. Muslim youth organizations that had been whipped up by the Army killed thousands. In some places, the Army rounded up people, put them in large holding pens, and then released them—into the hands of Muslim youths armed with knives. "We killed so many innocent people—five hundred thousand—in 1965-66," says Abdurrahman Wahid, a prominent Islamic leader today. "The Army asked us to kill these people. We did the largest part, and there is a guilty feeling now." By no means were all those who died Communists. It was a time for settling old scores—family against family, village against village. And many who were killed as Communists were impoverished peasants who knew nothing of Marx or Lenin but had voted for or joined the P.K.I. because they thought it would help them get land. Many of the victims of the attacks were Chinese—for Chinese have been, and still are, discriminated against in Indonesia, as they are throughout much of Southeast Asia. The resentment against them stems in part from their highly visible economic success.

The country ran amok. Outside Klaten, a rich agricultural village in East Java, the river was clogged with bodies. Twenty miles from Padang, in Sumatra, a Chinese village was wiped out, an Islamic professor told me. No one knows for certain how many Indonesians were murdered; estimates range from eighty thousand—the official government figure at the time—to



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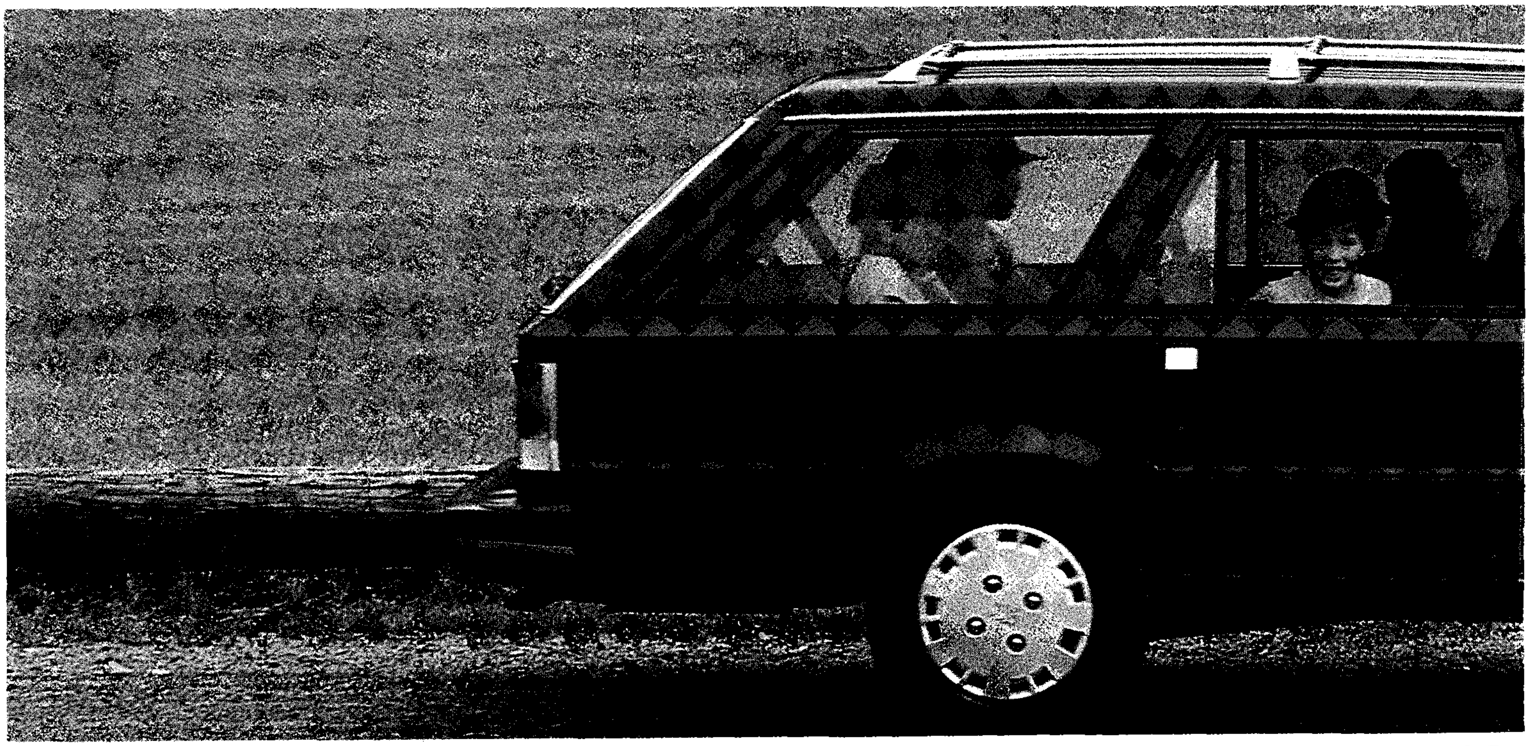
over a million. The Western world was silent. In “Sukarno: A Political Biography” J. D. Legge, an Australian professor of history, writes, “Perhaps because it was Communists who were being killed, the conscience of the outside world seemed comparatively undisturbed by what must rank, in any assessment, as one of the bloodiest massacres in modern history.”

In addition to the killings, tens of thousands of suspected Communists were detained and divided into A, B, and C categories, depending on the degree of their alleged participation in the coup and the strength of their links to the P.K.I. There were more than half a million in the B and C categories, held in prisons and in island camps, for varying terms. In the late nineteen-seventies, some thirty thousand still being held were released, partly in response to President Carter’s human-rights policy and to pleas and pressure from Britain, the Netherlands, and United Nations agencies. Even though the people in the B and C categories are now out of jail, and even though they were never tried on any charges, their activities are still restricted. They must have government approval to move their residence, and they are denied many jobs. Goenawan Mohamad, the editor of the weekly news magazine *Tempo*, hired a man who was released from Buru Island, a prison camp in the Moluccas for B detainees. Goenawan is an intellectual and a poet, and back in the nineteen-sixties he had been on the Communists’ list of persons to be eliminated. He was aware of this when he hired the former Communist, but he hired him anyway, because, he said, “the country needs a national reconciliation.” The government ordered Goenawan to dismiss him.

In the A category were the P.K.I. leaders, soldiers who participated in the coup, and senior officials under Sukarno who sympathized with the P.K.I.—perhaps five thousand people in all. Over the years, they were either reclassified or placed on trial. Though the trials did not comply with Western standards of fairness and due process—a conviction rate of a hundred per cent, if nothing else, attests to that—they were generally within the bounds of the Indonesian legal system. It is a system clearly tilted in favor of the state, and thus reflects a cultural norm found throughout Southeast Asia: the collective good and the security of the community take precedence over the rights and freedoms of the individual. Twenty years after the trials, a hundred or so high-level P.K.I. members remain in jail, and the government is still carrying out executions. Nine people were executed in 1986, and another former politburo member—sixty-eight-year-old Soekarman, who was arrested in 1968 and convicted in 1976—was executed last November.

THE events of October 1, 1965, and the days and weeks that followed have been probed and written about extensively; given the nature of those events, it is not surprising that the analyses differ strongly. Some analysts are convinced that the coup reflected divisions within the military, and that the Communists were not involved, except peripherally. Conversely, others see it as a P.K.I. coup. In his biography of Sukarno, which is probably the most balanced and comprehensive account of the Sukarno era,



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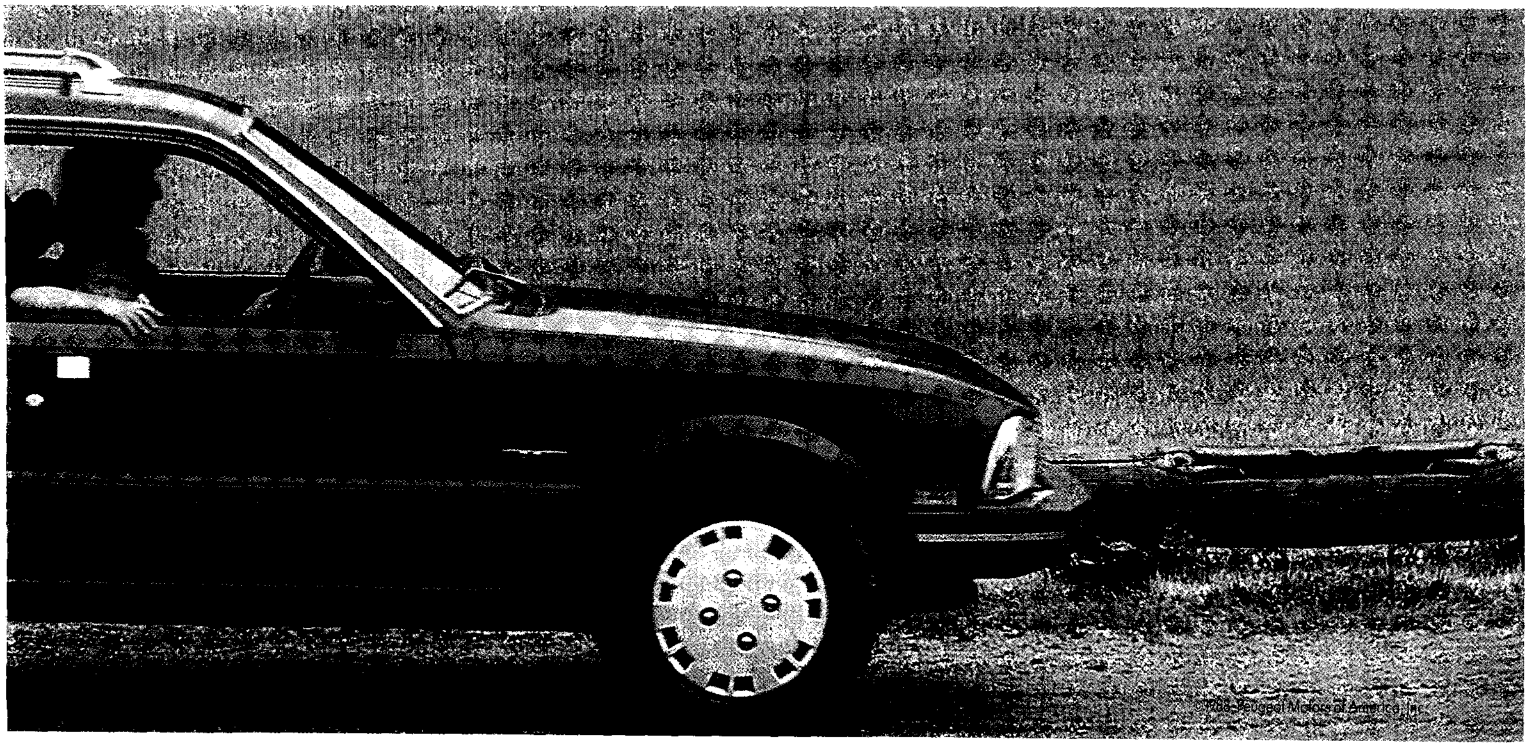
Professor Legge concludes, “The coup was not, as the army would have it, a Communist bid for power in the orthodox sense. Rather it seemed to have been designed, with or without Sukarno’s connivance, to bring about a more limited shift of power within the existing régime.” He goes on to say, however, that “it seems no longer possible to contend that the P.K.I. was not a prime-mover in the coup.”

To Indonesians, only one version of what happened is acceptable: the coup was the work of the Communists. Any involvement of military officers was incidental. That is the history taught in the schools and perpetuated in museums and slogans. On the outskirts of Jakarta is a memorial—several pleasant acres encompassing the site where the bodies of the six generals were tossed down an abandoned well. On a half-circle base of white stone are life-size bronze figures of the martyred officers, striding forward heroically. Nearby is a museum containing a small-scale diorama—six displays of the events as the government wants them remembered. At the first display, a card says that in May of 1965 “the Indonesian Communist Party started to rebel and its strong adversary was the Army.” The third panel shows General Yani being shot; the assassins, a card says, were Communists who wore the uniforms of the Palace Guard. Two sergeants and a corporal are visible in this scene, and are mentioned in the text. In the entire diorama, this is the only specific indication that any military men were involved in the coup; there is no mention that its leader was a lieutenant colonel, and no mention of any other officers, even though several were put on trial and executed. There is also no mention anywhere of General Nasution, the man whose daughter was killed by the soldiers, though after escaping he played a critical role, along with Suharto, in rallying the Army against the P.K.I. and, eventually, against Sukarno; Nasution’s democratic leanings have meant that he must be written out of the country’s history.

THE 1965 coup was an abrupt turning point for Indonesia, and it also had a profound effect on the American position in Southeast Asia. The P.K.I. was the largest Communist Party in the world outside the Communist bloc. Sukarno had become stridently anti-West. He withdrew Indonesia from the United Nations, and established what he called the Jakarta–Phnom Penh–Beijing–Pyongyang axis. During one speech directed at the United States, he shouted, “To hell with your aid.”

Suharto quickly reversed all this. He broke off relations with China—a move that at the time accorded with America’s position. (Indonesia has still not restored diplomatic relations with the People’s Republic, though recently there have been discussions between the two countries which are expected to lead to the opening of trade offices.) He brought Indonesia back into the United Nations, and was one of the founders of the Association of Southeast Asian Nations, or ASEAN, which also includes the Philippines, Singapore, Thailand, Malaysia, and Brunei, and which the United States has hoped would be a bulwark against Communism.

All this poses the obvious question: Was the United States involved in the



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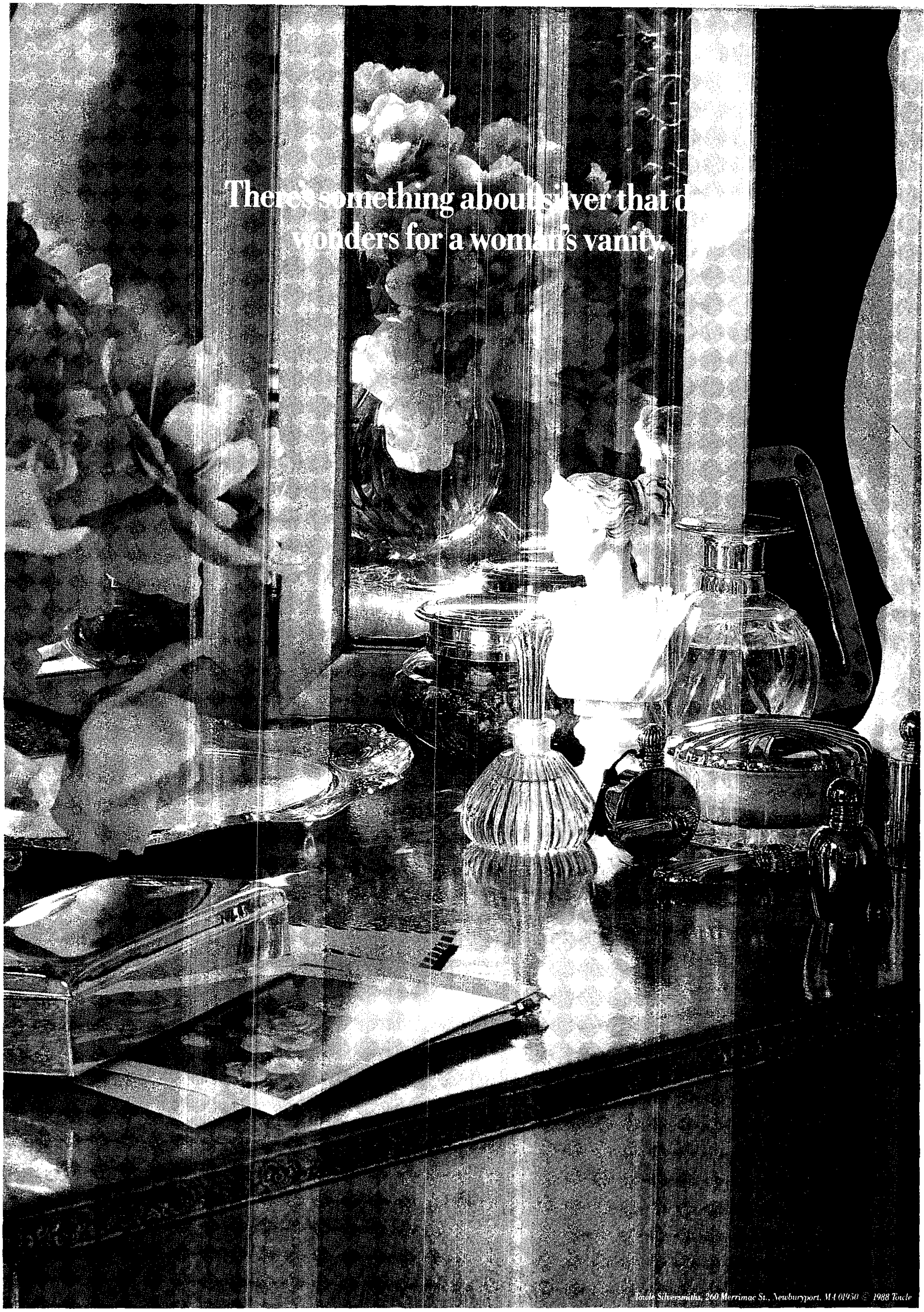
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coup to oust Sukarno? Marshall Green, who arrived in Jakarta as the American Ambassador in July of 1965, ten weeks before the coup, insists that the United States was not involved in it—or, at least, not as part of any official policy. Within the C.I.A. station in Indonesia, "there were those who had coup ideas," Green told me recently. But Green is adamant that it wasn't official policy.

Probably the most thorough impartial investigation of the possibility of American participation has been made by Frederick Bunnell, a professor of political science at Vassar. Bunnell has examined documents at the Lyndon Baines Johnson Library, in Austin, Texas; made Freedom of Information Act requests to the C.I.A.; and interviewed key policymakers. "In a nutshell, my tentative view is that Americans tried very hard, but it is unlikely that we played a major role in the events that precipitated the coup," Bunnell told me in March, in Yogyakarta, where he was spending a sabbatical year. I share his conclusion, based on an examination of files at the L.B.J. Library as well as interviews, including many in Jakarta. "According to my knowledge, the C.I.A. was not involved," General Nasution told me.

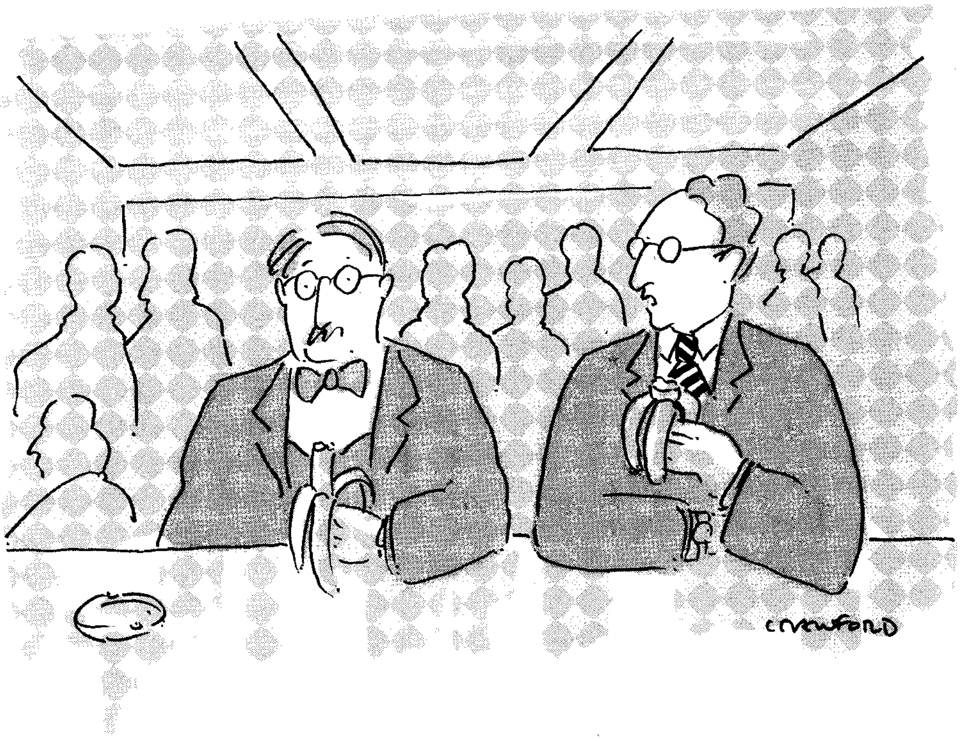
While the United States may not have been behind the coup, there can be no doubt that it was delighted when the coup occurred, and was quick to side with those military officers who opposed Sukarno and wanted to eliminate the P.K.I. "The C.I.A. was very involved, with its dirty tricks and everything," says Bunnell. Whatever the American role, however, it was peripheral. The killings and the suppression of the P.K.I. were the work of Indonesians. "I don't think Americans needed to encourage that," an Indonesian diplomat who is often harshly critical of American policy in his country concedes.

AT the time of the coup, Suharto, a career soldier, was largely unknown to Indonesians and to foreigners working in the country. "If I had listed the twenty-five men most likely to rule the country, he [Suharto] would not have been on it," says an American who knew the Indonesian military in the nineteen-fifties and sixties probably better than any other foreigner. And when foreigners did get to know Suharto they weren't impressed at first. "He was not what you would call a sophisticated thinker," Marshall Green said recently.

The American view was shared by others, including the Australian envoys, who are among the foreigners most knowledgeable about politics in the archipelago. The initial Australian attitude was, a diplomat recalled recently, "Here was this man who suddenly appeared, a general out of nowhere, a peasant. He just wasn't taken seriously, certainly not seen as someone who would hang on for twenty years." It was not until about 1978 that the Australians began to realize that Suharto would be around for a long time.

While Suharto may not be an intellectual, and may not have a particularly sophisticated knowledge of the world, he is a brilliant politician, supremely skillful at manipulating aides, balancing one against another, not allowing any one individual to acquire undue power. Many a general who thought he would succeed Suharto has found himself removed from a job that gave him command of troops or an opportunity to build up a constituency. Often the general will be bought off, with a job as an ambassador, or with lucrative business opportunities.

Just how skillful Suharto is, with what precision he plays the balancing game, was displayed again early this year. In March, the People's Consultative Assembly, which is known as the M.P.R. (for Majelis Permusyawaratan Rakyat), convened to elect the President and Vice-President, as it does every five years. (The House of Representatives, or D.P.R.—Dewan Perwakilan Rakyat—meets regularly, though its legislative powers are severely limited by Suharto.) A couple of weeks before the opening of the Assembly session, Suharto removed General Benny Murdani as commander of the armed forces. Murdani, who was widely viewed as the second most powerful man in the country, and as intensely loyal to Suharto, was stunned. It was when he had gone in to see the President with a delegation from Brunei that Suharto asked him to step down. What it all meant, no one knew. Nobody ever knows what Suharto is thinking, or why he does what he does—he has refined to the utmost the Javanese trait of being indirect. Not surprisingly, there were contradictory theories about the meaning of Murdani's ouster. Within twenty-four hours, I had been told "authoritatively" that Murdani was moved aside so that he could be made Vice-President, that he had been shoved out so that he would not be in a position to



"Tomorrow night let's switch back to gin."

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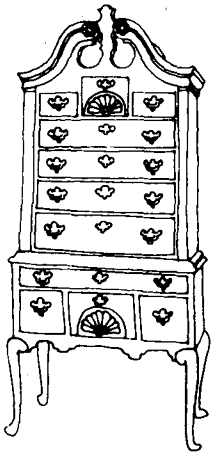
GETAWAY TO YESTERDAY



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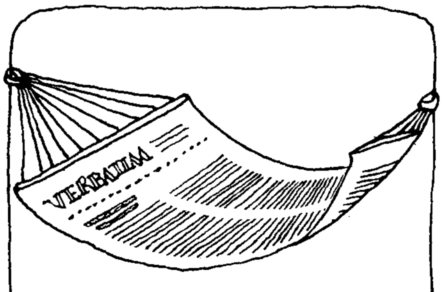

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block Lieutenant General Sudharmono, a loyal aide for twenty-three years, from becoming Vice-President, and that he was to be given a position more important than the Vice-Presidency.

In the months before the convening of the Assembly, there was intense speculation about who would be named Vice-President. (Everyone knew, of course, that Suharto would be reëlected President.) While the Vice-Presidency in Indonesia doesn't amount to much, at least under Suharto, the Vice-President does succeed to the Presidency if the President retires or dies. In an address to a convention of the Golkar, or government, Party in October of 1986, Suharto said, "If in carrying out my task during the next term I am considered inadequate for the task, please replace me immediately." This remark created speculation that Suharto might step aside before the term ending in 1993. If he was planning to do so, the theory went, he would name as Vice-President the person he wanted to replace him. This set the stage for Indonesians to enjoy some spirited—and rare—political activity during the eleven-day M.P.R. session, held in a complex of low, modern buildings on several open acres on the south side of Jakarta. The politics became focussed when Suharto, instead of telling Golkar whom he wanted to be his Vice-President, as he had done in the past, said he would leave it to the M.P.R. He offered the leaders of Golkar, which controls the thousand-member M.P.R., some criteria to guide them in their selection. Seizing the small political opening, the Development Unity Party, or P.P.P., whose roots are in the Islamic community, startled nearly everyone when it nominated its chairman, Jailani Naro. It was an audacious, if not heretical, act for politicians who have supinely followed Suharto; and everybody knew that Naro was not Suharto's choice. After that display of independence, Suharto brought the process back to reality. He summoned the Golkar leaders and made it clear that the man he wanted as his Vice-President was Sudharmono. But the emboldened P.P.P. wasn't deterred, and the military faction in the M.P.R. quietly endorsed this act of independence. At one point, a military officer in the Assembly began to state publicly that he was opposed to Sudharmono, before being hustled off the podium by colleagues. At the last moment, Naro withdrew, whereupon Sudharmono was named by consensus, which is precisely what Suharto wanted. But all the public debate that Suharto had allowed to take place—even articles about it in the foreign press, which normally would have been censored, were allowed into the country—had weakened Sudharmono, and this also served Suharto's interest.

Some of the opposition to Sudharmono stems from his tenure as State Secretary—a job roughly equivalent to that of White House chief of staff, but with some operational responsibilities, especially in the area of internal security. Sudharmono personally signed all government contracts amounting to more than two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. In Indonesia, it is almost generally accepted business practice for someone who wants a contract to pay the person who has the power to authorize it. Some of the largess accruing to Sudharmono's office was used to fund Golkar, of which Sudharmono is chairman. At the same time, however, Sudharmono's family and friends have benefitted financially from his position.

Within the armed forces, there is widespread dislike of Sudharmono—an attitude that is somewhat difficult to fathom at first, since he is a career officer. As State Secretary, Sudharmono required that all military procurement pass through his office. This meant that kickbacks of two or three per cent ("commissions," they are called), which suppliers routinely pay, went not to the military but to Sudharmono's office. Military officers don't state this as the basis for their opposition to Sudharmono. "He's never been a real soldier," a retired general answered succinctly when I asked about this animosity. Sudharmono is a lawyer and has not held a command position in more than thirty years.

It seems unlikely that the armed forces will ever permit Sudharmono to become President. Indeed, a retired four-star general who remains close to active-duty military officers told me unequivocally that in the event of Suharto's death the military would step in and form a junta—a startling action,

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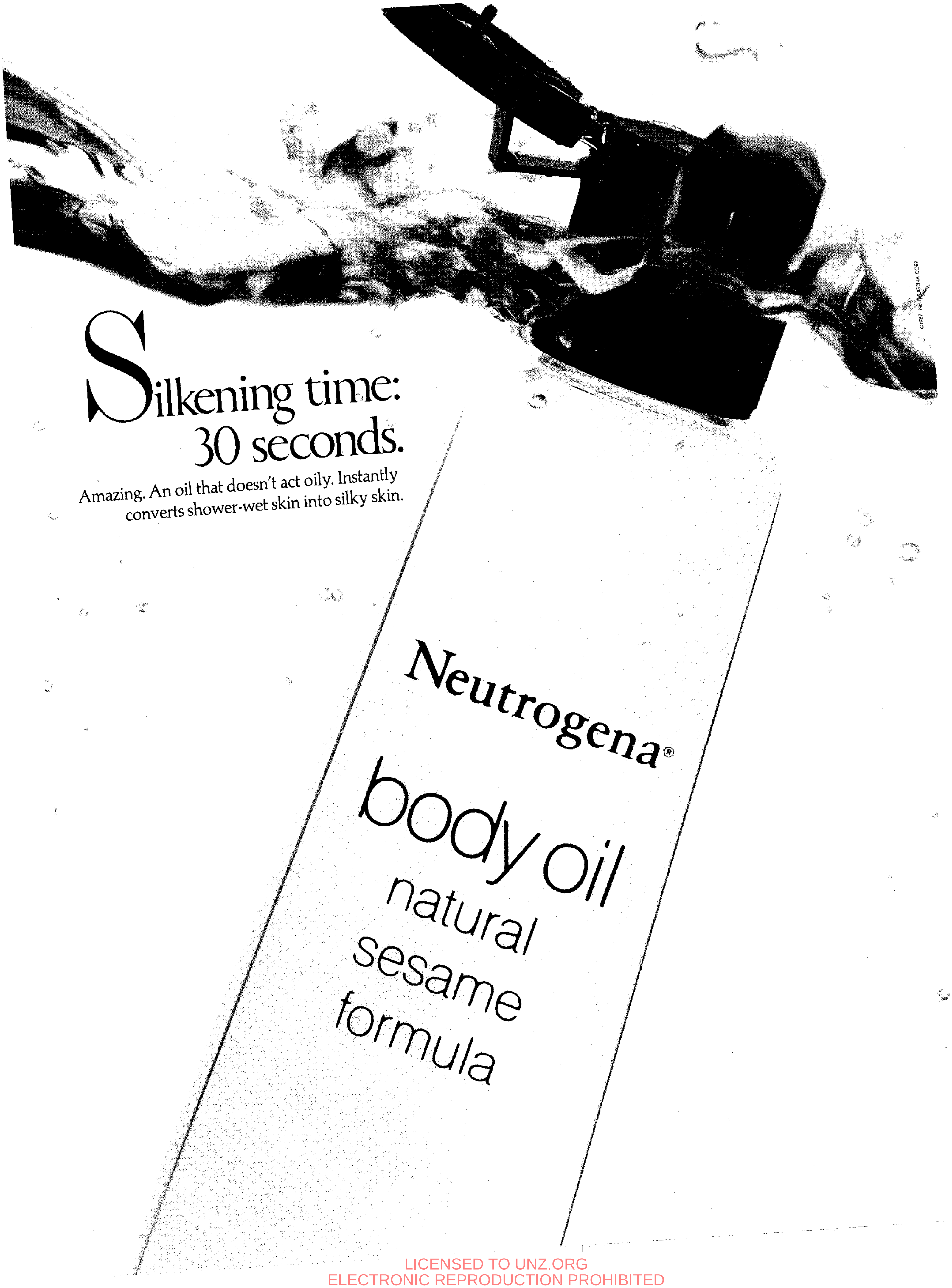
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and a troubling precedent, for a military that has prided itself on not resembling the armed services in Latin America. Suharto is well aware of the military's opposition to Sudharmono.

For the moment, Sudharmono's power is checked partially by Murdani, whom Suharto eventually named Minister of Defense and Security. The conventional speculation now is that General Try Sutrisno, whom Suharto named to replace Murdani as commander of the armed forces, is the man the President is grooming as his replacement. But Suharto has displayed more adeptness at undercutting potential successors than any real desire to groom one, and now, with Generals Sutrisno, Sudharmono, and Murdani all having a strong enough base from which to challenge each other, Suharto will continue to be unchallenged.

EXCEPT in Eastern Europe and a few small African countries, of the current world leaders only a handful can boast of having survived longer than Suharto: Lee Kuan Yew, in neighboring Singapore; General Alfredo Stroessner, in Paraguay; Cuba's Fidel Castro; Burma's Ne Win; North Korea's Kim Il Sung; and Zaire's Mobutu Sese Seko. By the standards of the world's dictators, Suharto's rule has been relatively benign.

It may seem callous to compare authoritarian governments on the basis of their respect—or lack of it—for human rights, for it means little to an anti-government protester being tortured in Country X to say that his counterpart in Country Y would be executed by a death squad. But even leading Indonesian dissidents who are pressing for a more democratic society make such comparisons. When, for example, I asked Slamet Bratanata, a member of the Petition of Fifty—a leading dissident group—about the human-rights situation, he began his reply by saying, "I have to admit that Suharto is not as ruthless as Marcos, that compared with most African states we are paradise, and that compared with [General Augusto Pinochet, in] Chile, or [Stroessner, in] Paraguay, he behaves himself quite reasonably."

The Indonesian jails aren't and haven't been torture chambers. An American lawyer who works with the Indonesian criminal-justice system said, "Though sometimes there are very serious abuses of prisoners by the police, there is not systematic torture here." Noting that there is "a very strong commitment to rehabilitation" in the Indonesian penal system, he added, "There isn't the institutionalization of brutality that there is in prisons in the States. That gentleness you see in Indonesians extends into prisons."

Indonesians don't live in fear that soldiers will come bursting through the door at night and haul off someone suspected of being anti-government, as happens even in some democratic countries, like Peru. There are no death squads, as in El Salvador, or even any vigilante groups, as in Corazon Aquino's Philippines. A few years ago, however, bodies did begin appearing on the streets, first in East Java, then in Central Java, and, finally, in Jakarta. They were dubbed "the mysterious killings." Although no one knows the exact number, a State Department human-rights report said there were an estimated four thousand victims in 1983. Government officials claimed that the killings were the result of gang wars. In reality, they were evidence of a government-sponsored crackdown on crime. Crime had escalated, as a consequence of increasing urbanization, an inadequate and overloaded judicial system, and the ease with which an accused person could bribe his way to freedom. The government's response was to take the law into its own hands. Not all the victims were criminals, though; some were low-level political activists who were seen as challenging the system.

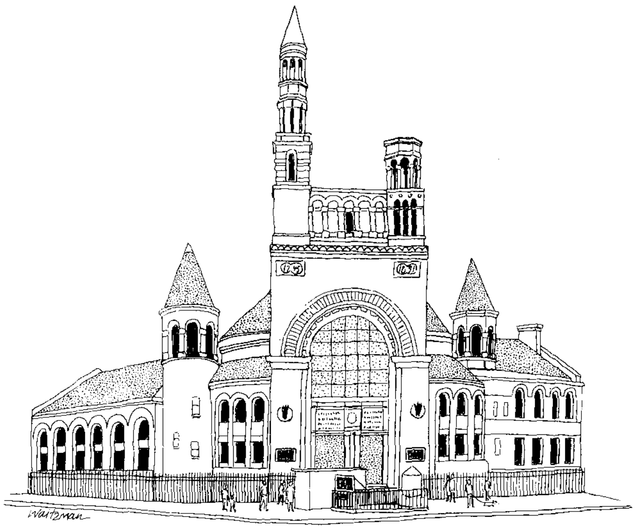
While many Indonesians were disturbed by the government's campaign—they could no longer say that there were certain boundaries the government wouldn't cross—they also appreciated it, even if ambivalently. "Most of us professors didn't know how to react—we had mixed feelings," said a professor in Yogyakarta. We talked in his home, a traditional Indonesian house on a crowded dirt street. "It's quiet and peaceful now, and there is no fear for the family." Looking back to 1983, he said, "It was tough, it was tough. It was frightening. When I had to go out for a meeting and leave the family in the evening, I was scared that the criminals might come. The whole town had been seized by a syndicate of criminals. And they were very, very cruel. One evening, they would come to your house and ask for money; if you gave only half, they tied up the husband, then raped the wife in front of him, then killed the wife, then killed the husband. The government's action, the military action in killing the criminals, was quite welcome by the people, even though it was bloody and unjust."

I asked how people knew that the military was responsible for the killings.

"The pattern was that one day before, the victim would be picked up and interrogated at military headquarters," the professor said. "Then, at night, he'd be killed. The paper would report the next day that he had tried to run away and had been shot. It was fairly obvious. Or sometimes the victim would be escorted home in a military truck. The youth of the village had been alerted; they would beat him to death. So it was very obvious."

While Suharto has generally not resorted to the brutal heavy-handedness that characterizes most dictatorships, he has used the state to create a regimented society in which independent thought and action are suspect. "Anyone under forty is afraid to express an opinion," says a Commonwealth diplomat in Jakarta.

The Operational Command for the Restoration of Security and Order (known by its Indonesian



acronym of KOPKAMTIB), which was established after the 1965 coup, is a secret military organization with the power to arrest, detain, and interrogate, and it is accountable to virtually nobody. It operates countrywide, down to the village level. The government has informers everywhere—from the university classroom to the Boy Scout meeting—and government approval is required for just about everything. An applicant for a government job—and, in many cases, for even a private job—requires a letter from the police. To get that letter, he needs a letter from his village or neighborhood leader stating where he lives and that he is of good character. Getting married requires letters from persons in your village stating that you are of good character, without a criminal record. "It's like China—everything you want to do, you need a letter," the professor said during our discussion. "Sometimes we say we hate Communism, but we are doing the same thing the Communists are doing."

THE ideological underpinning of the Indonesian state is Pancasila (pronounced "pancha seela"), which means "five principles." These are: belief in one God; humanitarianism; national unity; democracy arising out of deliberation; and social justice. Pancasila was first articulated by Sukarno and was written into the Preamble of the 1945 Constitution. It was intended as a broad doctrine—one that would allow for the diversity of religious beliefs, cultural values, and political orientations in Indonesia. In Mochtar Lubis's novel "Twilight in Jakarta"—a depiction of the turmoil and decay in the political and social life of Indonesia in the nineteen-fifties—a character says, perhaps cynically but also, it would seem, accurately, "Ha, Pancasila. I can muster arguments which will convince people with equal success that the Pancasila aims in fact at an Islamic state, or a Christian state, or a socialist-welfare state, or at a communist state." Under Sukarno, Pancasila, in spite of its statement about belief in God, was certainly seen as having room for Communism.

Most Indonesians accept Pancasila. Some see it as a symbol of unity in a country without a monarchy, and others call it the national platform. Without Pancasila, many say, Indonesia would splinter. Today, everything seems to be Pancasila. Indonesians say they are trying to develop "Pancasila democracy." They want a "Pancasila press," which means a press that is "responsible and free," with responsibility more important than freedom, and with the government deciding what is responsible. A large billboard in Yogyakarta says that Pancasila is magically powerful, and is "the must" against Communism. The government promotes "Pancasila pioneering villages," where villagers are said to practice Pancasila in their daily lives. When a legal-aid lawyer urged that the criminal code should contain a provision to protect women who become pregnant out of wedlock, an opponent argued that "fornication is not in line with Pancasila." Last February, reacting to the growing popularity of Valentine's Day, an Islamic leader said that it was a foreign ideology and ought to be rejected by Indonesians; a member of the Jakarta City Council added that Valentine's Day was inconsistent with Pancasila.

Pancasila under Suharto, instead of promoting tolerance, has added to the tensions and the frictions, because the government has forced its acceptance and sought to limit the acceptable interpretations of it. The Anti-Subversion Law makes it a crime, punishable by death, to "distort, undermine or deviate from the ideology of Pancasila." In 1978, the New Order—as Suharto has dubbed his government, to distinguish it from Sukarno's Old Order—launched an intensive campaign to impose Pancasila, as the New Order interprets it, upon the entire population. A large bureaucracy prepares educational materials and administers courses. All government employees are required to attend—missing one day of class necessitates repeating the course from the beginning—and diplomas are issued. Each employee's performance is recorded in his personnel file, and a civil servant must have a Pancasila diploma before he can travel abroad. Private businessmen have courses, and there have been special courses for Chinese businessmen. The higher a citizen is on the social, economic, and intellectual totem pole, the longer the course: two weeks for civil servants; from a week to ten days for university students; usually only one or two days for maids and prostitutes.

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five-year-old medical doctor, objects to the "massive indoctrination." In 1980, Marsillam was a flight surgeon for Garuda, the national airline, and was on his way to the top of the corporate ladder, but he resigned rather than "pledge allegiance to the Suharto regime." Since then, his medical shingle has been stashed behind his bookcases, which are lined with volumes about Israel and the Jews—"I admire them; they have characteristics for survival," he explains. On his wall is a poster of the Magna Carta. These days, Marsillam, who attended an anti-Vietnam protest rally in Berkeley in the nineteen-sixties while in the United States on a State Department-sponsored trip, devotes his time and energy to fighting the authoritarian nature of the New Order. "Practically, it may be futile, but you cannot convince me it is morally wrong to oppose this regime," he said one evening after dinner at a private home with a group consisting mostly of journalists, who every day bump into the restrictions imposed by the New Order. Marsillam doesn't object to Pancasila—indeed, he endorses it—but, like many intellectuals, he objects to the government's implementation of it. "It is a mass movement to make us mentally backward," he said.

In 1985, the government enacted a law requiring all "social organizations" to adopt Pancasila as their "sole principle." The government's definition of "social organization" encompasses just about every voluntary association of individuals, whether for professional, functional, or religious purposes. Under the law, all organizations are required to register with the Minister of Interior Affairs, and all their officers must be approved by the government. "It is like '1984,' Big Brother always looking over your shoulder," says Slamet Bratanata, of the Petition of Fifty. If athletes, say, want to form a club, they have to promise that it will be based on Pancasila. And if the village chief wants his wife as treasurer, she will be appointed. The law also gives the government control over all money that an organization receives from any foreign source, whether it is the Ford Foundation, a European church, or the American Agency for International Development. Not only must an organization have the government's permission to accept such money but, once that permission is granted, the government

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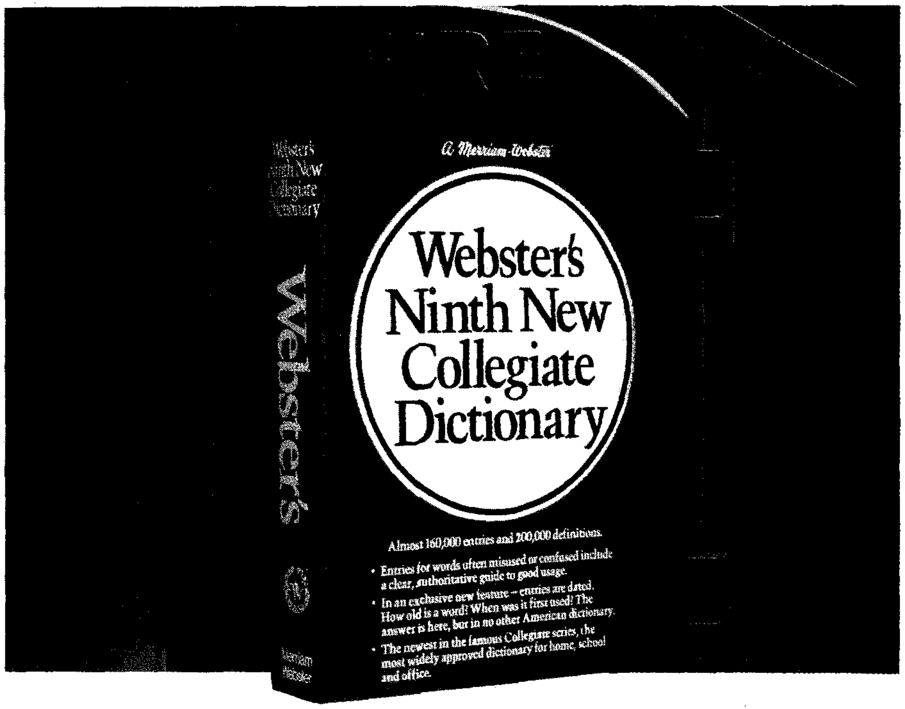
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has to issue another permit before the money can be used for a particular project.

In 1980, fifty prominent Indonesians signed a petition objecting to the government's approach to Pancasila, protesting the military's role in the political process, and calling for a restoration of the democratic rights guaranteed by the Constitution. Among the signers of the so-called Petition of Fifty were nine retired generals, among them General Nasution and Marine Corps Lieutenant General Ali Sadikin, whom Suharto had appointed governor of Jakarta in 1966 and then sacked after he refused to rig the 1977 election for Golkar. The group also includes former high-level government officials, Muslim leaders, intellectuals, and businessmen, all of whom seem to be motivated not by a thirst for personal power but by a genuine commitment to the Constitution and a more pluralistic society.

The government has sought to silence the signers of the Petition of Fifty. None have been shot, as they might have been by other authoritarian regimes; nor have they been jailed or forced into exile. Instead, the Suharto government has revoked their passports, denying them the freedom to travel, and prevents them from being quoted in the Indonesian press. This not only effectively renders them nonpersons in their own country but denies the country some of its most intelligent voices as it searches for a political system that will work.

The Suharto government has asked embassies here to shun the members of the Petition of Fifty, to scratch them from their social lists. Most have complied. "The Japanese, no way, they never invite any of us," Slamet Bratanata, a Cabinet Minister during the early Suharto years, said when I asked him how the dissidents were treated by foreign embassies. "The Dutch, they invite us. The French are very careful. The British, rarely. The Germans, once in a while." American diplomats, however, have generally remained cautiously open to the dissidents, apparently having learned some lessons from Iran, where failure to maintain contacts with the opposition to the Shah contributed to a failure to appreciate the depth of that opposition, and from the Philippines, where, for fear of offending Marcos, American officials generally kept a distance from the opposition. "I'm always invited for the Fourth of July party," Bratanata said, adding that he had also been to dinner with American envoys. "They don't seem to be afraid to invite me. Which I cannot say about other embassies," he said. Bratanata has not always been so charitable about the United States. In January of 1987, he told Barbara Crossette, of the *Times*, that American aid to Indonesia "has kept this Government in the saddle for twenty years." It is, perhaps, an overstatement, one that fundamentally fails to understand America's influence. It is true that American economic and military aid to Indonesia has averaged about a hundred and fifty million dollars a year during the Suharto period, which is above what Marcos received. But United States influence in Indonesia is simply not what it is in the Philippines. Marcos, principally through his wife, desperately courted Washington's blessings. Not so Suharto. Conversely, the Philippine opposition, while decrying "American

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"imperialism," expected United States assistance in toppling Marcos. Indonesians appear to be more nationalistic.

THE New Order's approach to Pancasila has been hardest on the Muslims. Islam recognizes no separation of church and state: it is the state's obligation to promote Islamic tenets, and they govern all aspects of life—not just religious but social, economic, and political, including marriage (polygamy permitted), gambling (forbidden), and drinking (likewise forbidden). There are strictures against mixed bathing in public places, against pornography, against banks' charging interest. Still, Islam is not monolithic. Of the two major branches of Islam, the Sunnis and the Shiites, the Shiites are generally the more fundamentalist and militant; Ayatollah Khomeini and the clerics ruling in Iran are Shiites. The overwhelming majority of the Indonesian Muslims are Sunni, but that category breaks down into devout Muslims (*santri*) and nominal Muslims (*abangan*), with the latter dominant in numbers and in the government, including the military. In all, Islam in Indonesia tends to be more tolerant and relaxed than it is in the Middle East, or in nearby Malaysia, where the state enforces a number of Islamic laws. In Indonesia, for example, one will frequently see a teen-age girl in a fashionably short Western skirt, riding sidewise on the back of a motorcycle, though with her hair and all but the center of her face wrapped in a cloth that flutters down her back. Liquor flows freely, even during Ramadan, the month of fasting.

When Indonesia's Constitution was being drafted, militant Muslims wanted a provision requiring all Muslims in Indonesia to follow Islamic law. In Indonesian, the phrase consisted of seven words, and it has been referred to since as "the seven words." Christians and secular nationalists strongly opposed inclusion of the seven words, and so did many moderate Muslim leaders. Pancasila, which moderate Muslims helped devise, was seen by some Indonesians as a compromise: Indonesia would not be an Islamic state, but neither would it be a secular one. In the nineteen-fifties, the more militant Muslims—those who wanted an Islamic state—were still strong militarily and politically. In the 1955 general elections, which were probably the

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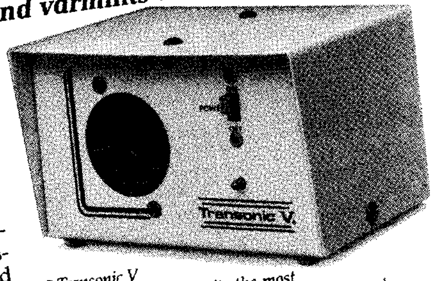

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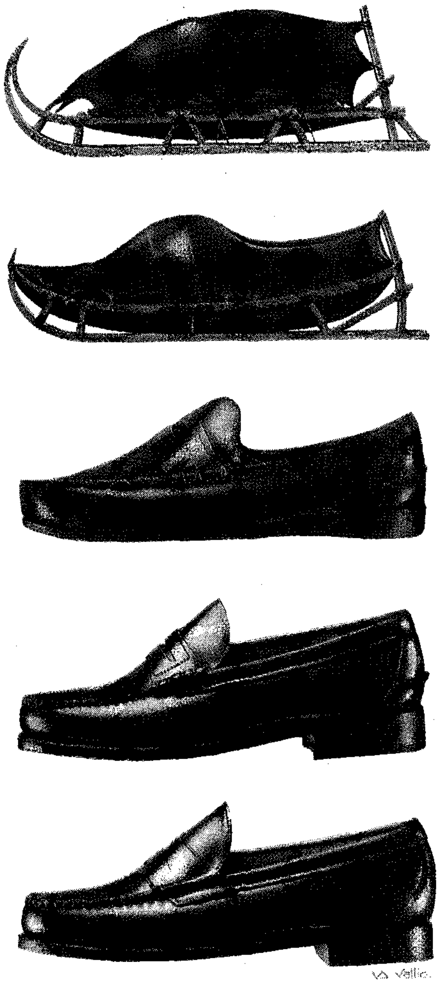

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most honest in the country's history, Masyumi, a Muslim political party (now banned) that advocated an Islamic state, finished a strong second to Sukarno's party.

Two of Indonesia's most prominent and most highly regarded Islamic leaders today are Abdurrahman Wahid, the head of Nahdlatul Ulama, the more conservative and traditional of Indonesia's two major Muslim organizations, and Nurcholish Madjid, described by the *Far Eastern Economic Review* in 1987 as "one of the most outstanding and progressive intellectuals in Indonesia." Both Madjid and Wahid endorse Pancasila and reject the need for an Islamic state. (Wahid notes that his father was on the committee that drafted the Preamble to the Constitution, which contained Pancasila.) Madjid, who is forty-nine, and Wahid, who is forty-seven, are members of the Assembly, appointed by Suharto, and their acceptability to the government may be due to the moderate nature of their views. The question is whether they represent the feelings of younger Muslims, who tend to be more activist.

M. Nasir Tamara, a thirty-seven-year-old journalist, says of Madjid and Wahid, "They have disappointed a lot of people—some think they are too close to the government." Nasir, a devout Muslim and the author of a study titled "Indonesia in the Wake of Islam," was educated at the University of Paris and at Harvard, and was on the plane with Khomeini in 1979 when he returned to Iran from exile in Paris. When Nasir talks about what he sees as a resurgence of Islam in Indonesia in recent years, including a greater interest in Shia, he is enthusiastic, yet he does not see the need for an Islamic state—not at the moment, at least. "Some Muslims were obsessed with the creation of an Islamic state," he says about the nineteen-fifties. "Today, we are more concerned, as Muslims, about poverty, inequality, alienation." He, too, accepts Pancasila. "We are not against Pancasila—only against the government's being the sole interpreter," he says.

Indeed, although Indonesia's Muslims may accept living in a country that is not an Islamic state, and do not object to Pancasila, it does not follow that they want to have Pancasila forced on them as the only acceptable ideology. In September of 1984, when the law on social organizations was being considered by the parliament, Muslim demonstrators and soldiers clashed in the Jakarta port district of Tanjung Priok. After one religious rally, angry young Muslims began marching through the streets shouting anti-government and anti-Chinese slogans. The government responded by sending in heavily armed soldiers. Retreating demonstrators attacked police posts and Chinese business establishments. The government has said that thirty protesters were killed. A reporter for *Tempo*, who arrived on the scene right after the Army moved in, says that "probably more than a hundred were killed." He rejects the claims of some Muslim organizations that between four hundred and six hundred were killed. But even pro-government Christians say that the military overreacted—that the demonstrations could have been quelled by effective police action or by soldiers using less than lethal force. The government's reaction reflects its fear of fundamentalist Islam. Knowledgeable students of the Army say that it fears militant Muslims even more than it does Communists.

The signers of the Petition of Fifty, who think that the government may have deliberately provoked the riots, demanded an investigation, but there has yet to be one. Instead, the government prosecuted people for involvement in the demonstrations; some were forced to appear before judges even before the bullets had been removed from their bodies. A Muslim preacher, A. M. Fatwa, who was alleged to be the instigator of the riots, was sentenced to eighteen years in prison. A retired lieutenant general, H. R. Dharsono, was charged with subversive and criminal activity in connection with the riots, and was sentenced to seven years. Dozens of individuals charged in connection with the demonstrations received sentences ranging from one to twenty years.

POLITICAL parties, too, are required to declare that Pancasila is their guide. For the ruling party, Golkar, and the Indonesian Democratic Party, which is essentially a secular party, that requirement is not offensive, but for the United Development Party, or P.P.P., it is. The P.P.P., which was formed by government fiat in 1973 as a federation of several political parties, would like to base itself upon the principles of Islam. But the New Order wants to separate Islam and politics as much as possible. Thus, during the last electoral campaign, the government forbade the P.P.P. from using the shrine in Mecca as the Party's symbol. Americans protect themselves against the establishment of Christianity as the state religion with the First Amendment; Indonesians defend themselves against the imposition of Islam with Pancasila and a ban on a specifically Muslim political party. Nasir Tamara, however, fears that the lack of an Islamic party "may prove to be dangerous in the long run." In "Indonesia in the Wake of Islam" he writes, "The extremists, seeing their way completely blocked, might be tempted to take unlawful action to make their voices heard by the authorities."

How strong are the fundamentalist Muslims in Indonesia? Could Indonesia become another Iran? Books about the Iranian revolution—books that are banned in Egypt and other Middle Eastern countries as too incendiary—sell well in Indonesia. The Iranian revolution "was very favorably received here," Nasir says. In 1980, on the first anniversary of the Shah's ouster, fifty or more Indonesian Muslims, including former members of the Masyumi Party, went to Iran to join in the celebration. Some American diplomats think that Khomeini has been heralded here because he stood up to the West. Both Nasir and Wahid disagree. "Indonesian Muslims are not anti-American," Nasir says. What made the revolution popular, he and Wahid agree, was that it showed Muslims that Islam could be a force for political change.

Foreign diplomats who are familiar with Indonesia agree that, as one Commonwealth envoy put it, "there won't be another Iran here—there isn't an Ayatollah." That is certainly a view widely held in Indonesia, by both Indonesians and foreigners. For one thing, Islam in Indonesia simply doesn't have a strong fundamentalist strain. For another, the Iranian revolution has recently lost much of its initial allure; Nasir and Wahid say that this is due, in large part, to the war between Iran and Iraq—"this crazy war between Muslims," Wahid calls it.

Still, the Muslims are the only group in Indonesia that has the unity to chal-

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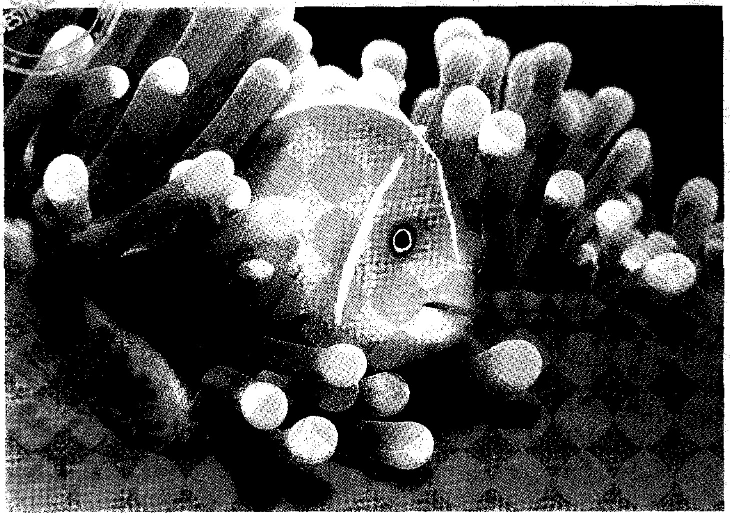

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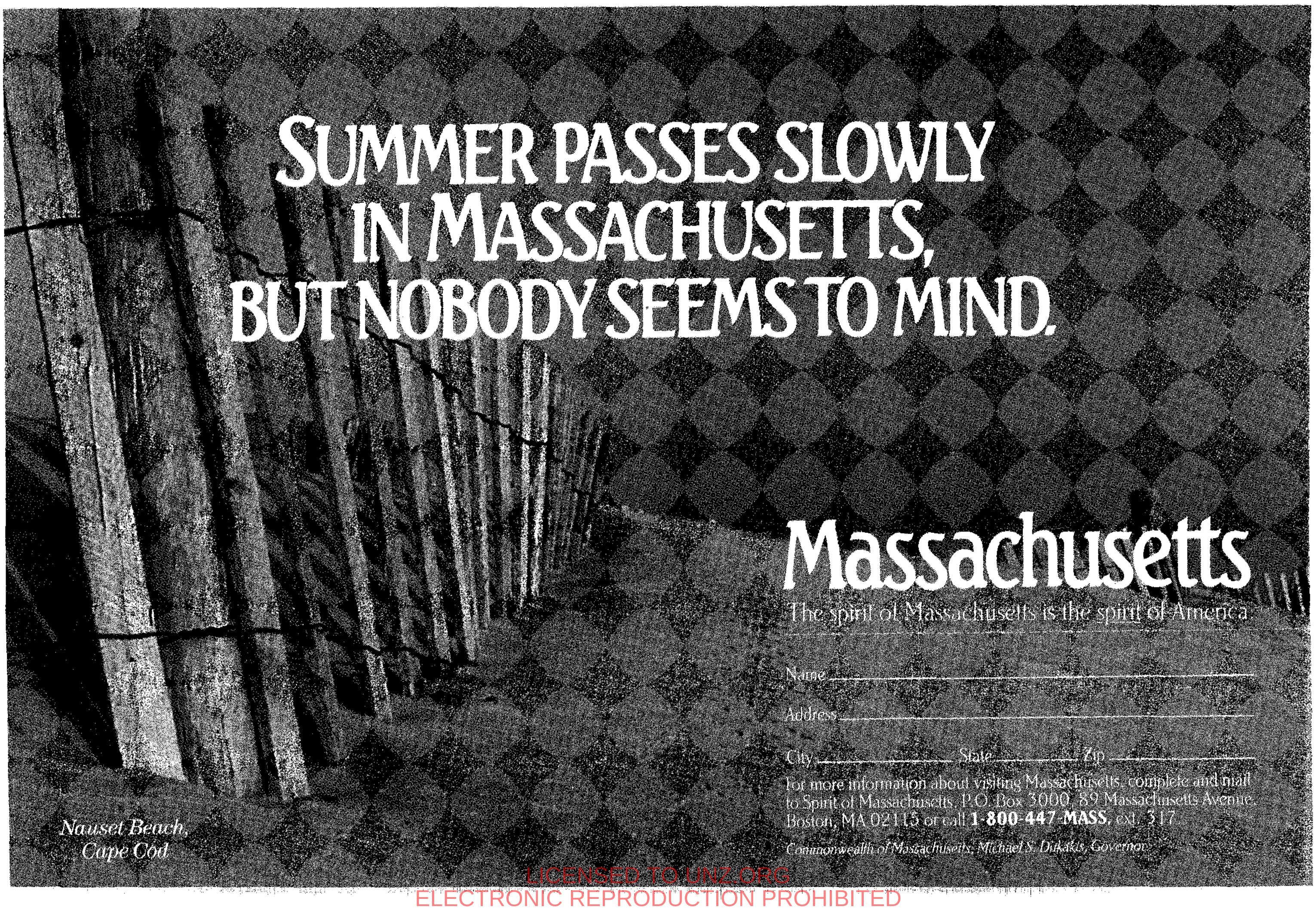
lenge the government, and are the only countervailing institutional force to the military. "Not labor or class or Christianity can get people to move in Indonesia, but the Muslims can," says Marsillam, who is nominally a Lutheran. "De-Suhartoization is the monopoly of the Islamics. The most oppressed have the monopoly to strike back—the moral right. If you people of the West are worried about fundamentalist Islam, you have to be worried about the succession here. My scenario says that it will probably be the Muslims who rise up. Either the military will join the uprising, and the country will become like Iran, though not so extreme, or the military will ruthlessly crush it." Most observers might find this talk unduly alarmist, but in the past few years outbreaks of fundamentalist violence have occurred in other Sunni Muslim countries—Tunisia and Morocco among them. And no one foresaw the explosions in Indonesia in 1965.

ANOTHER group that has suffered under the New Order is the students. "The tragic legacy of the New Order is its youth," a Commonwealth diplomat says. "It has produced people who have great material benefits but who have been completely robbed of intellectual growth, of the capacity for independent thinking. They've had Pancasila drummed into them. There is a lack of intellectual liveliness."

In the past, students have played a critical role in the country's development. In 1928, a student congress planted the roots of nationalism with the revolutionary cry of "One people—Indonesia! One Country—Indonesia! One language—Indonesian!" In 1945, when the war against the Dutch was still in progress, and Sukarno thought it was not yet the time to declare independence, students kidnapped him, and two days later he did declare independence. Today, a great many Indonesians over forty who are playing major roles in the country's development—whether in the private sector or in the government—were demonstrating on the streets in the nineteen-sixties.

Yet the New Order—perhaps mindful of the important role that students have played in the country's politics, and particularly in the fall of Sukarno—has cracked down hard on the country's youth. In the months leading up to the M.P.R. session to elect the President in 1978, students began to protest a number of things, especially government corruption. The students issued a booklet that included the first public list—even if only partial—of the companies belonging to members of the President's family. And the students had a specific demand: they wanted Suharto to step down. The center of the student activity was the Bandung Institute of Technology, the nation's premier engineering school, and traditionally the Berkeley of Indonesian student activism. During one demonstration, these students unfurled huge banners with the message "We don't trust President-Candidate Suharto anymore." The government ordered Iskandar Alisjahbana, the rector of the institute, to expel the student leaders. He resisted. It was an election year, and he felt that the students were legally expressing political views, and furthermore that he could only expel them for academic reasons. If Suharto was really self-confident, I.T.B. offi-



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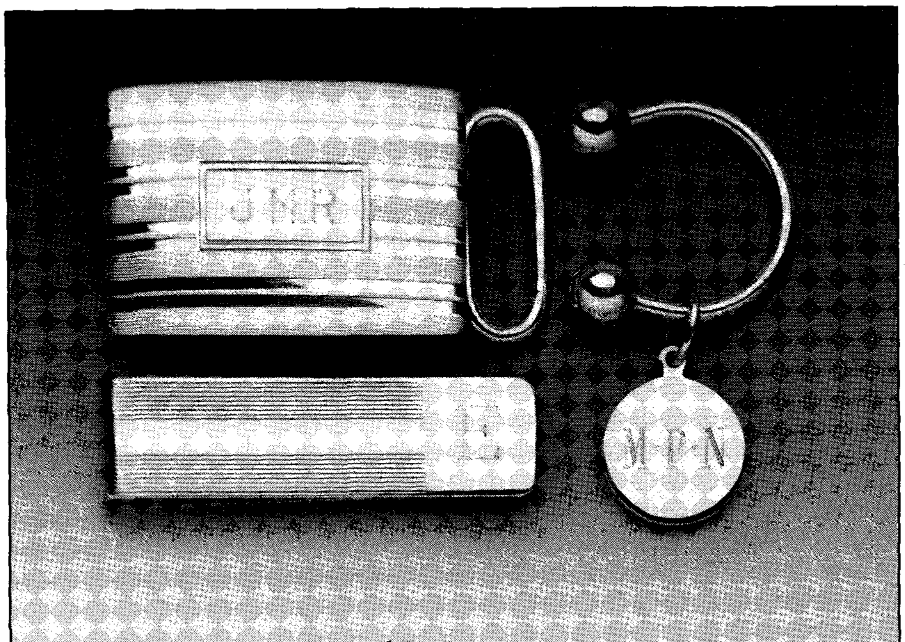
cials suggested, he should organize five universities and have them put up large red banners: "We support President-Candidate Suharto." Instead, soldiers invaded and occupied the I.T.B. campus; Alisjahbana was dismissed.

For more than a decade now, all political activity on campuses has been strictly prohibited. Student councils are banned, and during freshman orientation university officials discourage participation in virtually any extracurricular activity. "They say it is dangerous," an I.T.B. student told me. Only the marching band and choir are promoted. When a student organization at I.T.B. called the English Forum wanted to hold a speech contest recently, it had to submit all topics to the rector for his approval; it was two months before a permit was issued.

The New Order has certainly created an atmosphere on the campuses that is conducive to study, but at what cost? There is growing concern among educators and businessmen, and even among some civilians in the government, that the country has lost a generation of potential leaders. Alisjahbana, who is writing a book about the function of the university in nation-building, said to me concerning the anti-Sukarno student activists, "The Class of '66 are now ministers or hold other high-level positions in the government. The problem we face is that we have no leadership candidates today." Though students are "very dynamic," he said, "they are not wise," and some student political activity should be allowed, for that's how students "get wisdom." He added, "You can't move a hundred and seventy million people if you don't give them individual freedom, if you don't promote individual initiative."

So strict are the authorities with students—and so sensitive are they to criticism—that not even humor is tolerated. Last New Year's Eve, several thousand students and Bandung residents gathered on the pleasant I.T.B. campus, standing or sitting on and around a cement slab that serves as the basketball court. Much to nearly everyone's surprise, a group of students entertained with skits and songs poking fun at President Suharto. A student caricatured Suharto, and there were plays on words. In Indonesian, *korupsi* means "corruption," while *kursi* means "seat." The chorus to one song called on Suharto to "lift your feet from a seat



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Aldro T. Hibbard (1886-1972)

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Baseball was forever present in Aldro Hibbard's life. As a student at the Massachusetts Normal Art School, he convinced his fellow classmates to form a baseball team. Aldro Hibbard's career was especially marked by extraordinary enthusiasm and persistence. It was said that "the only time he wouldn't paint outdoors was when the cold made the paint the consistency of sawdust."

In 1912, after studying at the Museum of Fine Arts under Edmund Tarbell, Hibbard won the Museum's Paige traveling scholarship to Europe. Hibbard's European studies encouraged him to spend his time painting in the elements, where nature could be captured.

Shortly after Hibbard's return from Europe he discovered the allure of Vermont. Like the poet Robert Frost, the artist soon became a "Vermont vert". Hibbard eventually began his own art school in Vermont, and became a celebrated painter of the out-of-doors.

Aldro Hibbard was critical of what he called a "speed age", an age where works were rattled out rather than carefully articulated. Today, after nearly thirty years of obscurity, works by Hibbard are once again regaining their true value in the market.

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that's full of money. The responsibility that you have is to leave your seat, to stop corruption." It was good clean fun, but the authorities weren't amused. A week later, Intelligence officers from KOPKAMTIB rounded up six students, charging them with showing contempt for the President.

In February, I talked with one of those who had been detained. He told me that the first interrogation session had lasted fourteen hours—they kept him from sleeping by dosing him with lots of coffee—until 4 A.M., when the police allowed him to go to morning prayers. In subsequent sessions, the police tried to persuade him to become an informant; if he didn't, he might go to jail for six years. If he coöperated, they said, they could arrange for him to become a member of parliament or give him other political opportunities, such as a position on the national youth commission. They offered him a prostitute; he was sure he would be photographed and blackmailed, and he declined the offer. After six days, he was released.

THE most visible manifestation of student protest in more than a decade occurred last November in Ujung Pandang and was quickly squelched. Police enforcement of the new national law requiring motorcycle riders to wear helmets triggered the demonstration. The motorcycle is a major mode of transportation in many Indonesian cities: a man will carry his wife and two or three children on his motorcycle; teen-age girls ride to school together on motorcycles; boys cruise the town on motorcycles. In Ujung Pandang, a city of mostly one-story and two-story shops and homes, Yamahas, Suzukis, Hondas, Vespas, of all sizes, models, and colors, line the streets in front of the stores and buzz two, three, and four abreast down the avenue on the harbor's edge. Friends often give each other rides, and while the driver may always have his helmet with him a potential passenger obviously will not. In a not uncommon practice of government officials in Indonesia, the police in Ujung Pandang used their authority to extract bribes: pay the policeman and avoid a fine.

While the helmet law was the immediate focus of the demonstrations, government officials acknowledge that potentially much more serious political problems underlaid the disruptions. Bleak economic conditions were a factor. "The students are looking to the future—and it's not promising," said the provincial governor, Amirruddin, a former university rector, who is highly regarded by Ujung Pandang residents for his honesty and his competence. Another factor was resentment over the corruption among members of the Suharto family and other high government officials. There were also anti-Java and Islamic currents charging the demonstrators. Islam is strong in southern Sulawesi, and the helmet law imposed a particular hardship on those Muslim women who for religious reasons cover their heads and most of their faces with a cloth that hangs down their backs.

The demonstrations began on a Friday evening and quickly spread from four university campuses onto the streets. Students—among them sons and daughters of government and military officials—put up barricades, stopped motorcyclists who were wearing helmets and forced them to take the helmets off, then piled the helmets in the street and burned them. In the bustling commercial district, stores that sold helmets were burned. A man told me that he saw students attack two policemen and set their motorcycles on fire.

The military reacted swiftly. Soldiers wearing full combat gear and armed with automatic weapons stormed into the town within twenty-four hours, and armored personnel carriers took up positions on the campuses. For two weeks, Ujung Pandang was, as one resident put it, "an occupied town." The government reported later that three demonstrators had been killed, but witnesses I spoke with in February, including foreign-aid workers and missionaries, said that at least ten persons had been killed by the soldiers. Several were shot, and others died from injuries suffered during interrogations, I was told by Indonesian and foreign residents of Ujung Pandang.

Shortly after Jakarta newspapers received the first reports about the disturbances in Ujung Pandang, their editors received calls from the office of the Minister of Information ordering them not to print anything about the events. One editor protested that General Murdani, who was the commander of the armed forces, had made a statement giving the government's version of what happened, and asked, "How can we not report that?" The Ministry of Information had to admit that they could. But only the government's views could be reported. Among other things, Murdani said that no students had been involved in the protests. When Ujung Pandang residents read that, they laughed. One perplexed student asked his teacher how it was possible to say that no students had been involved. The teacher explained that since the government had ordered the schools closed upon the outbreak of the riots, those involved were no longer students.

THE New Order keeps tight control on the flow of news. The only television station is government-owned, and radio stations must use only news supplied by the government. There is no official censorship of the Indonesian newspapers; that is, government censors don't pore over copy before it appears on the streets. But this absence of overt control only makes the de-facto censorship more insidious: editors are forced to operate on the principle that when there's any doubt it's better not to publish than to risk being closed, or, worse, having your license to publish revoked.

The government expects newspapers and magazines to refrain from reporting anything that might contribute to ethnic, religious, or racial tensions, and also to refrain from reporting the facts of such outbreaks, since doing so is considered certain to heighten and inflame them. Newspapers are not allowed to mention the signers of the Petition of Fifty, either, or to quote other dissidents on political matters. Thus, Mochtar Lubis can't be quoted in his own country, though he is an officer of the Manila-based Press Foundation of Asia. Also off limits are references to the wealth or the business activities of the First Family, or corruption by high government officials.

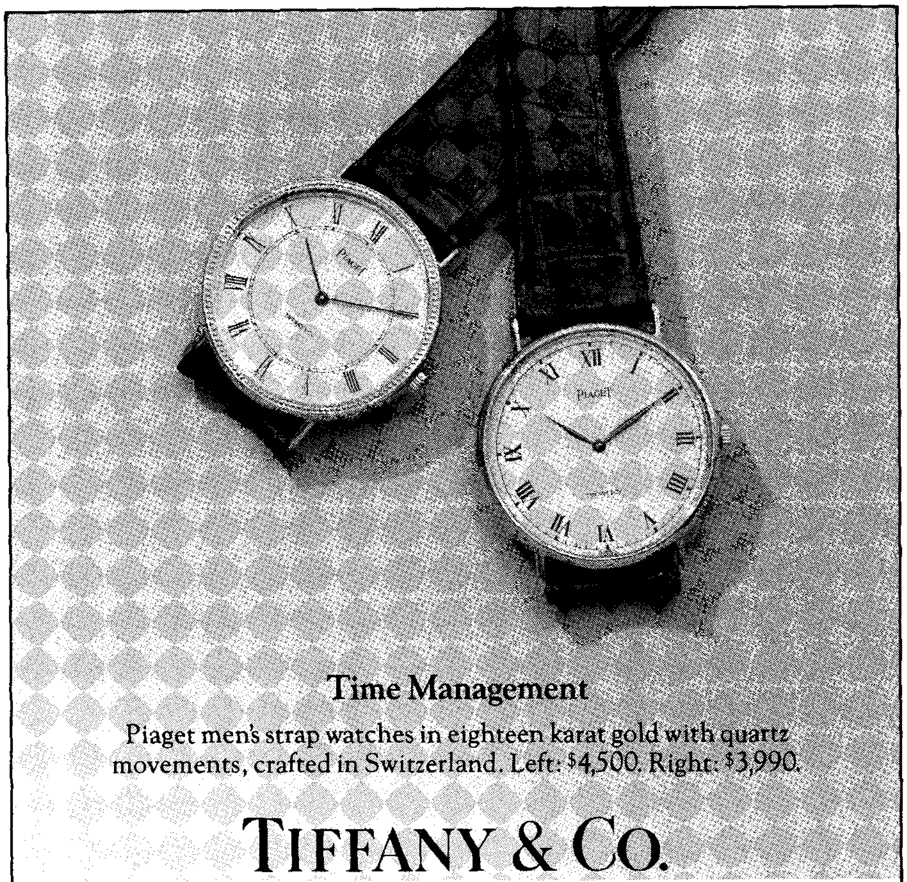
Many Indonesian journalists and intellectuals accept that a Western-style press is not appropriate for their country. In Javanese fashion, the journalists often find indirect ways of saying what they cannot get away with directly. So, while no newspaper would dare make any comparison between Suharto and Marcos, more than thirty Indonesian journalists went to the Philippines in

February of 1986 (many of them paid their own fare) to report on the events surrounding Marcos's ouster and on the lavish life of Mrs. Marcos. *Tempo* ran five cover stories, and all those issues sold better than usual.

The fate of *Sinar Harapan*, a leading daily newspaper, founded in 1961, provides a case study of government-press relations. After the student demonstrations in 1974, it was closed, and its managing editor, Aristides Katoppo, was told that the paper could reopen if he left the country. He did so, and spent a year at Stanford, as a Knight Journalism Fellow, and then a year at the Harvard Center for International Affairs. The paper eventually reopened, but was closed again for reporting on the student riots in 1978. In time, it came back, but in October of 1986 its license to publish was revoked once more.

The immediate cause of that closing was the paper's publication of regulations that were being proposed by some of Suharto's economic advisers. Indonesia's economy is heavily regulated, and many vital sectors are dominated by monopolies. Suharto's advisers were suggesting that in order to make the Indonesian economy more efficient and Indonesian exports more competitive many of the import monopolies should be eliminated. A number of the most lucrative monopolies had been granted to members of Suharto's family and the Chinese businessmen associated with them, but the economic advisers had not been so bold—or so foolish—as to include all of them in the proposals. When *Kompas*, the nation's largest daily, got hold of the proposals, the chief editor called one of Suharto's economic advisers. The adviser said, in effect, "If you want to support our efforts, don't print them. We're trying to persuade the President." *Kompas* didn't print them.

At *Sinar Harapan*, a young reporter was given the proposals by a businessman who had ties to the President's family and wanted the proposals killed. The reporter was handed them at eleven-thirty in the morning, and that afternoon the paper ran a story saying that forty-four import monopolies would be abolished. The paper was careful not to make any reference to the First Family's link to any of the monopolies. When Sabam Siagian, who was deputy chief editor of *Sinar Harapan* at the time of the closing and is now editor of the Jakarta *Post*, an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English-language daily, told me this story, I thought he was proud that his newspaper had been courageous enough to publish. But when I happened to see him a few days later and the matter came up again, Siagian, who was a Nieman Fellow at Harvard in 1978 and has been a leader in Indonesian journalism since the fifties, said that *Sinar Harapan* had acted irresponsibly. (He himself had been out of town and had not participated in the decision to publish.) Publishing the story hurt the efforts of the advisers who wanted the reforms, he said. "The responsibility of journalism in a developing country is to effect change," he explained.

When Suharto saw the *Sinar Harapan* story, he summoned General Murdani and several Cabinet Ministers, including Information Minister Harmoko, to the palace. Suharto accused his economic advisers of using the press to pressure him. He had a stack of past *Sinar Harapan* newspapers in which offensive articles had been circled. One was an editorial suggesting a limit on the number of Presidential terms, and among others were several articles critical of a recent currency devaluation. It's not known for certain if Suharto directly ordered the closing, but Harmoko, who has substantial media interests himself and therefore gains financially with each closing of a rival publication, revoked *Sinar Harapan's* publishing permit, charging that the story about the regulations had "spread confusion, unrest, anxiety, apprehension, and pessimism."

Within a week of the closing, *Sinar Harapan's* editors received a call from an associate of Sudharmono's son-in-law. His message was that he had a license to publish. Later, Suharto's foster brother, Sudwikatmono, called. He proposed a joint venture: he would supply the license, and *Sinar Harapan* would supply the reporters, the presses, the expertise, the good will, everything else.

Everyone assumed that the joint-venture offer had Suharto's blessing, but some, who weren't so sure, and wanted to keep the family out, managed to make contact with Suharto. "Suddenly, the joint venture was off," a person close to the process says. Like so much in Indonesian politics, especially when Suharto is involved, no one knows exactly what happened. But the message was delivered that Suharto didn't approve. Moreover, he later gave instructions that neither his family nor Sudharmono's should acquire any interest in the paper. This may be the only known case of his cracking down on his own family.

Then Suharto gave the green light to a reopening of *Sinar Harapan* in some form. He ordered that Minister of Information Harmoko, State Secretary Sudharmono, and General Murdani should have a say in the paper's management. As for the paper's name, the editors wanted to keep *Sinar Harapan*, which means Ray of Hope. Harmoko said no. The paper's editors countered with a name that had the same initials—S.H. That, too, was rejected. Finally, all sides agreed on *Suara Pembaruan*—Force of Renewal. It uses the same typography in its logo that *Sinar Harapan* did, and people reading the paper detect only subtle differences. They sometimes find themselves saying, "Did you see in *Sinar Harapan* today . . ."

So the paper has a new name, and the names of the publisher, the editor, and the general manager which appear on the masthead have changed. But it operates from the same premises; over ninety-five per cent of the editorial staff is the same. Aristides Katoppo, who wears his black hair down to his shoulders and is partial to sandals, is now a "consultant."

One former senior editor told me, "My address is the same, my office is the same, my secretary is the same."

I asked if he did the same job.

"Yes."

Of course, the government knows all this. Nevertheless, the closing of *Sinar Harapan* and the forcing of all the changes constituted a warning to other papers.

THE government does its best to intimidate the foreign press as well. Censors black out sentences or paragraphs, or sometimes whole articles, in publications before they are delivered in Jakarta or can go on sale. Correspondents are expelled or, more often, not granted entrance visas. There are no specific rules, and no one seems able to explain why one article or part of an article was censored, or why a correspondent was denied entry. The whole process appears quite arbitrary, dependent on the whim or fear of the censor—fear that the article might offend someone high in the government.

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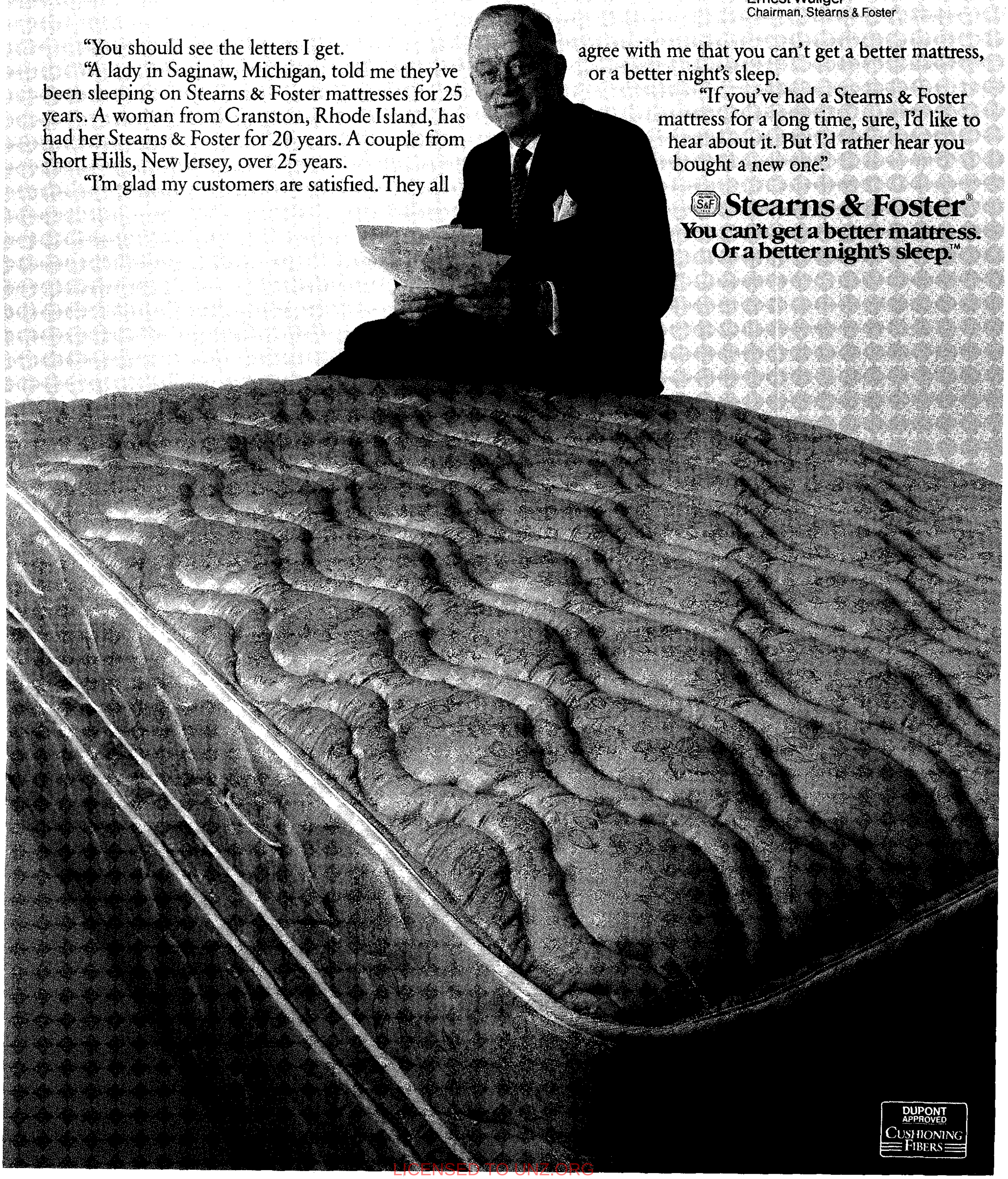

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government, feel that they don't get a fair shake from Western reporters, and ask why they should allow them in. "Western journalists reporting about a developing country often think that if they report positively no one will read it," says Sadli, a respected sixty-six-year-old American-educated economist, reflecting a fairly common view. "So they have to give a little sting." Bambang Harymurti, a highly regarded thirty-one-year-old political writer for *Tempo*, also thinks that the Western press displays a "certain malice" in its reporting. "I'm a nationalist," he says in explaining why he often does not like what the foreign press reports about Indonesia. Similar views of the Western press are heard throughout the Third World, and it cannot be said that they lack validity.

But the Indonesian government is often its own worst enemy, generating negative reporting itself. That was most apparent in April of 1986, when President Reagan went to Bali during a swing through the Far East. Just about every country in the world, including many countries in the Soviet bloc, wants to play host to an American President. To do so is to receive an endorsement of sorts. The Indonesians had been disappointed three years earlier, when Reagan's visit to Thailand, the Philippines, and Indonesia was cancelled because of the assassination of Benigno Aquino, Jr., in the Philippines. Indonesia suffered for the Philippine crime because, rather than risk offending Marcos, Reagan cancelled the entire trip. Now Indonesia had another opportunity to bask in the international spotlight that follows an American President. But the story became one of Indonesia's treatment of the press. The Indonesian authorities expelled Barbara Crossette, of the *Times*, and wouldn't allow two Australian reporters to enter the country when they landed in Bali. Suharto and his aides were angry with foreign reporters. The Sydney *Morning Herald* had just run an article, by David Jenkins, under the headline "AFTER MARCOS, NOW FOR THE SOEHARTO BILLIONS." In the sixth paragraph Jenkins wrote, "The President's wife, Madame Tien Soeharto, has participated in so many questionable business dealings that she has long been known as 'Madame Tien Per Cent.' (Some Indonesians, despairing of what they see as her increasingly acquisitive tendencies, have dubbed her 'Fifi'—short for Madame Fifty Per Cent.)" What may have caused the government's reaction to the Jenkins article was the tone—there was no disputing the facts. Even Jenkins said later to friends and diplomats that he regretted the emphasis on the comparison with Marcos.

As for the treatment of the *Times*' Crossette, she was, as several Indonesians put it, "a victim by association." Just a month earlier, A. M. Rosenthal, then the *Times*' executive editor, had written in the *Times Magazine*, in an article based on a trip to South Korea, the Philippines, and Indonesia, that "the restrictions he [Suharto] places on political and intellectual expression make Mr. Marcos seem positively Jeffersonian." (It was, I think, not only an inaccurate characterization; if anything, the reverse is true.) It was eight months before Crossette was allowed to enter, and during the journalistic visit she ran afoul of the authorities when she quoted the Petition of Fifty spokesman Slamet Bratanata too prominently

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for their liking. That offense brought about another ban, which was not lifted until March of this year, when she was allowed back into the country for the Assembly and the reëlection of Suharto—an event that Indonesians generally wanted the world to witness, though Keith Richburg, of the Washington *Post*, was not granted a visa, apparently because something he had written had offended Edward Janner Sinaga, the government official responsible for dealing with foreign correspondents. Sinaga's approach to foreign journalists upsets many Indonesians who are trying to improve the country's image. Rather than try to win over foreign correspondents with charm and diplomacy, he seeks to beat them into submission verbally. When a story appears that he doesn't like, he summons the journalist and berates him or her.

Some of the government's hostility toward the foreign press, as toward the domestic press, stems, of course, from the simple fact that those in power want to stay in power. But the press censorship cannot be explained so easily. There are other factors. Indonesians tend to be inward-looking; many government leaders, particularly in the military, which is very nationalistic—almost xenophobic—are simply not interested in courting the foreign press, because they aren't concerned about what the rest of the world thinks of Indonesia.

Finally, the current Indonesian leaders are apprehensive about foreign reporting for yet another reason. During the last session of the Assembly, in March, Major General Subiyakto, a spokesman for its military faction, warned Indonesians of the perils of listening to foreign broadcasts (Radio Australia is the most popular), and Minister of Information Harmoko followed up with a warning to foreign journalists covering the session. Subiyakto and Harmoko had the same concerns: the foreign press is guided not by the concepts of Pancasila but by Western liberalism. For similar reasons, it was extremely difficult until recently for any students with clean records to get permission to study abroad: the government, and especially the military, did not want them exposed to Western political thought.

—RAYMOND BONNER

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

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IN FASHION

THE RITES OF SPRING

Lois Long, whose writing about fashion enlivened the pages of this magazine for forty-five years, until her retirement, in 1970, used to address the readers of her column as "Women of America," inciting them to riot against the sort of decorative nonsense that resulted in stockings with lace toes (to be worn with sandals). She dispensed her loftiest advice with a madcap French accent ("*White shoes and asphalt—zey do* not go togezzer, Baybee"), and during the nineteen-thirties she kept her head when all about her were losing theirs to hyperbolic froufrou ("Too many of these expensive dresses floating around attract so much attention to themselves that the women you finally find inside them are relatively unimportant"). Only half jokingly, she once ended a column about new daytime styles by advising her readers not to go out at night until they had read what she would have to say the following week about evening clothes. Like other fashion journalists of her time, Long served as a messenger of the gods. Each season, they unveiled their creations; each season, she relayed the news, and then, with a skilled eye and a vigorous mind, she passed judgment on the gods.

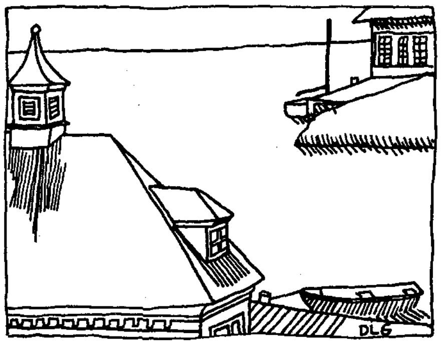
Fashion has changed drastically since Long stopped covering it. During the nineteen-seventies, when the spirit of the times turned anti-fashion, Kennedy Fraser, Long's successor, brought to the subject a brilliant, rigorous skepticism. Women had grown tired of being told how to dress. The gods were deposed. The haute couture was dead. Clothes would be classic, no longer subject to the wild swings of taste that had carried us to such absurd extremes in the past.

Whether or not this age of enlightenment has in fact come about (and I think it hasn't), the wheels of fashion have kept on turning. Twice a year, designers in Milan, London, Paris, and New York present their ready-to-wear collections with considerable fanfare, and this spring, as usual, buyers and members of the press from all over the world packed their bags and made the rounds to see what was being proposed for fall.

Now that designers no longer issue clear directives, fashion devolves on the trends that are in the air. This season was marked by a preponderance of boleros: in powder-blue sheared mink (at Claude Montana); in tapestry florals (at Alistair Blair); in green leather, scallop-edged in black (at Geoffrey Beene); in jersey, with a scarf attached at the shoulder (at Donna Karan). Chalk stripes were everywhere, but they were often used ironically, as if to poke fun at their Wall Street origins: in skintight dresses or in a jumpsuit with an ostrich-feather tutu at the hips (at Patrick Kelly); in a bouffant skirt, cut in bias panels, for evening (at Krizia). There were peplums of all descriptions—knife- and box-pleated, cut on the diagonal, buttoned down. There were jodhpurs: in black wide-wale corduroy with a smoking jacket (at Yves Saint Laurent); in gray gabardine (at Issey Miyake); in ribbed sweater knits (at Artwork).

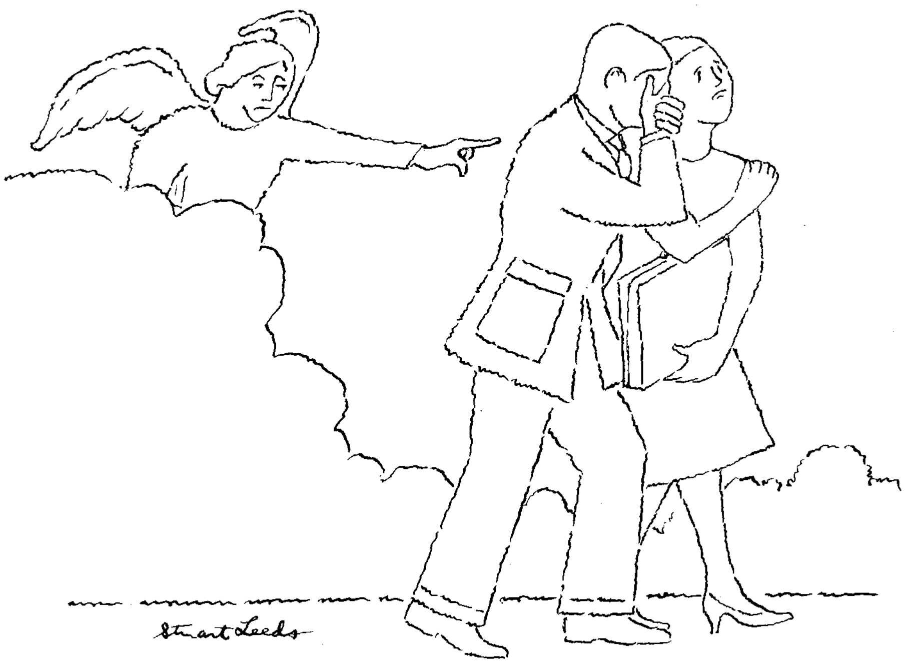
Stoles, capes, and shawls replaced tailored coats, and the coats that were shown were breezy toppers. A scarf-printed silk stole lined with black mink, at Hermès, was a witty reversal. There were stoles that crossed in front and tied at the waist in back; stoles in white linen edged in eyelet and anchored with black satin ribbon bows at the wrists (at Ferre); in houndstooth-check wool with long suède fringe (at Givenchy); in taupe wool with pink fox pom-poms (at Yves Saint Laurent). Karl Lagerfeld's shawls were draped over one shoulder and tied on the opposite side at the waist. At Gaultier, the capes were knit, buttoned down the front like a cardigan sweater, or in leather, outfitted with steel zippers and snaps, like a biker's jacket.

The broad platform that shoulder pads have provided for the better part of the past fifteen years and the self-importance that attaches to them have finally begun to look old, but the transition back to clothes without them isn't easy. Shoulder pads do a woman's figure a favor, by making her waist look smaller. Clothes without them now look a little thick in the middle. Many designers, oblivious of the shift in our perceptions, have continued using shoulder pads as if they were by now a requisite part of a well-cut dress or jacket. Others, like Montana, are casting around for alternative ways of creating the same illusion of width at the top of the body. For this reason, the off-shoulder and portrait necklines persist, for all their awkwardness (try lifting your arms).



This season, we saw the future, and it is, in a word, stretch. Stretch skirts, stretch tops, stretch dresses, stretch jumpsuits—stretch you-name-it. Stretch fibres added to fabrics that didn't use to give an inch. This will evidently go down in history as the eighties' contribution to fashion—the means by which we advertise our hard-earned physical fitness. Frankly, I find it difficult to believe that there are that many women out there who can wear this stuff and look good, but if you're one of them—if you've got a trainer coming to the house seven days a week—then, by all means, go right ahead. If not, beware. Stretch clothes do nothing to camouflage what used to be called "figure flaws," and there are a lot of stretch clothes out there, just waiting to grab you in all the wrong places.

And where, everyone wants to know, were the hemlines? I confess to being unable to work up much indignation, or enthusiasm, when it comes to the question of skirt lengths. The so-called miniskirt revival, now in progress, is an option, not an edict. Women who have good legs can show them; women who don't, don't have to. The right length is the one that looks best, and this is highly subjective. But, more important, there is no *wrong* length. Maybe that's the problem—a matter that used to come under the rulebook is now a judgment call. At any rate, many women have apparently come to see hemlines as an issue.



THE EXPULSION FROM LARCHMONT

In a recent Op-Ed article in the *Times*, titled "Just Say No to the Mini," Nina Totenberg, a reporter for National Public Radio, declared, "The miniskirt as fashion norm is a stupid and sexist idea," and urged her fellow-women, "Hold the line. Don't buy, and the mini will die." This brings us back to the notion of fashion as the collective whim of an international cabal—a band of profiteering designers who sit in their ateliers inventing new ways to make women part with their money. There is probably no persuading the people who think this way that fashion is in fact a collective means of expression—that designers are paid to dream for the rest of us on a full-time basis.

The day before the collections got under way, the luggage on the baggage-claim conveyor belt at Milan's Malpensa Airport was by Gucci, Louis Vuitton, Prada, Fendi, Hermès. No Samsonite. The fashion pack had arrived. Cheeks were proffered for kissing, both sides. Business cards were exchanged. The marathon was about to begin. "Here we go again," one man said to his companion, in a tone that mingled disbelief and trepidation. And though at times in the course of the next few weeks the proceedings seemed halfhearted, an avid student of human nature couldn't help being fascinated by them.

MILAN: Compared with London, where fashion still has the quaint air of a cottage industry, compared with Paris, where the collections are enshrined in the Cour Carrée of the Louvre, compared with New York, where it's every man for himself, Milan puts on shows that are fast-paced and efficient, like the gears of a well-oiled machine. Fashion is big business now in Italy, and, except for Giorgio Armani and Krizia, who have fully outfitted theatres on their premises, the most famous designers show their collections at the Fiera, a pavilion-like three-story convention center on the outskirts of the city. The productions—the sets and the lighting, the music, the staging—get more complicated each year. Once the machinery has been set in motion, it rolls on inexorably, of its own accord, through the busy week-long schedule.

But first comes Romeo Gigli, who presents his collection in a large white loft below his studio, next to a Renault garage on the Corso Como. Gigli has earned a reputation—first abroad and more recently at home—for clothes that are lyrical and elegiac, that drape along the body and fall against the skin, celebrating a woman's every contour. They are often called "romantic" and also "historical"—partly because they allude to styles of the nineteenth century, the Middle Ages, and the Renaissance, and partly, perhaps, because they are so out of keeping with other designers' visions of the nineteen-eighties. This season, Gigli showed more of the same—more snug wrap sweaters in sky-blue or carmine cashmere, more long tulip-shaped jackets over pants that hug the ankle, more gossamer evening dresses ("gown" is too grandiose a word for them), such as one in brown silk tulle held by ribbons that crisscrossed the body and tied tight just above the knees. The models walked in small, hobbled steps. In the world according to Gigli, clothes have virtually no shape of their own, and women are children of nature—introspective, pure of heart, and unschooled in the ways of the world. Incongruously, Gigli chose as the soundtrack for these clothes a medley that included "A Foggy Day," "I Won't Dance," and other thirties night-club songs, their lyrics steeped in dry Martinis, sung by Ella Fitzgerald and Louis Armstrong.

At Dolce & Gabbana, the program notes invoked "the antique image of the Mediterranean woman who, in many ways, reflects the personality of the modern woman: strong but vulnerable, engrossed in her daily problems, in her struggle for the attainment of her aims, but never neglecting her inner life and her dreams." The ideal woman of the moment, not only here but elsewhere, too, if press releases are any indication, is one who's "strong but vulnerable," which I take to mean "feminist but feminine," or maybe just "postfeminist"—the kind of woman who works but wants a man in her life, and dresses accordingly. That's fine. But I can't help wondering whether this notion of a woman's being deliciously contradictory—cool but passionate, reserved but uninhibited, reticent but outspoken—isn't simply a new euphemism for that old, pre-feminist attempt to be all things to all men.

The clothes at Dolce & Gabbana, fortunately, were so good that they overcame their publicity. The show opened with a parade of models wearing plain, old-fashioned black bras and panties, the kind grandmothers wear, with gold crosses on chains around their necks, and sheer black stockings, black socks, and mid-heeled black shoes. Then came the clothes: black crocheted shawls over a variety of crisp white cotton blouses, gilt-fringed or embroidered in gold; high-waisted, bell-shaped velveteen skirts to the knee, silk ones with panniers or in tiers; bell-shaped velveteen coats with deep cuffs and big collars; a dark-gray wool cape buttoned at the throat. This was, at least in part, a “roots” collection (Domenico Dolce is from Sicily, Stefano Gabbana is not), reminiscent of Christian Lacroix’s first couture collection under his own name, last year, in which he made a sentimental journey back to the styles of his native Provence. Childhood memories, it seems, are often rich in fashion inspiration. (I am waiting for a Midwest collection from Bill Blass, or a Bronx collection from Calvin Klein.)

At the Fiera, the announcer’s voice boomed, “Gianni Versace prêt-à-porter,” and the first of the shows by Milan’s big-name designers was under way. Versace turns out bad ideas of such originality and invention that one can only assume that they’re not lapses in taste, that he actually *intends* them. Who ever thought that he could top the one-legged evening pajamas that stole his show last season? It was when I saw his half-skirt/half-pants numbers and his panniered velvet evening gown, wide as a loveseat, with the skirt gathered in, Humpty-Dumpty-like, at the ankles, that I realized just how much I had underestimated him. I think Versace means well—that is, I think he’s sincerely trying to break new fashion ground. But he takes what he’s doing so seriously that one feels obliged to take issue. “Gianni Versace couture,” the announcer said when we got to Part II. “Gianni Versace,” he said when we got to the end, and out strode Versace himself, as if this were the moment we had all been waiting for.

Gianfranco Ferre, who two years ago branched out into haute couture, showed a ready-to-wear collection so refined and deliberate, so precisely cut and so closely fitted, that it might as well have been custom-made. Many of the themes were carried over from his couture: white blouses with their lapels starched to stick out in fanciful shapes; narrow channel stitching on a leather suit; bands of fox at the hem of a skirt, or circling the waist of a dress, like a fur inner tube. Where Versace’s clothes are gratuitously innovative, Ferre’s are classic and immaculate, and they impart to the women who wear them a hothouse sophistication.

The invention at Giorgio Armani is so subtle—sometimes downright esoteric—that the eye has to refocus in order to appreciate it. The fabrics, the palette, which includes every shade of beige and gray known to man, and the seemingly effortless precision of the cut all make for an appealing and (in these times) unusual modesty. The jackets are smartly tailored but soft. This season’s new model was a long-sleeved, single-button variation on a waistcoat, elasticized along the hem, so that it hugs the waist even when the jacket is open. The trousers fall straight from the hips, in supple fabrics that give them a fluidity most pants lack; they move well, like a long skirt. Armani likes to “break up” a suit, with the jacket in one fabric and the skirt or pants or culottes in another, or with a short vest worn over a long jacket. This season, he continued his masterly use of chiffon as a veil for other fabrics, rendering the pattern of a brocade underneath shadowy and enigmatic.

The Fendi show opened with a group of models in black turtlenecks and knife-pleated knit skirts striding down the runway clutching big fur muffs. Presto! The muffs turned into coats, lightweight, unlined strollers in furs—sable, fitch, mink, chinchilla, or baum marten—that moved just like fabric. The element of surprise is by now fairly standard at Fendi, where the skins are often unidentifiable and the ways in which they’re treated to get them to look the way they do (textured, patterned, ribbed, mottled) are mysterious. “What is it?” I wrote in my notebook next to a description of an apricot-colored fur coat in square patches, with a texture like chenille. (It turned out to be sheared weasel.) Even when one recognizes the fur, as in a hooded white Mongolian jacket banded in black, there is usually something in the design one wouldn’t have bargained for—on that same jacket, for example, little black satin bows tied all over. This season, there were black suède jackets and coats with black swakara appliquéd, like passementerie, in curlicues down the sleeves; a black leather trenchcoat lined in swakara, with a swakara collar; and knee-length coats in fake leopard lined in kalinsky, or Chinese mink. These last were worn with crownless leopard hats, like halos.

The idea of taking classic clothes and updating them to offset some of their stodginess and make them seem younger has been in vogue for quite some time now, but the results have generally ranged from ho-hum to disastrous. The French house of Hermès, which has been trying for years to extrapolate a line of ready-to-wear from its leather goods and silks, should take a lesson from Ferragamo, an Italian house with the same specialties and with a reputation for turning out what the Italians call *cose di buon gusto.* This season, Ferragamo rejuvenated its trademark classics: a khaki trenchcoat lined in scarf-printed silk, with an overcollar in the same fabric; pleated flannel skirts, buttoned down the side; unlined cashmere duffels, fringed at the hem, like a blanket; a khaki peplum jacket, worn with gray flannel slacks and a printed chiffon scarf draped over them like a skirt; standard menswear, but in unusual fabrics, like shirts in red-and-blue striped changeable taffeta.

Franco Moschino is an adept showman, a brilliant stylist, an acerbic critic of the fashion world and its inhabitants, but he is not, to my mind, a designer. I think of him as the “Weird Al” Yankovic of fashion. He finds the grist for his mill in the work of his colleagues. While other designers are lying awake at night puzzling over how to construct a dress with a single seam, Moschino, I imagine, is out having a good time. And I wouldn’t wish it otherwise. Anyone who turns out a black denim miniskirt with plastic fried-egg appliqués is fine by me. Moschino presented his fall collection late in the evening, at a club called Rolling Stone, where he staged a circus, as if to imply that that’s what these events are anyway. It’s a cynical premise, but the good-natured spirit in which the proceedings were carried out neutralized the acid taste.

The stage was draped with bunting striped like the Italian flag. Young girls made their way through the bleacher seats handing out *panini*, beer, and Coca-Cola. A brass band, forty-some strong, playing Sousa marches, the Mickey Mouse theme song, and "Hello, Dolly!" led off the parade: fifteen majorettes performing a choreographed routine; dozens of models, men and women (the men carrying inflatable dolls dressed in black lace lingerie); a passel of children; several clowns (one carrying a sign that said "*Io sono uno stilista*": "I am a designer"); roller skaters and acrobats; jugglers tossing balls, bowling pins, tennis racquets, and (in a routine that must have been devised specially for this crowd) bright-colored chiffon handkerchiefs into the air; five men on unicycles and two on stilts; a phalanx of placards and banners, bearing slogans like "*Lunga vita al denim*" ("Long live denim"), "*Il buon gusto non esiste*" ("There is no such thing as good taste"), and "Fashion is my life." And then the show started.

To the bombastic accompaniment of the triumphal march from "Aida," the models were carried onstage, one by one: in a chariot, in a rickshaw, on a Mme. Récamier-style chaise, in a sleigh, in a wheelbarrow, or borne aloft, Venus-like, on a big half shell, by "slaves"—heavily muscled men who looked like inmates of the local health club and were clad in fringed gold lamé loincloths. As for the clothes, they were lively and occasionally comical but scattershot. Moschino is at his cleverest when he's remarking on the current state of fashion affairs, as in his recent ad campaign: in what seems an affectionate swipe at the Christian Lacroix-inspired school of preposterous high fashion, a model, wearing a suit, is seen in silhouette, with a toy airplane poised at a rakish angle atop her head. Beneath the picture is a caption: "COUTURE!"

LONDON: If there are half as many parties in London as there are party dresses, it must be one swell place to live. British designers complain that they're too often stereotyped, that buyers come to England with preconceived notions about what they're going to find—clothes that are adorably eccentric (from the nation that the Sitwells and the Mitfords called home) and clothes that are grand and formal (from the nation that has perfected the theatre of royalty). Stereotypes, perhaps, but the fact is that aesthetes and socialites would have no trouble finding something to wear in today's London. Designers like Bruce Oldfield, Caroline Charles, Paul Costelloe, and Alistair Blair showed collections that were more prosaic, better suited to the sort of life most of us lead, but the impressions they made were nowhere near as lasting as those left by John Flett, one of this season's débutants, who seemed determined to revive the spirit of Oscar Wilde, or by Murray Arbeid, who specializes in evening clothes to such an extent that he didn't even bother to show day wear, as if a woman's life began over cocktails. I found the idiosyncrasies contrived and the gaiety too often forced.

When people these days talk about the bright young hopes of London fashion, they always mention the same few names: Rifat Ozbek, Jasper Conran, John Galliano. Ozbek burst on the scene some five years ago, when he appeared in the *Tatler* wearing a black turtleneck draped with loads of jewelry and gesticulating extravagantly in an eerily accurate impersonation of Diana Vreeland. The clothes he showed this season were stretch-velours bodysuits topped with high-waisted stretch skirts and big blanket-like djellabas, in a juicier version of the Moroccan style Yves Saint Laurent staked out in the seventies.

Conran's collection was notable mainly for its asymmetrical lines—jackets and skirts cut on the slant—and for his daring in combining chiffons with winter-weight wool tweeds and gabardines, and combining pastels (like buttery yellow and pale pink) with darker fall colors (black and hunter green), in a single outfit. A yellow chiffon skirt with its pleats folded, origami style, into points at the hem stuck out from beneath a winter-green wool tweed princess coat, worn with lavender suède gloves.

With a similarly offbeat sense of color, John Galliano presented such outfits as a mauve knit top worn with brick-red culottes to the knee and a lettuce-green chiffon overskirt, and a brown suède cropped jumpsuit with pink stockings and green shoes. There were clothes that were one thing on one side, something else on the other, like a slate-blue double-breasted jacket that was half blazer, half poncho. The effect, over all, was arty.

Katharine Hamnett called her col-

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AMERICAN EXPRESS

lection "Pre-Raphaelites," and though the clothes—ankle-length velvet skirts, white blouses with ruffled jabots, lace-up knickers, brocade waistcoats, and three-quarter riding jackets nipped at the waist—looked nostalgic for a more gracious, less troubled time, they never lost sight of the present. In a press release, Hamnett provided a few words to serve as keys to the clothes, among them: "super heroines," "formality," "looks like a painting," "iconoclasm," and "funky cross dressing."

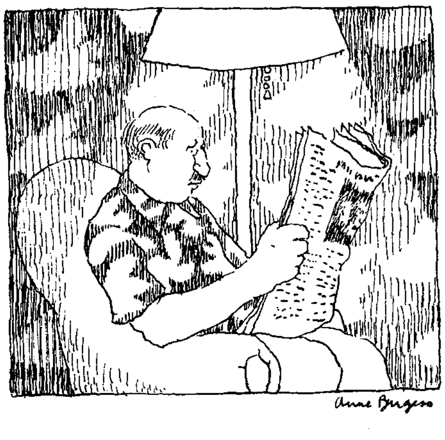
"Would you like a sandwich?" the man next to me asked, in a comradely spirit. "It's a fashion picnic." We were waiting for Vivienne Westwood's show to begin, standing shoulder to shoulder on the stairs to the photographers' platform at the back of the tent until a security guard came along and announced that everyone without a seat would have to leave. "This I've got to see," my neighbor said. We held our ground, as did our fellow-standees. The guard, thinking to appeal to our self-interest, told us that the stairs weren't strong enough to support the weight of so many people. We all backed up and squeezed ourselves onto the platform, which couldn't have been much stronger. The guard gave up.

Nobody misses Westwood's collection. Her clothes are not what most people would call wearable, but her ideas are so magnificently wacky that only a spoilsport would complain. What kind of mind puts a frothy white petticoat under a straight gabardine miniskirt with a tiny flap in front, so that the ruffles protrude, like a bumper? Or sends out a model in a fur headpiece like a barrister's wig? Or uses zippers at the back of the thigh and at the back of the calf to draw in the fullness on a pair of pants, and then, in a new twist on the old tie-the-shoelaces-together gag, adds a strap connecting the knees. (Westwood calls these "bondage trousers.") Nothing, however, could top the white tulle tutu, stiff and short, in the classical style, with a powder-blue leather bodice, strap-on leather sleeves, and a slatted leather overskirt. This is a costume waiting for a ballet to happen to it.

Murray Arbeid billed his show, at the Royal Opera House, in Covent Garden, as a "fashionscape," and that proved to be as good a name for it as any. Guests filed past some ninety display mannequins, arranged in small conversational groupings in the foyer, ascending the grand staircase, and poised here and there in the crush bar, while a harp quartet—in Arbeid dresses of black tulle with silver glitter stars—played Handel's "Arrival of the Queen of Sheba" on the landing. Upstairs, a liveried footman asked the guests their names and then declaimed them in a loud voice. The clothes themselves were meticulously cut, opulent but not extravagant. Apart from a small group of short cocktail dresses, the best of which, in black tweed, were models of elegant restraint, the entire collection was in a gala mood: there was a long gown with a black velvet bodice and an ombré chiffon skirt, passing from pale pink at the waist, through coral, to dark red at the hem, and a black silk-zibelline dress with velvet-and-rhinestone ivy trailing over the shoulder and down the back. Women who go in for quiet evenings at home will have to look elsewhere.

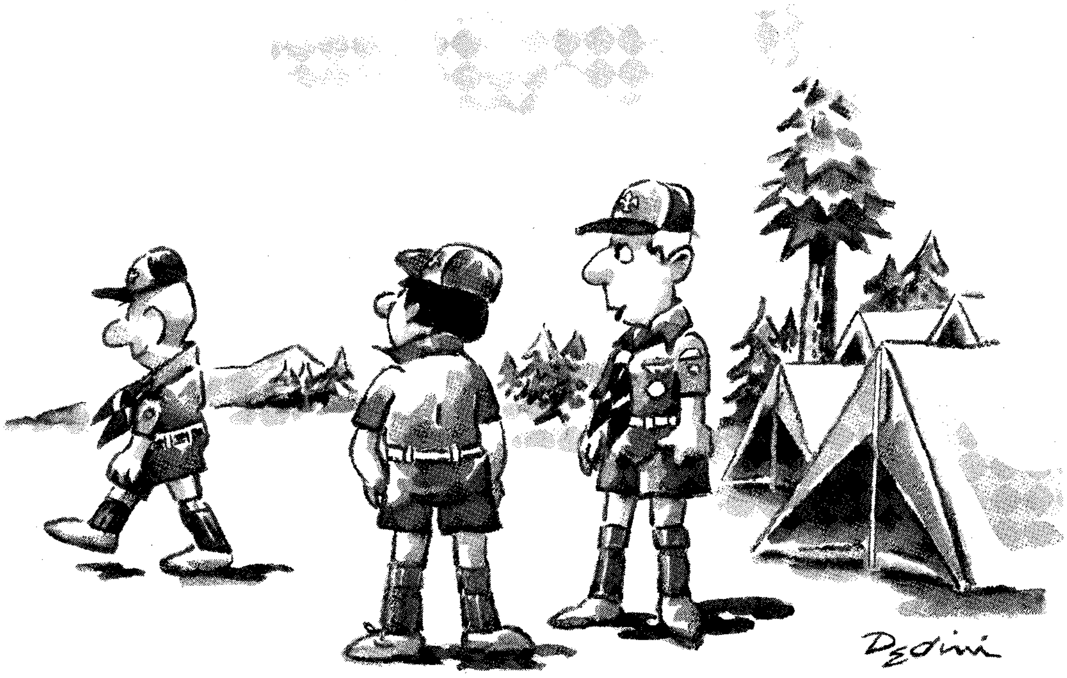
But not at Anouska Hempel, who showed her collection in her tiny, navy-blue-and-black store, at Pond Place. A steady diet in this style would be too rich for my blood, but, taken individually, Hempel's dresses are exquisitely becoming. (One of the prettiest, and simplest, was a long-sleeved tunic of deep-purple lace, with a scalloped edge, worn over a strapless sheath of purple changeable taffeta.) In this age of truth-in-advertising, when most clothes simply present a woman's body as is, Hempel has an old-fashioned knack for accentuating the positive.

On the final morning in London, David and Elizabeth Emanuel, who came to fame when they designed Princess Diana's wedding dress, unveiled their first line of ready-to-wear, titled "The Empire State Collection" and inspired by their American customers, whom they identify as the "ladies who lunch." But the woman suggested by these clothes seemed to me not an American but a caricature of an American, and a socially ambitious one at that. The cut was ladylike, but the colors were brash and sometimes vulgar: the jacket of a black suit, for instance, had a flared peplum, rhinestone buttons, and turquoise, purple, and fuchsia satin bows circling the neck. Every so often, an outfit would come along that was more subdued—a black wool dinner suit with a (fake) swakara collar, say—only to be displaced by more rhinestones and more fuchsia, or by red satin carnations and bright-gold lamé that looked like the foil used to wrap baked potatoes. No other designer showed an evening gown accessorized with a tiara.



Paris: No one, it seems, feels ambivalent about Christian Lacroix. He is the new litmus test for people in fashion. "What do you think of Lacroix?" they ask at first meeting. Those who aren't passionately for him are dead set against him. His advocates claim that he has single-handedly revitalized the haute couture; they talk in terms of "what he has done for fashion." And the fact is that fashion needs Lacroix—needs somebody new to bring along the next generation of couture customers, needs to line up an heir to the tradition of Vionnet, Dior, Balenciaga, Emanuel Ungaro, and Yves Saint Laurent. Lacroix's detractors dismiss his sudden success as media hype—the creation of Hebe Dorsey, the late fashion critic of the *International Herald Tribune*, and John Fairchild, the publisher of *Women's Wear Daily*. This season, on the opening day of the shows in Paris, Lacroix presented his first ready-to-wear collection at the Cour Carrée, and there was a lot riding on it. The tension in the air was palpable. Both sides were fervently hoping that Lacroix would prove them right, once and for all, and in the end both sides were claiming victory.

He led off aggressively with a group of mini-length Day-Glo trapeze coats, a throwback to the early sixties but in a late-sixties palette (glaring yellow, chartreuse, orange, and purple), worn with horseshoe-shaped sunglasses and leopard-spotted chéchias. Then, as if to keep his options open, came a coat of the same style in gray chalk-striped wool and a group of suits in subdued shades of brown and caramel, soon followed by an orange Mongolian coat over pants in a psychedelic print—back to the loud theme of the opening. There was a little of everything, and nearly all of it looked like guesswork. What is Lacroix ready-to-wear? A contradiction in terms? Like the clothes or not, one couldn't help appreciating the designer's predicament. The frippery that has come to be his trademark is expensive to execute and is better suited to the lives of the women who buy haute couture than to those of the women who buy ready-to-wear; the plays on ethnic and period details, the ironies and in-jokes are best appreciated by the few, not the many. If in the end Lacroix's publicity backfires on him, I think it will be because the expectations he created weren't too high but too specific.



"He's trustworthy, loyal, obedient, cheerful, and all that, but he leans to the left."

• •

A week later, he showed his "Luxe" collection, a smaller, more expensive line—intended as a middle ground between ready-to-wear and couture—in his showroom, on the Rue du Faubourg Saint-Honoré. The security guards stationed at the door were wearing lavender shirts and fuchsia ties. Inside, Lacroix offered clothes that were on a firmer footing than his ready-to-wear—clothes in which his signature was once again clearly legible, in orange-on-black rose-printed duchesse satin, in chenille tassels and fringe, in fur pom-poms, rooster feathers, and silk flowers, in velvet printed like an Oriental rug, in "batik"-printed satin, in wool printed with Provençal paisleys and stripes. In every outfit, there was some small surprise—some whimsical combination of fabrics or colors, some unusual detail that held the eye and delighted the mind. Lacroix is the postmodernist of fashion, combining various periods and styles, piecemeal, in a single dress, carrying the esthetic that has dominated architecture for the past fifteen years to its absurd extreme.

A friend reports what another designer remarked to her in Paris. If you're in a room full of women wearing Valentino and Givenchy, he said, and a woman walks in wearing Lacroix, you think, How refreshing! How charming! But, he went on, if you're in a room with thirty women, all of them in Lacroix, you want to run in the other direction. I suspect he's right. Lacroix's clothes are dependent on the rest of fashion as a context: without it they look cut off, in a world of their own, where excess is the norm and everyone talks in a loud voice at the same time.

Like many people, I savor the wit and the history that go into Lacroix's clothes. But, like many other people, I can't help wondering what all this says about these delirious times and the febrile state of our society, when women are dressing up like dolls, and I often find that the Lacroix dress that looked so fetching in the abstract, on the runway, looks a bit ridiculous plunked down in the middle of real life. Whether Lacroix thinks so, too, or whether he simply came to resent the style that is now synonymous with his name, I can't say. But in his costumes for American Ballet Theatre's new production of "Gaîté Parisienne" he parodied himself, sending up the reckless frivolity that made him famous. On the ballet's opening night, however, a black-tie gala at the Metropolitan Opera, the irony was confined to the stage. The gaudily dressed women in the audience were very much in earnest. Many of the atrocities, with their pouf skirts, fabric flowers, and bows, had been inspired by Lacroix, if not designed by him. This man has a lot to answer for. That night at the Met, the fashion police could have rolled the paddy wagon right up to the door.

Usually, I think it's a good sign when I'm trying to take notes during a collection and realize that the standard fashion vocabulary, for all its precision, is inadequate to describe the clothes. I have that experience often at Rei Kawakubo's shows, for Comme des Garçons. This season, I found myself at a loss for words in the face of many pieces, among them a jacket with holes through which the arms were extended, the sleeves flapping alongside, thereby giving the impression that the woman wearing it had four arms. The models wore babushkas, or jesters' crowns over scarves that hung lank, like a sheikh's headdress. In clothes like a white dirndl skirt with a black crochet panel across the front, Kawakubo's thematic material was folkloric, vaguely Cossack. Characteristically, she fractured a tailcoat and made use of the pieces—shortening the front, sometimes leaving just the shoulders, or salvaging only the satin collar and lapels

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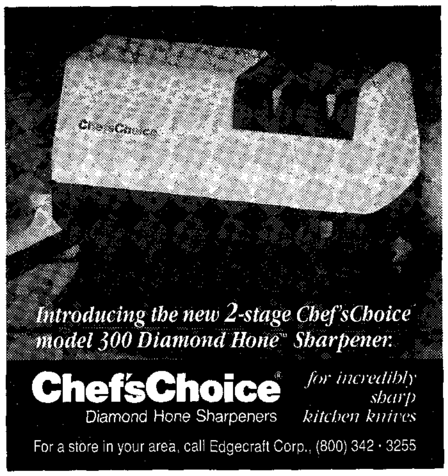
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for a “scarf.” This was one of Kawakubo’s best collections in recent memory, and, as always in her case, it isn’t the clothes themselves that I find so gratifying but the intellectual rigor that has gone into them.

It seems as if all my notes for Yohji Yamamoto’s show said “Black coat.” There were, of course, other pieces in his collection, and there were other colors, too—mostly navy but also mushroom brown, slate, lichen green, and a dark brick red—but there were several black coats. The best of them, in the shape that dominated the proceedings, was a three-quarter version, fitted to the waist and rounded like a bell over the hips, with an inverted-V-shaped slit from the hem to the waist in back. This was worn over straight skirts or over mid-calf culottes, occasionally with a wide wool stole buttoned up the front. Yamamoto is obsessed by shape, and the shapes made by these clothes have a romantic, slightly nostalgic air—they put me in mind of Christian Dior’s New Look suits. In a conversation a few days after his show, Yamamoto confirmed that the haute couture and its history are, in fact, on his mind these days: specifically, the question of how to achieve the fanciful shapes of the couture in its heyday without resorting to the same means—that is, without relying on boning and corsets. This being his passion, Yamamoto explained, he has no need for color. He is content to solve his equations in black; he keeps having to remind himself to use color, and he uses it, he said, as a gesture, a concession of sorts, to his customers.

Most people, when they think of Claude Montana, think—rightly—of surreal, space-age leather clothes with upholstered shoulders and menacing steel hardware. So his collection this season, which had an oddly poetic quality, was the more remarkable for its departure from the familiar. Organza blouses were draped over the breasts; leather jackets and coats were topped with a giant foldover cowl, from shoulder to shoulder (no pads); jackets were merrow-seamed and -edged, with matching stoles sewn into the shoulders or a scarf sash attached to the bottom to wrap and tie over the hips. The pants were perfect. With this collection, Montana has gone from designing clothes that had come to look like holdovers from the seventies to designing clothes that look as if they prefigured the nineties. So much for the eighties.

Thierry Mugler, that self-ordained high priest of baroque sexuality, outdid himself this season, in a collection that drew on Satanism, vampirism, S & M, bestiality, and other, less specific sources—all dark, some sick—for inspiration, with groups of clothes listed according to title in the program: “Week-end en Transylvanie,” “Tailleur Infernal,” “Psyche Vamp,” “Diablesse!,” “Méchante Châtelaine,” “Slash Dance.” The first model wore her hair curlicued into two little devil horns in front; there were red beanie caps with arrow tails trailing down the back, and black gloves with blood-red fingertips. The models entered through flame-shaped slits in an inferno-like backdrop—all this to snatches of the Sanctus from Mozart’s Requiem. Alas, the Halloween humor was missing from the clothes.

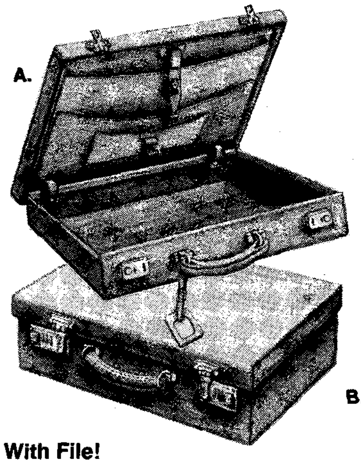
Mugler packaged his models in outfits that were skintight: a black suède “batgirl” jacket tapering in front to two sharp points, over black Lycra pants; a black vinyl dress with crescent-shaped slashes over the breasts; a red gown with a wide peekaboo slit at the small of the back. One model, having arrived at the end of the runway, opened her Velcro-fastened wool dress with a loud rip and, as if on cue, the audience burst into applause—the biggest ovation in the show—not for the suit she was wearing but for her breasts, thinly veiled with black chiffon. Among the women serving up Mugler’s clothes this season was Dianne Brill, the buxom young blonde routinely identified as the queen of the downtown club scene in New York. She inched along the runway thrusting her chest forward and looking enormously pleased with herself, like a Mae West for our time. But when Mae West did this routine she seemed amused by the men who fell for it; she certainly didn’t need their acceptance. This is a nuance that escapes Brill, who evidently finds it gratifying that her physical equipment is so pleasing to men. Designers like Emanuel Ungaro, Romeo Gigli, Ralph Lauren, Yves Saint Laurent, and Claude Montana play out their fantasies (some sexual, some not) in the clothes they design. Mugler's fantasy, however, is hollow and uninhabited: there's nobody home. Leaving aside the depravity and cruelty these clothes celebrate, what was discomfiting was the realization that Mugler was simply passing on some received notion of woman as sexual menace, turning it into a cartoon.

While the great majority of the designers in Paris show in the tents set up in the Cour Carrée of the Louvre, and those who don't show there present their collections somewhere nearby, Jean-Paul Gaultier shows his in the wrought-iron-and-glass Grande Halle de la Villette, formerly a cattle market, at Porte de Pantin, on the outskirts of Paris. Everyone complains about having to make the trip—in rush hour, no less—but no one stays away. Music by Curiosity Killed the Cat was playing on the sound system as the audience filed in. The crowd this season, as always, was standing room only, with Gaultier groupies, dressed in a real-life retrospective of his clothes from seasons past, hanging over the balcony railing in eager anticipation. Gaultier does not disappoint.

The energy seemed to emanate from the clothes themselves, which were full of ideas, rather than from the music or from the models, a different species from the ones who'd been parading the catwalk at the Louvre. These women came in assorted shapes and sizes, and looked relaxed. They simply walked—no poses, no pirouettes for the cameras, no aura of mystery or sophistication. The theme, to the extent that there was one, was schoolgirl clothing: private-school uniforms adapted for the streetwise—for a guttersnipe Gigi. Gaultier showed blazers with leotard bottoms (an idea he introduced last season), worn over Lycra tights and suède over-the-knee boots, or over acetate jersey stirrup pants; a long coat in a fabric he commissioned, woven to progress from thick and nubby at the shoulders to sheer, lightweight, and silky at the hem; pleated jumpsuits with a self-belt buckled in back, like a waistcoat's; an olive-green wool coat with a green guipure sailor collar; a jersey dress with a wide V neck to the waist, held in place by a leotard lining.

In the short space of a few years, Gaultier has gone from being a voice of dissent, prodding the fashion establishment, to being the voice in the wilderness, pointing the way. These clothes are with-it, and they made the clothes in the shows going on at the Louvre look without-it, uptight and lifeless by comparison. In this light, Karl Lagerfeld's collection, which had immediately preceded Gaultier's, seemed facile and perfunctory.

What Lagerfeld did for Chanel was better—sedate and wearable—and more in keeping with the basic tenets of Chanel's style than most of his recent collections. As is often the case at this house, some of the best clothes are by now so standard that they don't sound like much, but a navy-blue tweed double-breasted blazer, a black wool-damask suit, and black silk-crepe wide trousers with a satin stripe down the side were the finest of their kind. Bunches of silk violets—pinned on a lapel, at the throat of a blouse, even on a handbag—replaced the signature silk camellia. With every Chanel collection, I get the feeling that Lagerfeld is walking a line between his own style and Chanel's—between his penchant for the baroque and hers for modernism, between his celebrity and her legend, between his fashion wisecracks and her classicism. Sometimes, like a defiant child, he insists on his own side, as he did, disastrously, last season; this time, he kept to Chanel's side, venturing into his own territory only occasionally, for a velvet group embroidered, Bavarian style, with white edelweiss, or for little sight gags, such as earrings shaped like tiny white tote bags. Part of the problem, I think, is that Lagerfeld doesn't really trust his material—doesn't believe that Chanel's formula, which she devised in the teens and refined and perfected over the years, is as timely now as it has ever been. In interviews, he has said that the house of Chanel must not revere the past if it is to go forward, insisting that a collection too faithful to what Chanel herself designed would be "retro" today. Ironically, the most retro moment in Lagerfeld's collections—it comes every season—is when the house model, Inès de la Fressange, saunters down the runway (this time in black trousers and a black cable cardigan sweater) smoking a cigarette with an air of smug sophistication. Now, that is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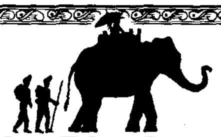
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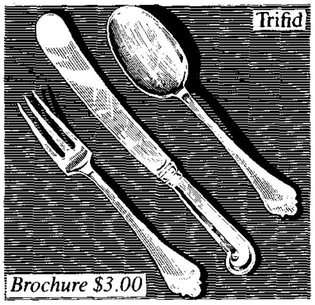

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a notion of glamour whose time is come and gone.

Emanuel Ungaro, who has been put across as the man who loves women, this season outfitted them in chemises rather than the scant hand-pleated, hand-draped dresses he's been specializing in. The cut was impeccable, but I have the same experience looking at Ungaro's clothes that I sometimes have watching Meryl Streep in a movie: admiring the display of technique, and thinking all the while, This is really good—but never getting caught up in it. All the customary elements of the Ungaro style—the ripe colors, the mixtures of prints, the lush velvets, the liquid silks—were there, spelled out in every possible combination. Yet, apart from two dresses that appeared toward the end—two strapless black columns that burst into full skirts below the knee, the two best evening gowns in Paris—the collection struck me as dull. The saving grace was the fact that Ungaro's ladies this season were a breed apart from the precious high-class tarts that he'd been glorifying lately, and I, for one, hailed their arrival—or, rather, I hailed the others' departure.

Yves Saint Laurent traditionally shows on the morning of the last day in Paris, and veterans look to him to "make sense" of the season—to give it some clear direction. Usually he does, though recently he had begun to seem in a slump. With this collection, however, he made an assured comeback. Whether or not he set out to put Lacroix in his place—and I doubt that —he was clearly refuting the rococo decoration that Lacroix is credited with ushering in. Saint Laurent's clothes were so uncluttered, and often in colors so quiet—a floor-length banana-colored wool cape and cashmere skirt, for instance, with a white satin French-cuffed blouse and a cocoa-brown suède belt—that the only thing left to marvel at was the cut, which was flawless, reminding us of the power of clothes that look effortless and inevitable.

As the audience for Patrick Kelly's collection began filing into La Cigale, a music hall near the Place Pigalle, Kelly himself, in a painter's cap and overalls, was adding the finishing touches to the set, spray-painting a red heart on the backdrop. A young American from Mississippi, Kelly has been designing in Paris for several years

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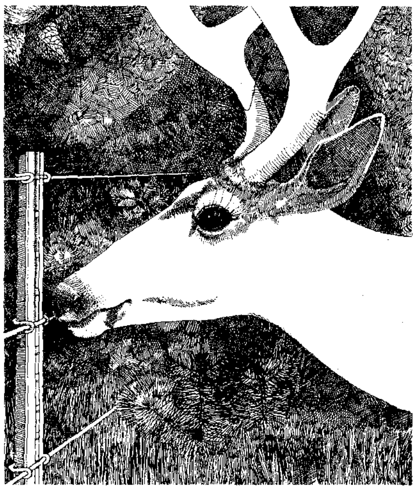

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now, but this was his first fall collection with a backer (an American company called Warnaco) and the first that didn't look like an exercise in dressing on a shoestring. The style, however, was the same—close to the body, young, cheerful, with lots of color. This season, in addition to the bright-colored buttons, sewn all over, that have become his trademark, Kelly festooned his stretch minidresses with plastic hearts, taffeta bows, and plastic billiard balls in rack formation. I liked his zip-front strapless wool tweed dresses, worn over a turtleneck or alone, and his zippered wool check suits, which looked like what Chanel might have worn if she'd run off with a motorcycle gang. Kelly has managed to establish himself as an American in Paris, but in the manner of Randolph Scott, who in the movie "Roberta" charmed the world of the haute couture by keeping up his end of the conversation with expressions like "Aw, shucks" and "Gee, that's swell." With his grin from ear to ear, his Teddy-bear props, and his heart-shaped invitation depicting a candy box ("From Patrick Kelly with love"), Kelly is so chipper and corny—and, what's worse, so *sincere*—that he makes you want to smack him. Where Ungaro's women seem to possess the wisdom of experience, Kelly's might have acquired their outlook on life from greeting cards.

NEW YORK: The brutal economics of the garment industry have lately been such that young designers are finding it harder than ever to get a new business off the ground. Consequently, American fashion is still in the hands of the generation that emerged in the nineteen-seventies—designers now in their forties. No one is hard on their heels—from a business point of view—though there are young designers with promise.

Patricia Clyne this season showed more of the intelligently tailored clothes on which she has been quietly building a solid reputation. Her pleated "Garbo trouser" in raisin wool gabardine and her charcoal wool jersey zip-front tailored jumpsuit looked dapper and feminine, and her color sense is delightfully offbeat (a Black Watch plaid scarf with a persimmon wool melton jacket), but I can't for the life of me figure out why a designer clever enough to engineer these clothes can't camouflage the dangling metal pull on so-called invisible zippers. (Neither could Ralph Lauren or Marc Jacobs.)

Poor Audrey Hepburn cannot be held responsible for all the clothes that designers say she has inspired, particularly when the resemblance is as remote as it was at Carmelo Pomodoro. Apart from the head scarves the models wore, wrapped at the neck, with *everything*, the clothes seemed to me no more in her style than in the style of any number of other popular heroines, and, indeed, the program listed one number as the "Jackie O. jacket." Pomodoro is talented, I believe, but his ideas this season got diluted, in a collection that was too large and too diffuse.

This was Isaac Mizrahi's first show but his third collection (lines for resort and spring had been sold to stores), and already he's being talked about—deservedly—as one of the most important American designers. At only twenty-six, he has a distinctive voice, and with a distinctly American accent. In his clothes are overtones of Claire McCardell, Norman Norell, Geoffrey Beene, Perry Ellis—his idols. The lines were unpretentious (he likes the adjective "humble"), the fabrics were luxurious but not ostentatious, the palette was exuberant. Among the good ideas were, to name only a few, a black alpaca blanket coat, for day, reversing to black satin, for evening; a zip-front, high-neck cyclamen-pink wool-flannel bolero over a sleeveless cinnamon wool-barathea jumpsuit and a watermelon-pink wool jersey turtleneck; a double-layer chiffon baby-doll dress, brown lined in black, that was suspended from silk cord drawstring straps; and black silk-and-cotton ottoman evening pajamas cut full, like a ballgown, with a black satin sash, and worn with a black scoop-neck stretch wool-crêpe pullover. In a conversation not long after the show, I told Mizrahi that I was struck by how American the clothes looked. He said that, like most Americans, he is impressed by what he calls Europe's "antiquity," but, unlike many Americans, he is not enamored of European style. "I admire Europe the way I admire the things I see in a museum," he explained.

Marc Jacobs, who, at twenty-five, has already been in and out of and back in business, presented a collection that was concise and charming in its conception—a low-key conglomeration of American folk motifs, acid colors, and stretch fabrics. The trousers were

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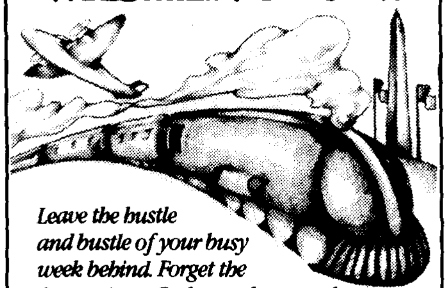

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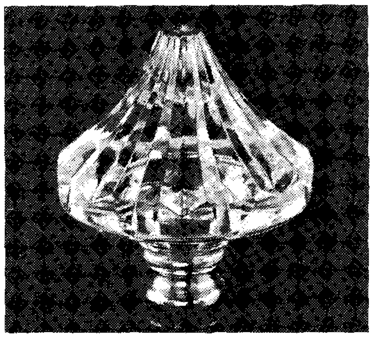

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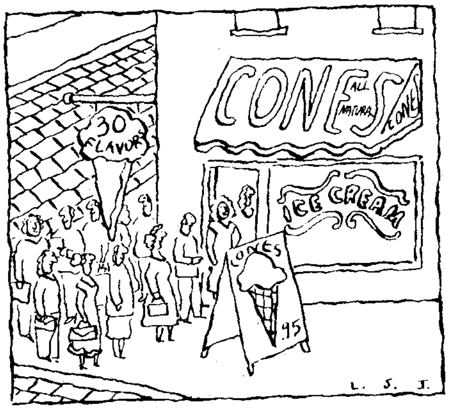
cropped at mid-calf. The sweaters were outstanding: a big, full fisherman-knit turtleneck, scattered with pom-poms; a psychedelic Fair Isle, in bright colors on a black ground. But the centerpiece was a chartreuse jacket decorated with houndstooth-checked appliqués in a Pennsylvania Dutch motif. My respect for this jacket—my respect, alas, for Jacobs himself—was diminished by the fact that the design bears an acute (and unacknowledged) resemblance, practically line for line, to a 1947 jacket appliquéd in a Pennsylvania Dutch motif in gingham, by the great Hollywood couturier Adrian.

Giorgio di Sant'Angelo prefaced his collection for fall with an epigraph by Diana Vreeland, the last line of which is "Retrospective fashion has no optimism." If that's true—and I believe it is—then Sant'Angelo is an optimist indeed, working lovely, lyrical variations on dance and exercise clothing. (This season's timeliest version of a tuxedo was his scoop-neck unitard—"unibody," he calls it—in black stretch silk-and-wool jersey, with black stretch-velvet stripes down the sides.) The fabrics he uses have more in common with the haute couture than with workout suits and leotards: stretch wool, stretch lace, stretch textured silk, stretch silk crêpe, stretch silk velvet, and—introduced this season—stretch silk gauze, as well as silk moiré, wool bouclé, lamé tapestry. Generally speaking, Sant'Angelo's look is based on stretch, and, as stretch dressing goes, an outfit like his turtleneck sweater dress over a chiffon side-slit skirt and knit pants, topped with a big shirt and a chiffon stole—all in deep gray—is among the best to be found. Where many other designers use stretch fabrics as mere sausage casing, Sant'Angelo has figured out how to drape and layer them, softening their impact, making them flow.

Calvin Klein, whose style has been called minimalist, this season presented clothes so simple that they practically disappeared into nothingness. Perhaps, I thought, he was out to contest the maximalism that has set in at the hands of Lacroix and his followers. Or to take up the mantle of Mainbocher, the American couturier who was practicing minimalism back in the days when it was called modesty and discretion—before it travelled under the banner of a movement in art. At any rate, it was refreshing to see someone err, as Klein did from time to time in this collection, on the side of understatement. The opening passage, a group of bright-colored oversized cashmere tunics with narrow knit pants to match, was one of the best, if not the most inventive; this was Klein appropriating the way American women have been dressing for leisure—in an extra-large T-shirt and tights—and legitimizing it. For evening there were spare-looking dresses in silk marocain—Empire-waisted, cut in panels.

Ralph Lauren showed a collection so concise and to the point that not a single piece seemed ill-conceived or out of place. The point, of course, is the thoroughbred style, as it's glorified in Lauren's ads depicting noble-looking men and women caught in the act of living well. This season, Lauren offered his followers a camel-hair topper over a charcoal cashmere turtleneck and matching flannel pants, with a camel vest, or a black-and-white houndstooth topper over a red turtleneck and charcoal pants. No new ground broken here, but, in a nice, unexpected twist, the pants were snug, like leggings. For evening, Lauren showed jewel-colored satin jackets with trousers that were fuller cut and flowing, in charcoal-gray cashmere knit, for those going out of their way to prove that it's better to be underdressed.

Every so often, someone (usually a man) resurrects the notion that women make lousy fashion designers, because they design "subjectively," according to what they themselves can wear, rather than "objectively"—as if men designed for all women, as if, for that matter, the mark of a good designer were mass appeal. What this theory discounts is experience. Most women learn more about clothes and the way they're cut simply by wearing them than most men do by scrutinizing women in them, and Norma Kamali knows more than most women about what becomes the female body. This season, rather than stage a show, she chose to present her collection informally, to small groups of buyers and members of the press in a room on the top floor of her shop, on West Fifty-sixth Street, and, along with a guided tour of the clothes, she gave us her thinking behind them. After short skirts, she believes, our eyes are ready for some new, longer proportion. For fall, she offers a long, thin skirt with a high kick pleat in the back, and shows it in checked and solid wool gabardine and flannels or in black velvet. She also, mercifully, offered a classic bias-cut V-front slip gown, as an alternative to stretch clothing. "Stretch is a part of our lives," she said matter-of-factly, "but it will never replace the bias cut." Amen.



Donna Karan's clothes are, to my mind, an acquired taste. "Bodyblouses" (with a leotard bottom) and draped jersey skirts in solid colors, worn with jersey turbans and big gold jewelry by Robert Lee Morris—these are the perennial elements of her style, and the image they create is simple, modern, long and lean, sexy, and aggressive. This season, the news resided primarily in the jackets—soft cardigans, like sweaters, in wool-and-mohair bouclé, in shades of wine, loden, and black, many of them cut off-the-shoulder and worn over turtleneck bodysuits or over nothing. Just as male designers realize their fantasies in their clothes, Karan gives us hers: the woman who, according to the ad campaign, has everything—a limousine to whisk her off to the airport, an important job (there's a Filofax on the seat beside her), and a baby.

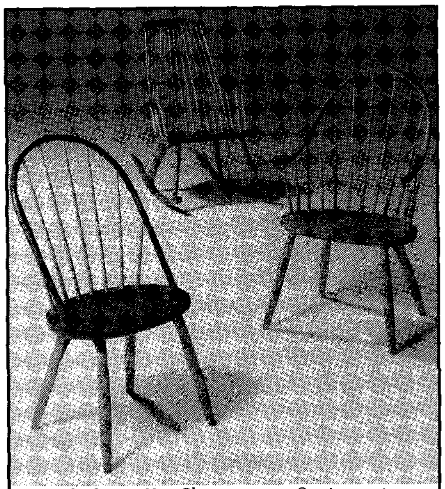
Geoffrey Beene's show is to New York what Saint Laurent's is to Paris and Armani's is to Milan: it falls late in the week of collections, and always it comes as a relief, because it puts everyone else into perspective. Like Saint Laurent and Armani, Beene is a true designer, beguiled by the possibilities inherent in different kinds of fabrics, in the shape and color and line of clothes. This season, one of his chief preoccupations was with the line of a jacket, waist-length in front and cut fuller and dipping longer in back, which he played out in a variety of outfits for day, including a brown suède sweater scallop-edged in black over a black dress scalloped at the hem, and carried on into evening in a black guipure jacket over black crêpe pants and a black Chantilly-lace blouse. There was a long silk-crêpe dress predicated on a single seam. Whether or not these are clothes that suit your taste, it's a pleasure to watch Beene go about his research.

Stephen Sprouse, the young designer who came to light in Andy Warhol's shadow, presented his collection in his showroom, a big black-lit silver loft on Union Square, with all the shades pulled down. Still at a tender age, he's been in and out of and back in business, like Jacobs. The clothes he showed this season were schizophrenic, bringing Lacroix back to mind. Sprouse is in a similar predicament, with an image that is proving to be a dead end in itself. Resuscitating the sixties is fun, but where does one go from there? The seventies? Ugh—not just yet, please. In the meantime, while popular fascination still lingers over go-go boots, Pop Art, and lava lamps, Sprouse is in the unenviable position of having to choose between repeating himself and striking out in some new, not completely unrelated direction. In this collection he tried to do both. The keynote, tying it all together, was Day-Glo chartreuse—chartreuse invitations, chartreuse hooded jerseys with beige suits, chartreuse streaks in the models' hair. There were suits that, if you took away the teased hair and the heavy-handed eye makeup (blue shadow for the women, black liner for the men), the music (by Debbie Harry, Prince, Big Black, and Zodiac Mind Warp), and the presentation (the models' expressions, sullen elsewhere, were downright hostile here), could have been designed by anyone. And then there were skimpy neon-bright bandeaux, worn with matching georgette tops, cropped just short of the midriff, and hip-hugging microminiskirts—which could have been designed by no one else.

People who find American fashion inferior to its European counterparts often complain that it's lacking in any style of its own—that America is a melting pot in which local designers simply reinterpret ideas from all over the world. (Yves Saint Laurent could retire and live off the interest on the debt that Oscar de la Renta owes him.) According to this view, the best that can be said about American clothes is that they're "wearable," which is often a backhanded compliment, a euphemism for "dull" or "uninventive." Fashion's success or failure here is inevitably measured by sales figures: a dress that doesn't sell isn't taken seriously. This season, anyone looking for evidence to support this dim view will surely find it. Some of the best clothes in New York are the least sensational and, in the cases of Bill Blass and Carolyne Roehm, the most international in flavor, because their customers are American women whose frame of reference extends to Europe. Blass presented a collection that was solid throughout, punctuating evening clothes with tailored daytime pieces. Roehm showed tunnel-collared coats, streamlined suits, and chemises that looked very trig.

SOMETIMES the show is in the audience. The regular members of the fashion pack are well versed in the science of self-presentation, and the lengths to which they go are often amusing, sometimes instructive. The man at one London show wearing a black serape edged in red and yellow braid and a big black hat piled with plastic fruit provided a welcome diversion as we waited outside in the drizzling rain. The people in the small town where I come from would have said that the woman wearing black sheer stockings seamed up the front, at Romeo Gigli, didn't know whether she was coming or going. Anna Piaggi, a fashion columnist and a longtime fixture on the Italian fashion scene, furnished her colleagues with a veritable miniseries, turning up each day in some new getup, such as (to cite only one) a Chanel No. 5 T-shirt; gray gabardine trousers; a fur-collared coat in moss-green wool gathered and draped like an Austrian window shade; a furry black hat trimmed with feathers and a rust grosgrain band; a needlepoint bag; a walking stick; and fuchsia lipstick. It occurred to me that Lacroix has simply institutionalized what Piaggi has been doing for years.

If it's true that people who work in fashion live a step or two ahead of the rest of us, then what the fashion folks are wearing is often a good barometer of what the rest of us will want next. In the audience for the fall collections, Chanel bags and black opaque stockings were still ubiquitous. The new style in glasses, among the pros, is an



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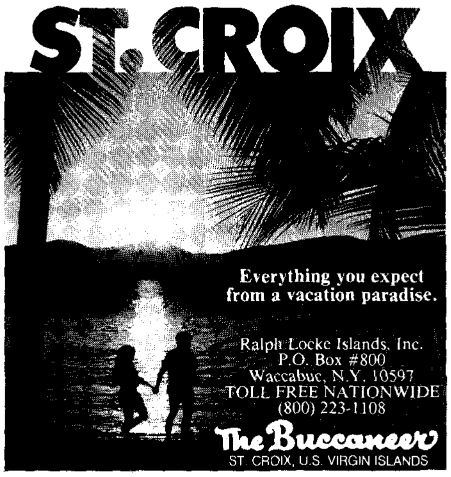

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ovoid version of the classic Ben Franklins. (There were similar glasses, octagonal in shape, on the models at Lacroix's Luxe collection, inspiring recollections of life before contact lenses, when a nearsighted woman had no choice but to wear her spectacles with her mauve moiré cocktail dress, and a man, in an amorous moment, might take them off and say, "You know, Miss So-and-So, you have beautiful eyes.")

Some designers attended others' collections, in tribute or out of curiosity. There was Azzedine Alaïa at Romeo Gigli, and Gigli and Alaïa at Versace (what I would have given to know what was going through Gigli's mind as he sat, arms folded, stone-faced, watching Versace's spike-heeled Amazons stalk the catwalk); Gigli and Yohji Yamamoto at Rei Kawakubo's show; Kawakubo at Yamamoto. Yamamoto and Kawakubo turned out for Gaultier and, along with Issey Miyake and Sonia Rykiel, for Lacroix; Lacroix turned out for Genny, designed by Versace. Rykiel came, as always, to see what Saint Laurent had wrought. Bruce Oldfield and Zandra Rhodes were at Murray Arbeid's reception.

The No. 1 hit song of the fall, 1988, collections was George Michael's "Father Figure," with Michael Jackson's "The Way You Make Me Feel" a close second. "Need You Tonight," by INXS, Sting's "Englishman in New York," Terence Trent D'Arby's "If You Let Me Stay," Bryan Ferry's "Kiss and Tell," and Natalie Cole's cover of Bruce Springsteen's "Pink Cadillac" were all running themes. It was a big year for Mozart and the Gipsy Kings.

There were, perversely, songs that disparaged fashion in their lyrics. "My baby don't care for clothes," Nina Simone sang, time and again, like a broken record, in every city on the circuit. The lyrics of "Father Figure" took on new meaning at Versace, where the sugar-daddy theme was reprised when the Pet Shop Boys sang, "I love you. You pay my rent." At Ungaro, in what could serve as the designer's theme song, Leon Redbone crooned, "I wanta be seduced."

Here are some bad ideas presented this season which should not go unrecorded: At Ungaro, black-and-white printed silk chemises, gathered into a bow at the side of the thigh—creating a shape that looks dreadful in profile. At Romeo Gigli, a one-shoulder black chiffon dress over a black turtleneck sweater. At Krizia, pink powder-puff skirts—above-the-knee poufs covered in downy feathers. At Chanel, lace sleeves on a wool plaid jacket. At Versace, one-shoulder turtleneck jerseys, worn *over* blazers.

As always, the accessories were a source of amusement. The models carried off hats like upside-down leather flowerpots (at Givenchy) or like stacks of three oval Shaker boxes (at Yves Saint Laurent) with deadpan aplomb. At Sonia Rykiel, fur-collared tweed suits came with matching bags on little trolleys, which the models pulled behind them on leashes as they walked. At Gaultier, there were gardening gloves dyed to harmonize with the clothes, and a round, pleated handbag with a strap on top, like a concertina. Isaac Mizrahi showed his outfits, even the evening styles, with gum-soled suède desert boots.

The best hairdos were at Angel Estrada, where Orlando Rafael had heaped synthetic braids and falls, in ash blond, red, brunette, and black, all together on top of the models' heads; at Claude Montana, where Romain, of Patrick Alès, had twisted the models' hair into a high curlicue, like a Tastee-Freez; and at Gaultier, where Jean-Louis David had wired the models' pigtails to look as if they were flying in all directions.

From what I can make out, fashion these days divides fairly neatly into two schools of thought. One is led by proponents of the idea that a woman ought to look pretty, the other by proponents of the idea that a woman isn't obliged to—including a handful of extremists who seem to believe that looking pretty is a crime. The designers of the first category uphold the status quo. Granted, they seem to say, the world is in an awful mess, but clothing is not the medium in which to take on such problems as the homeless, AIDS, child abuse, nuclear weapons, and the Middle East crisis. Fashion is powerless to change these matters, so let's just go on making pretty suits to wear for eating lunch at a French restaurant where the walls are painted some flattering shade of pink, making dresses to wear to fancy parties where people can dance and forget themselves for the space of an evening. These are the sybarites,

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and fashion is for them one of life's small, sustaining pleasures. The other school takes a moral tone, on the ground that it is shameful to cloak oneself in extravagance, given what's going on in the world. It is sometimes assumed that designers of clothes that look "poor"—that look either second-hand or ascetic—are reproaching the rest of us for buying expensive clothes when we ought to be donating our money to a worthy cause instead, but I don't think that's their intent. The point they make is simply that fashion ought to acknowledge the problems around us, and that by wearing clothes that don't suggest that all's right with the world people with a conscience can voice their awareness that something is drastically wrong.

It seems to me easy to see both sides of this—and to see how the one camp has come to regard the other as callous and escapist, to see how the other has come to regard the one as self-righteous and high-handed. In theory, I don't subscribe to either; in practice I respond to both. Clothes themselves—their innate beauty, the qualities they bring out in the woman who wears them, their ability to heighten our sense of the moment at hand—argue their own case more persuasively than any logic. The eye is the final judge.

This season marked a shift. Designers began to advocate the plain and simple, and after the Dionysian frenzy of the past few seasons the plain and simple came as a relief. Some fashion-watchers claim that this is the Lacroix backlash setting in, but I wouldn't take it personally if I were he. Having arrived at one extreme, we long for the other. Some of the best collections for fall were the most astringent. Our appetite for flowers, poufs, and furbelows is sated for the time being. There were, of course, those designers who persisted in piling on the effects, but, generally speaking, they seemed to have reached the point of diminishing returns. This season, the fancier the dress, the slighter the impact. The tide has turned again. Now more is less.

—HOLLY BRUBACH

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Anne-Sophie Mutter, the lovely young violinist, knocked them dead in Carnegie Hall the other night performing Mozart's 4th Piano Concerto in D Major with the Buffalo Philharmonic.—*The Post.*

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REFLECTIONS

HOW THE LAND LAY

I GOT to know "Up from Slavery" when I was a child, in Trinidad. My father read me a story from the book, and I believe I then read more of the book on my own. My father, born poor and, in spite of his ambition, always poor, liked stories of self-help and of men rising from poverty. He suffered in Trinidad, and I would have known that "Up from Slavery" had racial implications and could be related to the way things were on our own island. But I was too young to do anything with that kind of information. I received the Booker T. Washington story my father read me almost as a fairy story, and in the part of my consciousness where it lodged it was stripped both of race and of historical time.

Within the larger story of a man rising and making good, the story in question was the story of a test. The young boy, alone and just starting out in the world, had been asked to make a bed. (This was the way the story lived in my consciousness.) And what was at stake, what depended on the correct making of the bed, was the young boy's entire future.

It was hard to forget that story (and every time I made a bed it hovered in my consciousness): the fairy-tale test, the doing of a seemingly trivial or irrelevant thing supremely well. Like the story of a temptation of an honor-bound knight or a saint who had made a vow. Like magical tests in other fairy stories: picking up the grains of rice, guessing the name of the dwarf, spinning straw into gold.

But the story I carried in my consciousness was wrong in one detail. The ragged boy, born a slave, who had walked many days and nights to a particular school in order to be educated there, had been asked first of all not to make a bed but to sweep a room. The boy had swept the room three times. The woman who set the test hadn't then simply said, "All right. You pass." She had run her fingers over the walls and floor to check. The boy had judged rightly after all. He had done the deceptively simple task very well, and in this way he had won over yet another potential tormentor, and turned her into an ally on his magical journey.

There was a reason that, in my memory, the story had changed from sweeping a room to making a bed. Beds were important to the slave boy. In the one-room slave cabin, also the farm cookhouse, where he lived with his mother, the boy had slept in rags on the earth floor, and when he was first presented with a made-up bed he didn't know how to use it. He didn't know whether to sleep on both sheets or between them or below them. (I would have been sympathetic to that predicament, having at the age of eighteen moved to temperate England from tropical Trinidad, where we made beds in our own way: one sheet spread on the bed, another sheet or a blanket folded, to be used as a loose cover during the night if it was needed. I might even have transferred an early personal embarrassment to my memory of the book.) And in the school he later established, at Tuskegee, in Alabama, for people who, like him, were not far out of slavery, Booker T. Washington was concerned to teach his students how to use beds, and concerned in a more general way to teach good domestic manners as he had grown to understand them.

A moving story, and a fabulous one: the boy who had slept on the floor of a slave cabin became one of the most famous Americans of his day, dined with the President, and never ceased to serve the cause of his people. It is easy to see how "Up from Slavery" could have worked on a self-made man like Andrew Carnegie and drawn great sums of money from him for the school at Tuskegee.

At the same time, the very fabulousness of the Booker T. Washington story had made it seem separate from the grimmer aspects of the Southern or American racial issue which people wrote about in books and newspapers. What had the great fame of the man served? What had happened to the great achievement? And so the book had receded, leaving only a memory of the bed-making test (which in my mind ran together with the story of the middle-aged Tolstoy, in a peasant phase, wishing to make his own bed). And then its very title had been undermined by the William F. Buckley parody title, "Up from Liberalism."

It was only recently that a friend of mine who lives in Harlem—and was educated at Tuskegee University—began to give me some idea of the grandeur and complexity (and anguish) of Booker T. Washington, began to give racial attributes to the neutral fairy-tale figure (the slave boy's father might have been a white man), and fit him into historical time. When the school began, in 1881, as a simple trade school, black men had had the vote, and the school had been given some small subsidy by the State of Alabama. Twenty years later, when "Up from Slavery" was published, black men had been virtually disenfranchised in the South. It was against this background of increasing legal disabilities that Booker T. Washington had built up his school. What would have been hard enough in a time of stability had been made much harder with the walls of prejudice, segregation, and humiliation constantly shifting, and closing in. Booker T. Washington did what he did, my friend said, because he understood the way capitalist America worked; he knew how to present himself to that side of America. What was important to remember was that Booker T. Washington was a nineteenth-century American, a counterpart of the Carnegies and others whose wealth he tapped.

My friend's admiration for his university and its founder made some old black-and-white photographs that he showed me, in the two volumes of Louis R. Harlan's biography, especially moving: the stately photographs of Booker T. Washington; the formally dressed young blacks, men and women, doing domestic and agricultural work that, just a few years before, would have been slaves' work but was now (like their teacher's own room-sweeping test) a step to better things.

IT was to a special kind of romance, then, that I was travelling when I drove up across the plains of Georgia and through the extensive flat neon confusion of the camp-following military town of Columbus, Georgia—sex shows and pawnshops and fast-food restaurants—and into quiet, rural, seemingly left-behind Alabama. Tuskegee became a name on the billboards; became the name of a forest (speaking then of a pre-1830, pre-plantation, Indian past, giving another association to the unusual name); and then, at last, became the name of a town.

I was expecting a town like some of those on the way. This was smaller, shabbier: grimy garages, small grocery shops, small eating places, few of the great fast-food names—a place still poor, hardly the setting for the great man's success story. But then came the campus, and it was grander than anything I—and, I am sure, my father—had imagined. My father, reading self-help books in Trinidad, no doubt compared himself to poor boys who had become engineers and bridge-builders in industrial England; and though my father might have found aspects of his own story in the beginnings of Booker T. Washington, a man's possibilities depend on the possibilities of the place where he finds himself. There was nothing slavelike or Trinidad-like about Tuskegee—nothing to be excused. However little one had known about it, it was real, and it was achievement on the American scale: scores and scores of Georgian dark-red brick buildings set about on landscaped hilly grounds.

"You should understand," a very old woman who had spent almost all her working life at Tuskegee said to me some days later, "that until the nineteen-thirties Negroes in the United States simply did not have money."

Siren

• •

And the effect on me of the first sight of the campus must have been like its effect on people who had seen it in the days of segregation, when it would have represented one of the few ways forward for a black person, and when to people who had little it would have appeared dreamlike.

My friend had booked me into the university guesthouse. It was called Dorothy Hall. It had been built, in 1901, as an industrial school for girls, and was almost at the center of the campus now, across the road from the big bronze statue of Booker T. Washington lifting the veil of ignorance from his people. It was a famous statue, the subject of Tuskegee postcards. I half knew it, but was nonetheless surprised by it. The sculptor had made concrete what was really only a turn of phrase, a metaphor. Booker T. Washington, in a three-piece suit, was shown literally lifting a sheet off a crouching muscular young black who had an old-fashioned folio book on his knees: figures and properties so unexpected when taken together that they made one wonder how long the muscular black fellow, naked except for the sheet being pulled off him, had been hiding with his big book below the sheet, and why he had stayed there, and why he had needed Booker T. Washington to display him like a conjurer.

But a black man I had spoken to a few weeks before had found the statue very affecting when he was taken to Tuskegee as a schoolboy. "Perhaps you have to be black," he had said. And I was willing, at that moment of arrival, to see with his eyes of forty or so years before.

Still, there it was, rhetorical and a little nagging, ever so slightly working against the romance. "I will let no man drag me down so low as to make me hate him." The engraved words of another age, the philosophy of helplessness—as were these other words, also engraved on the statue: "We shall prosper in proportion as we learn to dignify and glorify labor and put brains and skill into the common occupations of life." The philosophy of a man working against the odds, combining uplift with a wish not to offend. Yet it had resulted in a great achievement.

I turned away from the statue and went to the entrance of Dorothy Hall. I saw that the windows were unrepaired and needed painting. The frame of a screen on one upper window was hanging loose. The beautiful dark-red brick of the old building was in need of repointing. These were bricks that the early students of Tuskegee had made with their own hands, after three heartbreaking failures with kilns.

The building faced west. It was late afternoon and very hot. I asked whether there was an elevator, to take me and my luggage to the upper floor. I was told that the building was old and

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the elevator no longer worked. I needed three trips to get my luggage up the hot stairs and through the very hot upstairs hall to my room. The colors in the hot panelled hall upstairs were like the colors of a gentlemen's club. There was an oil portrait of a white military man, and on the landing wall there was a photograph of Teddy Roosevelt. Dorothy Hall had been built in 1901; "Up from Slavery" had been published in 1901; and in that year Booker T. Washington had dined with Teddy Roosevelt at the White House. Old history, old dignities, old battles. And I was later told that many famous Americans had stayed at one time or another at Dorothy Hall.

I eventually found out where the elevator was. The person who showed me was one of the oldest men on the campus—a former musician. He had come to Tuskegee as a boy of fourteen in 1913, when Booker T. Washington was still alive, and he had taken part in the funeral procession of Booker T. Washington in 1915. This man was famous locally, and many people thought I should meet him. He sent word that he was going to come to see me at Dorothy Hall on a certain day at twelve o'clock, and he was there absolutely at the time he had given. He was proud of being on time. It was part of the Booker T. Washington tradition, he said. And his stories—he started on them immediately—were of that old, romantic time.

"It was like Heaven when I got here in 1913. I'd never seen anything like it. I ran away from home and arrived here with a dollar and a half in my pocket. But Booker T. Washington didn't turn anybody away from this school."

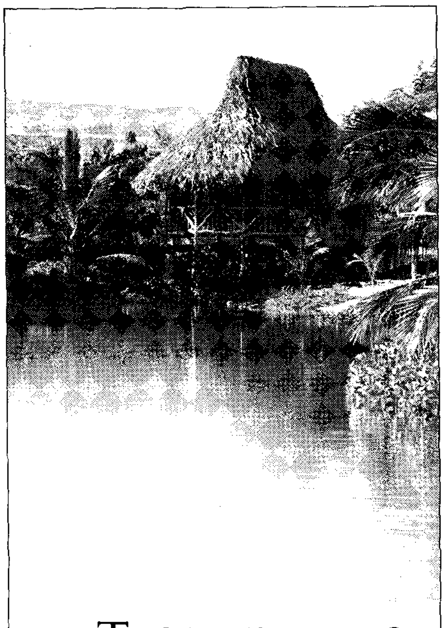
The old musician dressed artistically: pink shirt, blue tie, light-green checked jacket. He was tall and straight and proud, at eighty-eight, of the erectness of his carriage. That was another part of the Booker T. Washington training: clean clothes, erect posture, firm strides—no old-time shambling. That was the way Booker T. Washington wanted it. Everything had to be just so; everything had to be clean. Every day, Booker T. Washington walked around the campus dictating notes to a secretary about things that were wrong.

The old musician came from Anniston, a small town about a hundred and fifty miles north of Tuskegee. "My father was a common laborer. My mother's family looked like white people and had some education." He opened his pink shirt to show the pale color of his skin. "Many white people up there referred to my mother's family as cousins. I came here with just my trousers and bag, and no schooling. An old slave here, a Mr. Baker, he told me that if the people caught a slave learning how to write they would saw this off"—he wiggled his right thumb—"because if the slave could write he could write himself a pass to get off the plantation. Slaves weren't allowed to leave their plantation without permission. That was what Mr. Baker saw as a young man.

"All that my father could teach me, as his oldest child—there was nothing wrong with it, but it didn't go far enough. This was what he taught me: Don't talk back to old people. Don't be sassy. Stay out of bad company. And help Papa take care of the family. All that was good, but it didn't go far enough. My mother's brother went to Talladega College. White people started that—the American Missionary Association, organized by white people to start schools in the South for freedmen. Tuskegee was different. After emancipation, we could vote here. Black people. Some local politician wanted our vote, and someone told him, 'If you could help us get a school, I think I can get all the colored people to vote for you.' So people in this county voted for this white man, and the state gave two thousand dollars to start this school.

"Up there in Anniston, I paid a schoolteacher fifty cents a month to teach me reading and writing and arithmetic. Professor Moses had his school on the west side of Anniston. Professor Carmichael had his school on the south side. I lived on the south side. My dad didn't know it, though—that I was paying fifty cents a month to Professor Carmichael. I was shining shoes. My father used to empty the coal out of the railroad train. Four o'clock in the morning. A dollar a day.

"When I came here and saw all these buildings, and the dining hall and the tablecloths, fourteen students to a table, girls on one side, boys on the other, it was like Heaven—I'd never seen anything like it. The old chapel! We had grown people coming here.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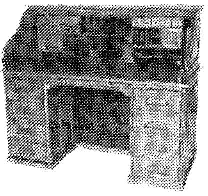

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They would walk here, wanting to learn how to read and write. Booker T. would get jobs for these old people, jobs from white people in the town, to work in the day, so that they could study at night and pay their board."

He loved the past, this dandified, good-natured man of eighty-eight. He was energetic and full of enthusiasm; he still drove his car. He drove me to see the site of the very first schoolhouse. "You mean no one has taken you to see that yet?" And then he was determined to get me back to Dorothy Hall at the time he had said. It was when we got back that he showed me the little elevator there, and told me its story.

Henry Ford had come to Tuskegee in 1941, when the George Washington Carver Museum was opened. Carver, the Tuskegee agricultural scientist, was then perhaps eighty. Henry Ford had been so shocked to see the old man tottering up the Dorothy Hall staircase that he then and there made an offer of an elevator. Now the elevator was out of order and out of sight, and the musician, older now than Carver was in 1941, had to climb the difficult stairs.

THAT mention of George Washington Carver dislodged old memories—memories akin to those I had of the Booker T. Washington bed-making test. Most of the teachers at the elementary school I went to in Trinidad were black. They were quiet people in the main—only one or two fierce with the whip—and at a time when the world offered them little they had their quiet ways of making racial gestures. A class question might go like this: Who is the world's greatest cricketer? If you said Bradman, the Australian, that might be wrong. A better answer, perhaps even the correct one, would have been Headley, the black Jamaican, or Constantine, the black Trinidadian.

The name of George Washington Carver was associated in my mind with that elementary school, and the subterranean racial pride of the black teachers. I remember a little film that must have been shown one day during class hours: a frightened black family in a hut, white horsemen outside. I wasn't sure what the story was, and the memory of the film is faint. With this film there was a lesson about George Washington Carver, a black scientific genius, who had done wonderful

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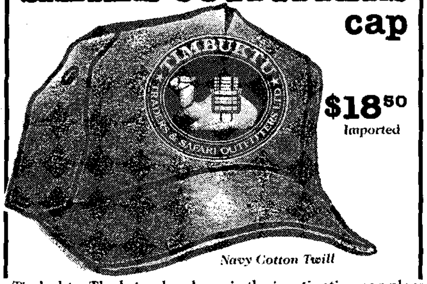

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things with the common peanut, finding uses for every part except the shell.

The wonderful things he did with the peanut I had taken on trust. But his inability to use the peanut shell had always interested me. Why—since bamboo pulp could be used for paper—hadn't the peanut shell been used for paper? The question was there every time I shelled a peanut. Just as the Booker T. Washington story was associated with the making of beds.

But, no doubt because of the path my studies had taken, I had never heard of George Washington Carver in the wider world. I had never heard of him outside that elementary school, and I had grown to feel not that he was a black fantasy figure but that he was someone whose achievements had been exaggerated by local pride, just as the Trinidad *Guardian* exaggerated the doings of local people in metropolitan places.

I had never associated George Washington Carver with Booker T. Washington and Tuskegee. And now there they both were, both real, in a wonderful physical setting, with a whole museum named after George Washington Carver. It was in 1941 that the museum had been opened; in 1941 that Henry Ford had come and made the offer of the elevator; and 1941 would almost certainly have been the year in which, in my elementary school in Trinidad, when I was eight or nine, I saw the frightening film (probably provided by the American consul) about the black family in a hut and the white horsemen outside.

All now became clear, as I read leaflets of the United States National Park Service, which had taken over both the Carver Museum and the Booker T. Washington house as historic sites. He was born a slave, this George, and he had belonged to a man called Carver. He was born in 1861, perhaps, during the Civil War, and he had been kidnapped, together with his mother, by people who kidnapped slaves in one state and sold them in another. George had been recovered from the kidnappers and returned to the Carvers, but George's mother was never found. George had educated himself. In 1896, he had come to Tuskegee, and there he had stayed for the rest of his life.

In addition to his agricultural research, he collected clays for paints, painted pictures, did needlework. He taught Sunday school. He had a high, feminine voice. In the museum was a recording you could listen to of Carver reciting what was said to be his favorite poem:

Figure it out for yourself, my lad
You've all that the greatest of men have
had:
Two arms, two hands, two legs, two eyes,
And a brain to use if you would be wise.

Photographs showed him to be tall and thin, spare-faced, handsome, unusual.

Louis Harlan, in his biography of Booker T. Washington, has little to say about Carver, and that little is not always good. He was quarrelsome, according to Harlan, and deferential to white people. But perhaps the world picture of a not very masculine man who had been kidnapped as a child and separated forever from his mother, and had then had to depend on a kind and loving former owner, could only have been a slave's world picture. And perhaps, within that world picture, Tuskegee had been for him a kind of lifelong sanctuary.

SANCTUARY in Alabama—this was how I came to think of what Tuskegee had been in the days of segregation. Many of the people I met had been at Tuskegee for much of their lives. And, though this might have been fortuitous, many of the old residents were light-skinned, some of them almost white; courtly, polished people, who would have been dreadfully wounded by the indignities of the world outside, and even now, in their old age, didn't wish to drop their guard.

But the idea of sanctuary, when I put it forward in connection with George Washington Carver, was rejected by an old campus man. He said that Booker T. Washington hadn't been concerned to offer anyone sanctuary. When he asked Carver to come to Tuskegee, it had been because, as always, he wanted the best for his school.

Not a sanctuary. The word this man preferred was "oasis." "When I got here, in the twenties, there were no paved roads. The whole area, the Black Belt, is a poor area, and Tuskegee was really an oasis for blacks. In all kinds of ways. There was the academic atmosphere. The campus was pretty, comparatively. We weren't subjected to the sort of life black men were

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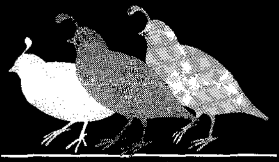

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enduring in the rural areas—especially during the Depression. We had running water. We had food in the cafeteria. We had security. If I had been thrown out into the 'real world,' it might have been different. I might have become more aggressive—I can't tell what I might have done.

"It wasn't a conscious thing in my mind—to seek safety. It was just the way my life developed. Though this environment did provide a lot of protection against a lot of things that a person was subjected to in those days—I mean blacks. In the outside world we didn't have the same protection under the law that whites had. The moment you stepped off this campus, you were subjected to all the indignities. Everything was segregated.

"We were all aware of what the white attitude was, and we were unhappy about it. The most terrible thing was that you didn't know when it was ever going to end. But it wasn't something we dwelled on at the Institute."

And the elderly man who drove me around the campus, to show me the extent of it and to explain the stage-by-stage development of the place, and then drove me around the modest town, all black now—this man told me that in the old days a black man, even in a car, wouldn't have been wise to hang around the Lake Tuskegee area.

Indignity outside; on the campus, the erect posture, the military correctness. Yet always—and how people would have been torn by the irrationality—it was necessary to make signals to the people outside that you were not getting above yourself.

Jessie P. Guzman, who came to Tuskegee in 1923, and worked for many years on *The Negro Year Book*, recalled that the old school chapel had also been a little cultural center for the town, with movies, concerts, speakers. "The white people in the town came. They were given the best seats in our chapel, the front seats. A lot of the students and faculty resented it. But that was the custom. Whites sat in front, and Negroes behind them. When a younger president came in and stopped that, the white people stopped coming."

But what would have looked like old-fashioned servility in the nineteen-twenties and thirties would have been simple prudence in the days of Booker T. Washington. And perhaps some intuitive wisdom, some kind of peace

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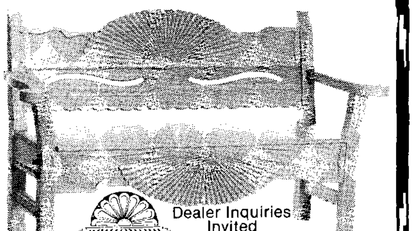

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offering to the people outside who might so easily have crushed the black institute, lay at the back of Washington's insistence that everyone learn a trade. It encouraged a misunderstanding of the school outside—and perhaps that didn't do any harm. Some people thought of Tuskegee only as an industrial, vocational institute. (Louis Harlan says that white people sometimes wrote to ask for trained servants; one man wrote in for "a full negro," very black, to take to France. All these letters were acknowledged.)

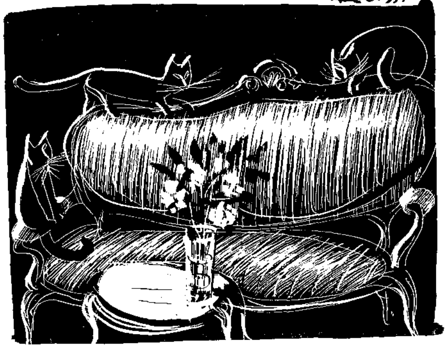
There was a good deal more to it, of course. Ruskinian or Tolstoyan ideas about manual skills and anti-industrial crafts were very much in the air in the latter part of the nineteenth century. Ruskin was certainly at the back of Gandhi's mind when, in South Africa in 1904, he established his Phoenix Settlement (burned down by African rioters in 1986). And though the two men were so different—Washington the American, with little time for Africans or Asians; Gandhi the spiritually adrift Hindu, with little time for Africans—there was a remarkable coincidence in their aim and method: the inculcation of self-respect in a subject people through the idea of work and service.

And a number of the old people I spoke to in Tuskegee found beauty and contentment and human completeness in the trades they were taught. The old musician, coming to Tuskegee as a boy in 1913, learned shoemaking. (Tolstoy liked to do a little cobbling in his study sometimes.) He said, "I could sew on a pair of soles in twenty minutes by hand. A lot of people don't know I know that trade. They know me only as a musician." Mr. Louis Rabb, who studied business administration at Tuskegee, and then went on, with Tuskegee grants, to do personnel administration at Columbia and hospital administration at Northwestern, and afterward had a long and distinguished career at Tuskegee—Mr. Rabb did tailoring for four years at the Tuskegee high school when he came there as a boy from Mississippi. His father chose that trade for him, and Mr. Rabb told me with a certain amount of quiet pride that he still sewed for himself.

But outside the Tuskegee oasis the world was grim. On one rack in the library were the Booker T. Washington file boxes. On another rack were sixty-three file boxes labelled "Lynching Records." To take down the Washington files for part of 1903 was to feel even greater admiration for the man. So many letters from simple people: letters in pencil, letters on scraps of paper, letters shot through with need and hope—all so well kept, so fresh, after more than eighty years. Every one had been read and acknowledged; and many of the carbon replies had the initials B.T.W. I noted a schoolteacher's letter from Jamaica, many pages long, in a schoolteacher's neat hand (clearly a "fair copy"); a letter from a black woman in Tobago. Perhaps these letters in the Tuskegee files were now the only relics of these people.

On narrow slips of pink paper there were initialled mauve carbon copies of Booker T. Washington's famous little notes to staff members, dictated to his secretary during his walks about the campus or after his horseback rides. And there were the more political letters, to people in Washington, dealing with issues hard for the uninformed to understand. There are so many aspects to a life; so much gets lost.

How had such method and punctiliousness come to a man who started so late and with so little? Perhaps one of his secrets was an absence of sentimentality. The letters from simple black people had moved me. Booker T. Washington may have been more hard-headed. He knew that people just freed from slavery had scarcely any idea of education and often saw it as a means of avoiding physical work. He knew that many black people who could barely read had turned to preaching, for the easy life it offered. He often ridiculed such people. In "Up from Slavery" he had such a half-educated black say, "O Lawd, de cotton am so grassy, de work am so hard, and de sun am so hot dat I b'lieve dis darky am called to preach!" Extraordinary, this minstrel joke from the founder of Tuskegee. But the fact that he could make it, while never ceasing to fight for his cause, may have been part of his toughness, and his genius.

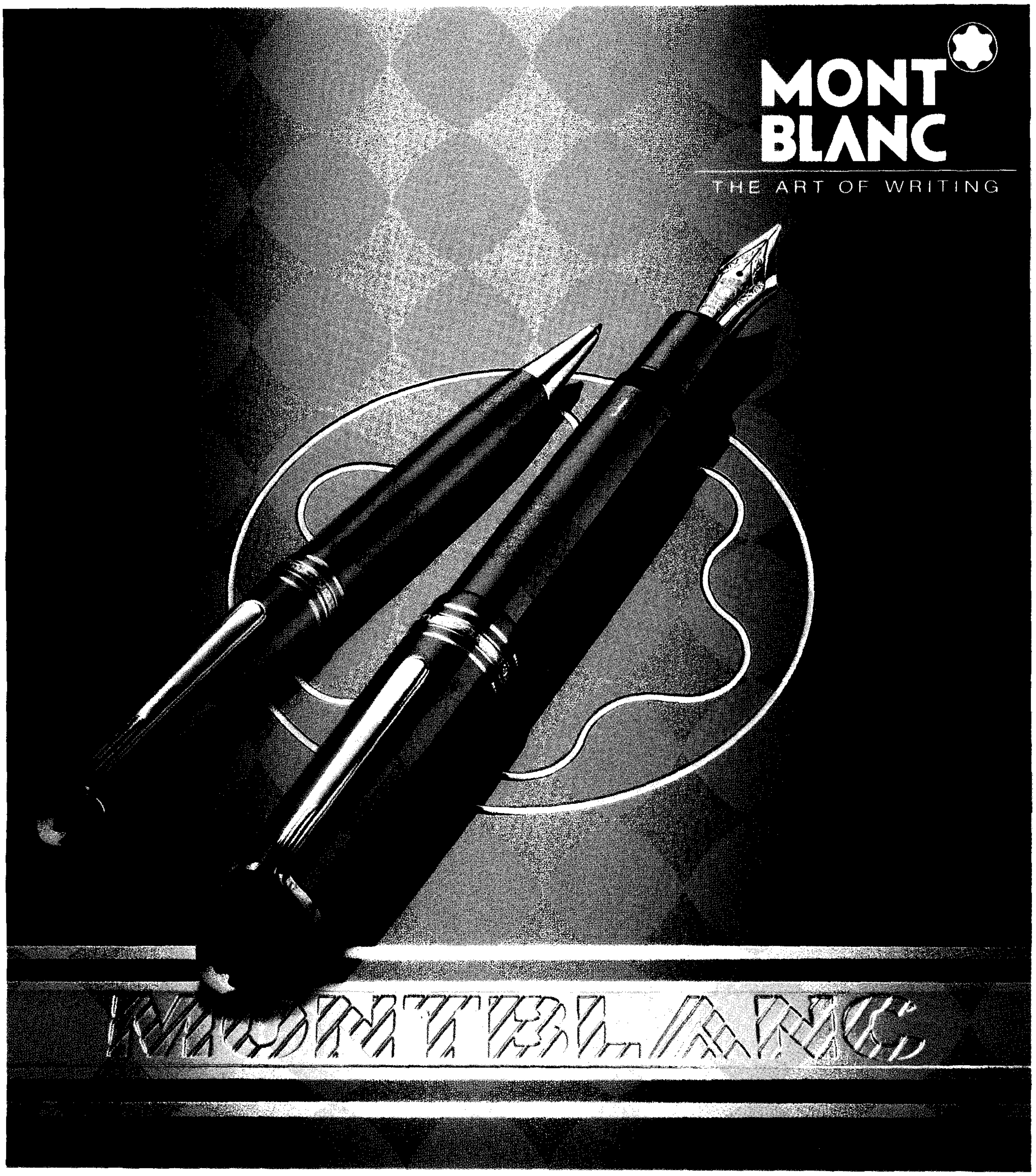


And there in the library was the reminder of the setting: the sixty-three boxes of lynching records. It was that kind of hostility which had given point to Tuskegee from its simplest beginnings. And though this hostility had frustrated some of the Institute's imaginative plans—for agricultural-extension work among black farmers, for instance—it had also stimulated the Institute's growth, even after Booker T. Washington's death. Segregation and hostility, defining black needs, had helped to define the Institute's goals and given logic to the Institute's growth.

When segregation went, there was nothing to pull against; the function of the Institute could no longer be what it had been. When the Air Force began training black men, there was no longer any need for them to learn to fly at Tuskegee. When black people could be admitted to the hospital in Montgomery, one of the best in the United States, there was no longer the same need for the hospital at Tuskegee.

The town—where black students had once worn their Tuskegee uniform as a kind of protection—was now safe: when black people won the vote, the white people of Tuskegee had moved away. So there had been a kind of victory here. But the town that had been taken over was small and poor, black-poor, with nothing of the life and money of the white university town of Auburn, just twenty miles away. And Tuskegee Institute, now Tuskegee University, which could be said to have contributed to that local victory, was in decay.

The swiftly changing impressions I had at the moment of arrival—the grandeur, the rhetoric, the decay—had endured and been amplified. President Reagan had visited the university not long before to inaugurate a new, eighteen-million-dollar building for aerospace science and health education, named after General Daniel James, the first black four-star Air Force general, who graduated from Tuskegee in 1942. The campus roads of the Presidential route had been asphalted for the occasion. But the roads elsewhere were not so good, and the broken glass globes of electric standards in those parts of the campus remained broken. And no one I spoke to (though I spoke



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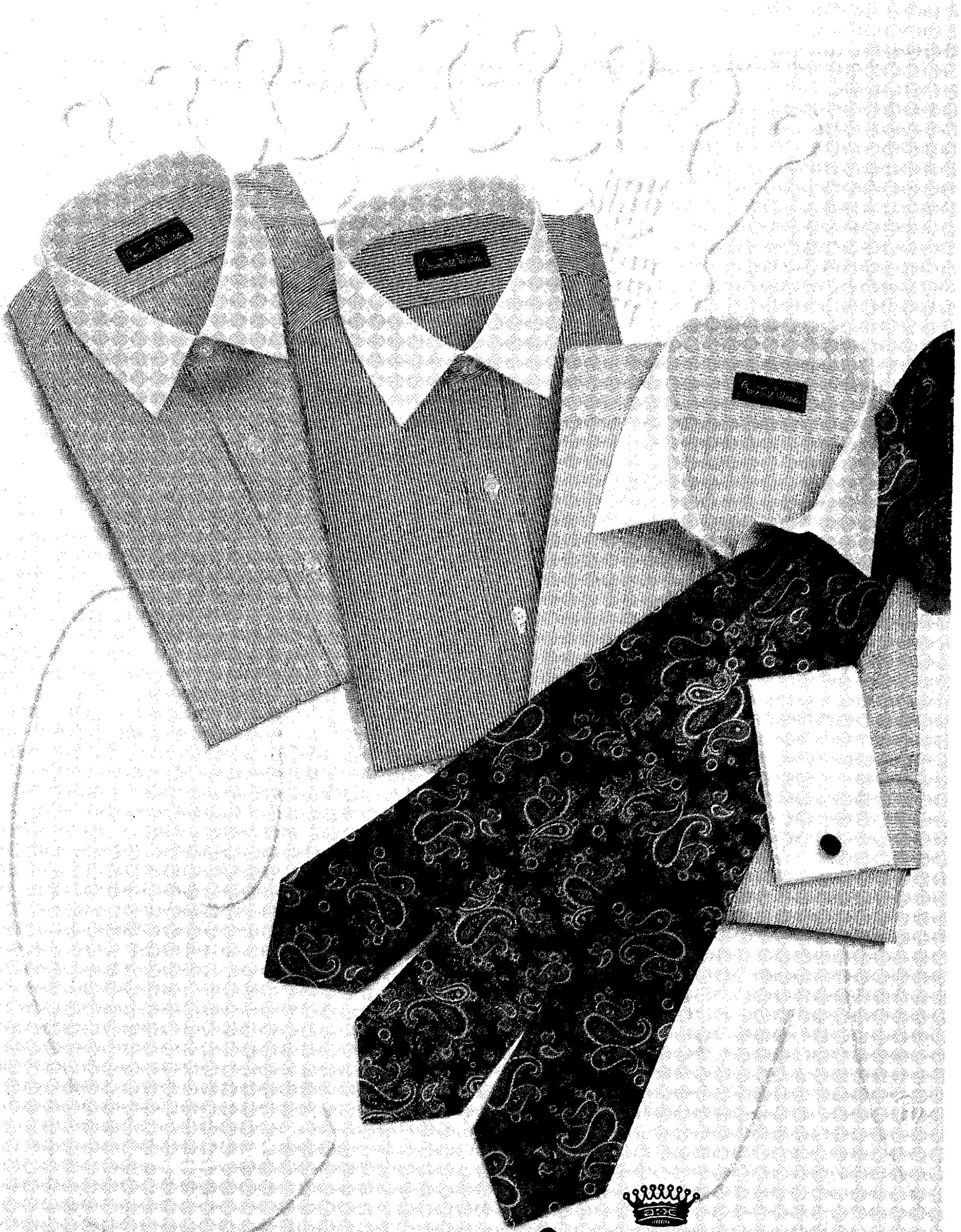

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to no official) could assure me that the university could afford a faculty to match the splendor of its aerospace building.

Decay was melancholy enough to me, a visitor, a man passing through. It wasn't a subject I felt I could raise with older people who had given their lives to Tuskegee, had received so much in return, and to whom the Booker T. Washington spirit of service and self-help had mattered so much. And the subject didn't come up. A kind of silence was imposed on the visitor, as in a private house; certain things were not to be seen.

The subject of decay came up more easily with Tuskegee people who felt more secure—in the Veterinary Department, for instance, which was said to be among the best in the country, and behaved as though it were. A department like that, successfully lobbying for federal funds (it had recently been granted six million dollars for a new project), could survive on the basis of its own excellence. But for other departments it was not so easy. Now that good black students and faculty were in demand by universities all over the country, Tuskegee no longer had a special claim on government or foundation funds. The millionaire philanthropists of the North whom Booker T. Washington had charmed no longer existed; that way of doing things was over.

But there were people who thought that Tuskegee still had its special cause to serve. Black students didn't score as well as others on the standardized college-entry tests. Tuskegee had always been ready to take in such students, and its record showed that it could train such people for the world of work. One retired official said, "Tuskegee will take a student as it finds him, academically and socially, and, through individualized attention and concern, will bring that student in four or five years to his full realization."

There was another, and perhaps more important, reason that some people thought Tuskegee was still needed. Tuskegee remained a black university, and it could provide a "black experience," which, with desegregation, more and more black people appeared to feel they needed. In Florida, a successful black man—a parole-board commissioner—once told me how he had felt he should take his son out of a too white setting; he had sent the boy first to a black high school and then to Tuskegee. And I heard now from a pretty woman of twenty-three, who came from a distant state where there were few black people, and who would have made her way in any university, why she had come to Tuskegee.

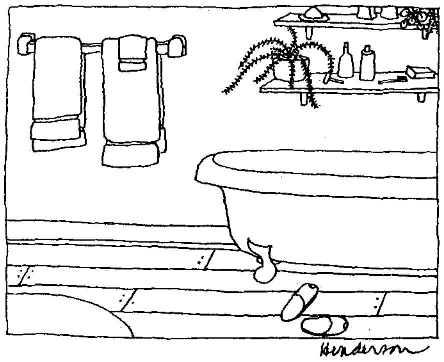
"The schools I went to in the other place were all white. They don't concentrate on you being a black person. They give you some of your history, but not a lot. In the other place, you try to push, thinking, If I can be like them, I'd be all right. You lose yourself a little bit. You're not really sure who you are."

"What was your very first impression when you came here?"

"My very first? 'Go back home.' After coming from a nice city, metropolitan, nice facilities, stores, shopping malls. After that, here, seeing little dirt roads—they're not *dirt* roads, but some places they don't have sidewalks. At home, I was used to being able to go downtown a lot, used to going places. When I got here, I realized, There is nothing to do. Oh, my God, I'm trapped here and there's nothing to do. And it's hot and humid. I think people here are real *country*. They're closed. They're friendly, but they have their little country ways."

But, clearly, there was a reason that she had stayed on. "It was *my* idea to come here. My mother didn't want me to leave home. I wanted to be in an all-black town, to be not in a minority but a majority. And that is one thing I do like about being here. Sometimes in the other place you go into a place and you're the only black person there. But here, when you go into a business, the owner or the manager will be black, the workers will be black, and it helps you to feel that you can progress after your goals and accomplish them.

"Here you are in competition with your own kind. And they can be hard on you, because they're trying and you're also trying. At home, I used to be a C-D student. Here I'm an A-B student. I get encouraged seeing other people doing things. And here that has happened. I'm ready to leave now. I would probably like to go to another black college, maybe in Atlanta. But it doesn't have to be black any longer. Tuskegee has served its purpose."



It was a version—a century on—of the Booker T. Washington idea. For this young woman (and there were others like her) the Tuskegee idea still held. Yet she said she had known almost nothing about Booker T. Washington before coming to Tuskegee. She had known only that he was a black man who did something famous long ago. A month after she came, she read "Up from Slavery." "The teachers here encourage you to find out about the school, and you appreciate it."

TUSKEGEE was still a going concern. It had a devoted community, and it still had heart. Its financial predicament was the predicament of black schools generally, and it was better off than some. Its physical condition was very far from that of Fisk University, in Nashville, Tennessee, where parts of the campus looked ruined. There was a melancholy bronze statue at Fisk, too, meant to set the seal on glory, but now it seemed to watch over the ruins. It was the statue of W. E. B. Du Bois, Booker T. Washington's rival and critic.

Du Bois thought that Tuskegee's emphasis on vocational training was wrong; and that Washington's apparent acquiescence in segregation and black disenfranchisement could lead only to further humiliations. Was there an alternative, though? And mightn't it be said that Booker T. Washington's great achievement, his great service to black people at that time, was simply being very famous and admired? One can read books and documents, but it isn't easy to reënter that bitter time imaginatively, and to have a sense of the weight for black people of day-to-day life.

The quarrel between the two men, Du Bois and Washington, both mulattoes, is famous. Du Bois might seem closer to contemporary feeling. But his best-known book, "The Souls of Black Folk" (1903), a collection of essays and articles, is a little mysterious. The very title of the book is strange, even whimsical. The lyrical, mystical tone

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—mixed up with social and economic facts, and sometimes a little romantic fiction—calls to mind some of the essays of the late-nineteenth-century English country writer Richard Jefferies. This is the lyrical Du Bois: "I have seen a land right merry with the sun, where children sing, and rolling hills lie like passioned women wanton with harvest. And there in the King's Highway sat and sits a figure veiled and bowed." I even have the impression that Du Bois may have been trying to do for Southern blacks what Jefferies had done for farm people in the South of England. There is an uncertainty in both writers about their relationship with the people they are writing about. Jefferies, in spite of hints that he might be socially all right, was the son of a small farmer, and almost a laborer himself; Du Bois was a mulatto. The Jefferies model would explain Du Bois's occasional evasiveness and too pretty ways with words (using the poetic conceit of "the veil," for instance, for segregation). If Booker T. Washington can make a darky joke, Du Bois can speak of "the joyous abandon and playfulness which we are wont to associate with the plantation Negro;" can say, "Even today the mass of the Negro laborers need stricter guardianship than most Northern laborers."

But we can read through both the Du Bois way of writing and the Booker T. Washington manliness to the facts of Negro life of the time, and see the difficulty that both men would have had in defining themselves, and establishing their own dignity, against such an abject background. As if to resolve that difficulty, Du Bois's book seems lyrical for the sake of the lyricism. It can appear to use blacks and ruined plantations as poetic properties. It deals in tears and rage; it offers no program.

In this beginning of Du Bois there was also his end. He lived very long, and toward the end of his life, facing irrationality with irrationality, he left the United States and went to live in West Africa—in Ghana, a former British colony that had in independence very quickly become an African despotism, and was soon to revert to bush and poverty, exporting labor to its neighbors.

At the very beginning of the century, in "Up from Slavery," Booker T. Washington, in his late-Victorian man-of-the-world style, had cautioned against just that kind of sentimentality about Africa. "In the House of Commons, which we visited several times, we met Sir Henry M. Stanley," he wrote. "I talked with him about Africa and its relation to the American Negro, and after my interview with him I became more convinced than ever that there was no hope of the American Negro's improving his condition by emigrating to Africa."

While I was in the South, I read "Up from Slavery" twice. On the second reading, after I had been nearly four months in the South, I found that the book had changed for me. It became more than the fabulous story of a disadvantaged man's rise. I began to see it as a painful coded work, making separate signals even in a single paragraph to Northerners, Southerners, and blacks.

I also began to see the book as the work of a man constantly concerned to raise funds for his school. That should have been obvious to me always, but it hadn't been; it had been swept away by the power of the fable. Below that primary appeal, however, there were others: the man of the world appealing knowledgeably to the very rich on behalf of the wretched, representing himself as honorable and worthy and manly and educated, yet at the same time taking care to do the contrary thing, and make it clear that as a black man he knew his place.

Hence his confident, socially knowing talk, like that of any solid late-nineteenth-century citizen, about the "best people" and the "vices" of "the lower class of people." But he is mortified when on a train journey from Augusta to Atlanta, in a Pullman car "full of Southern white men," two ladies from Boston, "ignorant, it seems, of the customs of the South," insist on inviting him to supper. The meal seems very long. As soon as he can, he breaks away from the ladies to go to the smoking room, where the men now are, "to see how the land lay." It is all right; the men know who he is and are anxious to introduce themselves to him.

In England, he develops a high regard for the aristocracy and the time and money they devote to philanthropic works. He is impressed by the deference of servants, who are content to be servants all their working lives and, unlike American servants, use the words "master" and "mistress" without constraint. In that ambiguous observation are consoling messages both for blacks and for Southern whites. He becomes friendly with the Duchess of Sutherland, he says. She is a famous beauty. But as a black man he will be out of place to say so directly. He writes, "I may add that I believe the Duchess of Sutherland is said to be the most beautiful woman in England."

So many snares; so many people to please; so many contradictions to resolve; so many possibilities of destruction. The achievement was great. But at what cost. He died at the age of fifty-nine.

TO the west, on the road to Mississippi, were shabby small settlements, like an extension of the poverty of the town of Tuskegee. I spent the night on a timber plantation on the border. There was still something like pre-settlement desolation there: cypress trees, half stripped of leaves, their bald knees rising out of muddy water like a kind of humped aquatic animal; shifting swamps, with forest litter at their margins; great damp heat. The land was not old. Tuskegee had been settled only in 1830.

Two months later, I entered Alabama again, but from the north, driving down from Nashville, down from the hills to the flat land around Huntsville. Huntsville was where space research and the industries it attracted had created a whole new landscape in the South: wide boulevards, low, flat factories, spacious grounds meant only to please the eye. Huntsville was also near where, in 1873, the first state Normal School for Negroes was set up in Alabama. That past had been swallowed up—though cotton still grew at the very edge of the new industrial town.

From the NASA museum, full of Asian visitors—Indians, Chinese ("coming to look at the place where they intend to work," the Southern businessman with me said)—Tuskegee seemed to belong to another age, to exist in a melancholy time warp. It made one think of the prisons of the spirit that men create for themselves and for others—so overpowering, so much a part of the way things appear to have to be, and then, abruptly, with a little shift, so insubstantial.

—V. S. NAIPAUL

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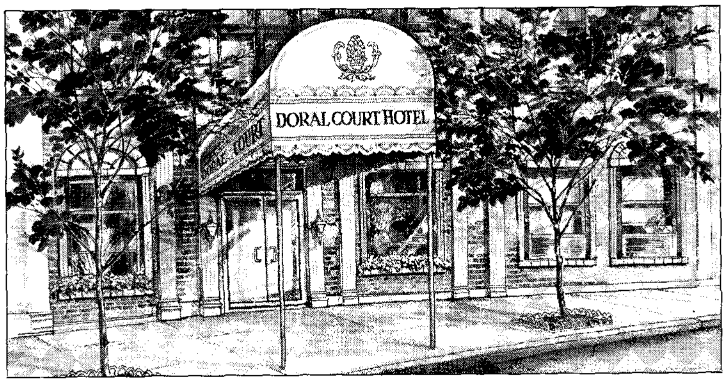

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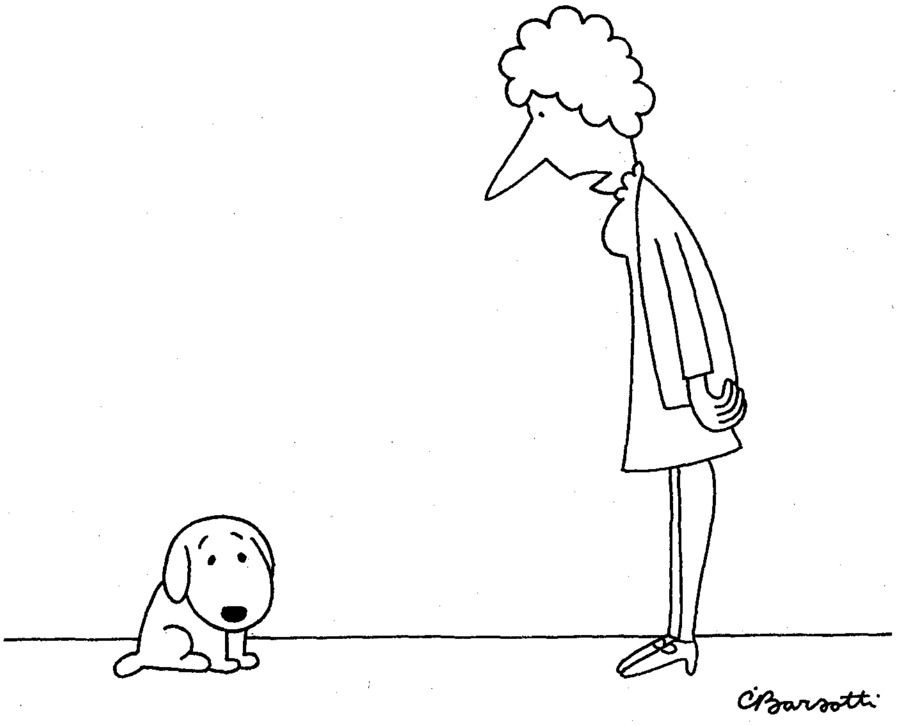
MUSICAL EVENTS

Another Orpheus Sings

Orpheus, embodiment of music's power over the emotions, was the favored protagonist of early opera: works by Peri, Caccini, Monteverdi, Domenico Belli, and Stefano Landi appeared between 1600 and 1619. Since then—sometimes transformed, under such names as Tamino and Tannhäuser—he has seldom left the lyric stage and has often trod the concert platform. Harrison Birtwistle's "The Mask of Orpheus" is one of the latest of the many operas that deal with him directly. Stravinsky and Hans Werner Henze have written ballets about him. Elliott Carter, in "Syringa," gave him a guitar to play and some verses attributed by the ancients to Orpheus himself. Earlier this year, the Brooklyn Philharmonic, conducted by Lukas Foss, presented in the Great Hall of Cooper Union a concert entitled "Orpheus in the Twentieth Century"—one of the orchestra's Meet the Moderns programs, which are among the most interesting programs the city offers.

It began with Stravinsky's "Orpheus" (1947), that clear, serene enactment of the classical myth, at the close of which Apollo wrests the lyre from the shattered man and insures that his music, at least, will be immortal. Henze's "Orpheus Behind the Wire" (1981-83)—an American première—followed. This is a parergon to the full-length ballet "Orpheus" (which the Stuttgart Ballet danced at the Met nine years ago): unaccompanied choral settings of three of the nine "Canzoni to Orpheus" that Edward Bond appended to his libretto for the ballet, and of two more Orpheus poems by Bond. The message of the ballet is anti-Apollonian: a warning against any too ready recourse to cool reason and the consolations of art when anger and action are more appropriate. At the close, Orpheus spurns Apollo and smashes his lyre. But then from the shattered instrument he strikes a new kind of music, which releases men from hell and brings "calm happiness and contented joy." Bond's canzoni are commentaries—sometimes oblique, sometimes direct, finally optimistic—on a musician's role in the modern world. Henze has set them graphically, in choruses ranging from four to twelve parts, and has scored them with a wonderful ear for vocal textures, sonorities, lapped lines, and close-pressed harmonies that cloud and clear. There are sudden swirls of melisma, drumbeats over drones, a blazing climax. The work was very well sung by the twelve voices of the Brooklyn Philharmonic Singers, conducted by Harold Rosenbaum.



"I'm not angry, I'm just very disappointed."

Foss's own "Orpheus" (1972), which followed, is a twenty-minute concerto for cello, viola, or violin and chamber orchestra. Eurydice has died. The soloist, on a raised platform, is Orpheus; he is flanked on each side by a harp, a set of chimes, and an oboe, representing (the composer's note tells us) his wings, extensions of his wings, and angels of death. After a while, the angels lead him to a lower level, where the strings ("the tormented souls of the dead") are presided over by a conductor (Pluto). The soloist moves from one section to another, playing; strings beside him pick up sustained notes in his phrases and imitate them with quarter-tone vibrato. ("You need not hit the exact pitch of the soloist. An approximation is just as desirable.") The restoration of Eurydice is signalled by a tape-delay echo that turns his song into a canon; at Eurydice's second death, the echo fades. A fierce tutti portrays his dismemberment by bacchantes. But his music lingers: harps and chimes, seconded by tape-delay echo, steal out of a silence. The soloist walks away, bowing bells and gongs suspended along his path.

The score is a collection of "basic pitch materials" with instructions for their assembly. Much is left to the fancy and artistry of the players, who must be mutually alert, ready to follow leads. There are curious sound effects: a piano is activated by a "superball mallet" rubbed along its soundboard and a "superball" slid along its bass strings; the oboists are confined to multiphonics, varied occasionally by "a high shriek or a short flutter," except when, removing their reeds, they hum into their instruments; before Eurydice's appearance, all the players, on any sustained notes, softly whistle or sound pitch pipes or harmonicas. A lighting plot is suggested. The piece is an imaginative application of modern devices, spatial and sonic, to the familiar tale. The invention is not strong enough to stop it from seeming somewhat dated, but it held the attention. Jesse Levine, viola, who gave the first performance (at the 1973 Ojai Festival), was again the soloist.

Kurt Weill's "The New Orpheus," which closed the program, looks wryly

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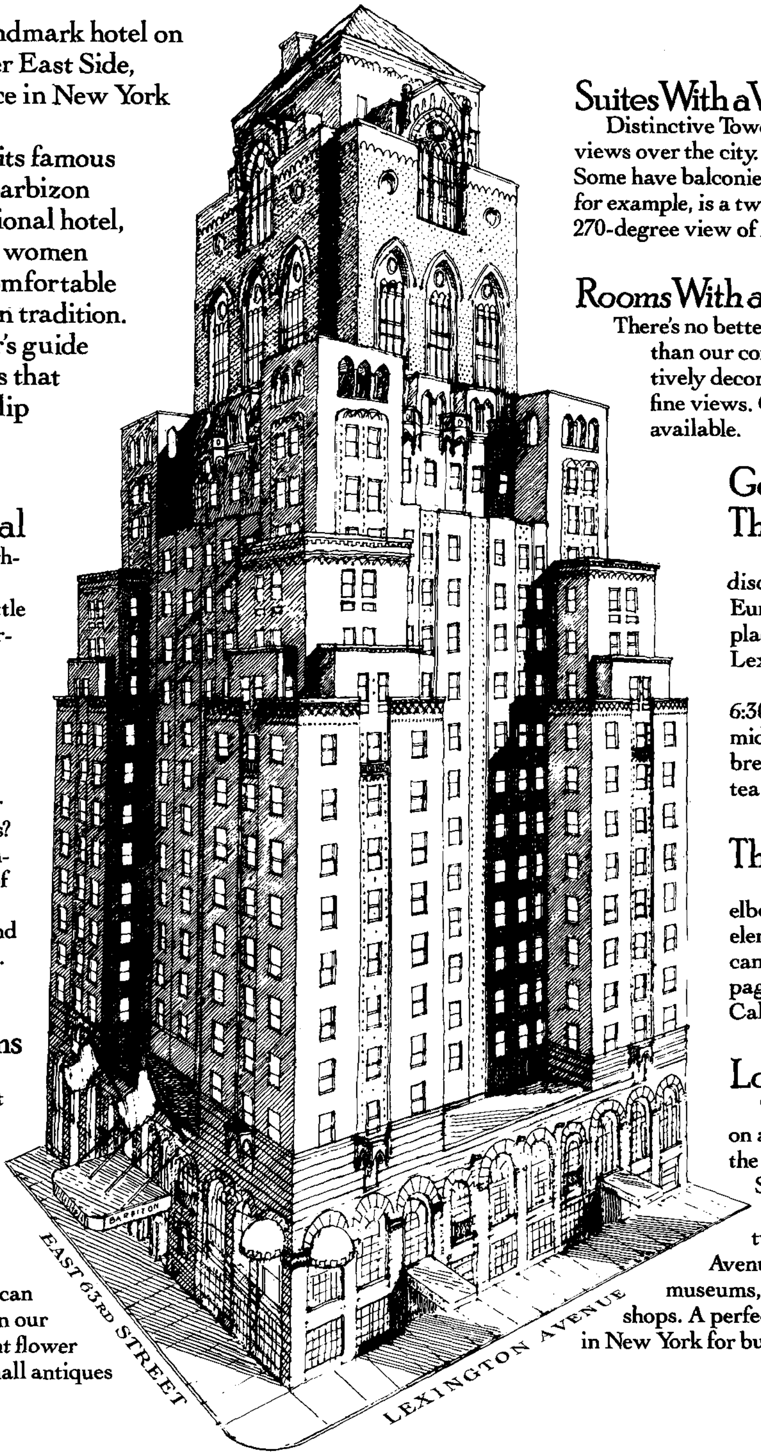

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at music's role in modern society and ends without the affirmation that Bond and Henze feel able to make. The piece, which can be viewed as a double concerto for soprano and violin, was projected as a scenic cantata but was first given in concert form, on a bill with the première of Weill's opera "Royal Palace," at the Berlin State Opera in 1927. Delia Reinhardt sang the poem, which is by Iwan Goll (the librettist of "Royal Palace"), Rudolf Deman was the violinist, and Erich Kleiber was the conductor. In Cooper Union, the singer was Lucy Shelton and the violinist Yuval Waldman. Orpheus returns—to a modern world fouled by commerce. The earth rusts; the oxygen over the forests grows thin. What can the songs he once sang beneath clearer skies mean to people who live trapped in cities of concrete? He gives piano lessons to children, plays in variety shows, at the circus, at veterans' meetings, in church, at the symphony (with Mahler conducting), at the movies. Radio and records bring him fame, and he becomes a travelling virtuoso. At a railroad station (today it would be an airport), he glimpses his lost Eurydice—shabby, tawdry, wearing too much lipstick. Can he save her from this new Hades? It is too late. Unreceptive to his song, she slips away. And Orpheus kills himself.

"Der Neue Orpheus," composed in 1925, a year after the Violin Concerto, two years before the "Mahagonny" Songspiel, is the work in which Weill discovered "that I am gradually forging ahead to 'me,' that my music is much surer, freer, looser, and—simpler." The piece brings together his increasingly direct dramatic writing, his pungent but tonally based harmony, his forms in which classical and popular procedures combine, and his social concerns. At times, Stravinsky seems not far away. ("The Soldier's Tale," with its fiddle-playing protagonist, had reached Berlin in 1924.) The center of the piece is a set of variations depicting Orpheus at his various musical chores. The close is as stark, poignant, and understated as that of "Erlkönig."

THE grandest of Orpheus operas is Luigi Rossi's "Orfeo," which was commissioned by Cardinal Mazarin and first performed at the Palais Royal, in 1647, and was revived in April by the Indiana University Opera Theatre, in Bloomington. Mazarin aimed to re-create the splendors of Roman opera at the French court. The Barberini prelates, Rome's great opera patrons, were in exile in France. (At Innocent X's accession, they had been charged with squandering the capital of the Apostolic Chamber on their entertainments.) Rossi—whose "Palazzo Incantato," with a libretto by the future Clement IX, had been given at the Palazzo Barberini in 1642—was invited to Paris. A troupe of eminent Italian singers, led by Atto Melani and Marc'Antonio Pasqualini (who sang Orpheus and Aristaeus), was assembled. Francesco Buti, the Barberini secretary (and later Mazarin's minister of entertainment), wrote the libretto. Giacomo Torelli, with Stefano Della Bella among his assistants, designed décor with scintillating transformations and intricate machinery. (And there were complaints about the cost of it all.)

Landi's "La Morte d'Orfeo" (1619), a *tragicomedia pastorale*, is said to be the earliest serious opera to contain a comic character. Rossi's "Orfeo" is also called a *tragicomedia*, and it does have some humorous episodes: for a satyr, Eurydice's nurse, and Momus, the gods' mocker. Venus at one point disguises herself as a salty old harridan, urging Aristaeus' suit on Eurydice. The piece is the Orpheus story elaborated as a busy, varied pageant, with sudden changes of temper, for a cast that includes Venus, Juno, Cupid, Apollo, Jove, Proserpina, Pluto, Endymion, and many others. An example of the elaboration: Juno (who favors Orpheus) enlists Jealousy and Suspicion to work on Proserpina so that she, scenting in Eurydice a rival for Pluto's affections, will add her plea to Orpheus' for the release of Eurydice from the Underworld; this supplies matter for several arias and duets and a trio. An example of the mood changes: Aristaeus, after a violent, moving lament for Eurydice (punctuated by chromatic cries of "Uccidetemi, o pene"), meets the stern, reproachful shade of Eurydice and is driven mad; he asks Momus and the satyr to tootle *tarara* and *tappata* and *tututu* as accompaniment to a merry little ditty that he sings; after the blithe, well-nigh Rossinian trio, he gives a despairing shout and kills himself.

The musical numbers are many, and most of them are brief. The opera seems to have been composed for people with short attention spans, as a cornucopia of the varied manners that Rossi could master. Buti's libretto contains a dozen somewhat naïve cues for a song. In the first scene, Eurydice says, "Let's go, Father, while singing together the song 'Al fulgor.' " In the second scene, Endymion says, "But before leaving, I'd like to cheer myself up by singing that song so different from 'Al fulgor;' " he quotes the opening strain of the earlier song while naming it and then embarks on "Udite amanti." But there are also sustained sequences of considerable power. At the wedding ceremony that closes Act I—dances, gods in attendance, Apollo proposing the bridal toast—the torches suddenly go out; gods, mortals, and an eight-part chorus exclaim in concern, but Orpheus and Eurydice in duet declare a fate-defying love constant through all adversity. The second-act finale is Eurydice's death scene: pastoral pleasures change to horror as the serpent fastens upon her. She spurns Aristaeus' help, preferring death to rescue at his hands. The chorus laments. Apollo descends in a glittering car (a spectacular effect much admired by the Paris commentators) and alternates strophes of regret for his late arrival with the choral mourning. The start of Act III sounds a truly tragic note in Orpheus' long lament: recitative, arioso, and aria, with the refrain "Lagrime, dove sete," and a dialogue with the Three Fates, who are moved by his singing from expressions of sympathy to an offer of practical assistance. There is Aristaeus' mad scene, already mentioned. Then, in Hades, Orpheus sings eloquently. His second loss of Eurydice takes place offstage and is reported in a recitative phrase from Charon: strange that Buti slighted this dramatic climax. Orpheus' final lament, with its refrain "Lasciate Averno, o pene, e me seguite," is an extended and affecting monologue; in the 1647 staging, rocks were moved by it, trees danced, and lions, panthers, and other wild beasts leaped on to gather round the singer. Jove, in three rather perfunctory stanzas, places Orpheus' lyre among the constellations, and the opera ends with a recitative from Mercury inviting the spectators

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After the directness and sustained intensity of the 1607 “Orfeo” by Monteverdi and Alessandro Striggio, and the severe passion and the conciseness of Gluck and Calzabigi's 1762 “Orfeo,” Rossi and Buti's “Orfeo” strikes a modern listener as simultaneously a shade frivolous—Zeffirelli-like in its sacrifice of drama to spectacle—and lifelike in its presentation of many characters variously concerned with and giving tweaks to a serious central situation. In technique, this “Orfeo” is rather like a soap opera—kin to, say, “The Guiding Light” in its constant cutting from one group of characters to another, in changing combinations. But it can be argued that the strong-minded, ever-optimistic Eurydice, her steadfast, passionate, scorned lover, Aristaeus, and her gifted, lyrical, accepted lover, Orpheus, supply a firm emotional base for the superstructure of intrigues, interventions, and comic episodes. Rossi's music is fluently melodious, and often startling in its rhythmic vivacities. One would be tempted to single out for praise his smooth transitions from recitative into arioso and aria were this not a technique that all mid-seventeenth-century opera composers seem to command. Tonally, he springs few surprises, but simple minor/major alternations (Apollo/the chorus, Orpheus/the Fates) are strikingly deployed.

Rossi's “Orfeo” was revived in Perugia in 1984, at the Sagra Umbra, and the following year it was done at La Scala, in a production directed by Luca Ronconi and conducted by Bruno Rigacci. Rigacci had prepared an edition that, *Opera* reported, included “an enormous amount of realization.” He did not follow “the fashionable trend for period instruments, so the orchestral sound was full-blooded in support of strong voices . . . it was a little too heavy and lacked transparency;” Rigacci conducted “with more emphasis on volume than quality.” The Bloomington performance was prepared, staged, and led by Thomas Binkley. It was not full-blooded and did not lack transparency. Indeed, in the large opera house—Bloomington's Musical Arts Center, which can contain Wagner without strain—the student singers seemed often underaccompanied by faint chords from a theorbo, cittern, Baroque harp, or whiffling organetto. They sang bravely but appeared to miss the support that helps to insure accurate pitch and free, brave declamation. The show would have been more aptly housed in an intimate, more resonant space, for musically it was a chamber performance. It would also have been better—from a dramatic, if not a pedagogic, point of view—had it been sung in English translation; few of the singers were able to use and project Buti's verses. The episode that told most strongly was Orpheus' lament at the start of Act III, which at my performance (there were alternate casts) Lynn Helding cried with passionate intensity. In the happy music of the earlier acts she was less effective; her tones were not clear and pure. But in this lament the very shrillness, through Rossi's rising sequences, seemed a dramatic virtue. The other notable singer was the tenor Sang-Hyuk Lee, as Apollo; although taxed by the high C to which Rossi takes him, he was always forward, incisive, and focussed of tone. The rest was of mixed merit. There were some promising young voices, but they seemed unversed in the style. C. David Higgins' Baroque décor was cleverly planned if rather coarsely painted. Mr. Binkley had cut the score to less than two and a half hours' music, and the extended sequences suffered.

Bloomington is an important American company: for its premières (John Eaton's “Danton and Robespierre” and “The Cry of Clytaemnestra”), American premières (Janáček's “The Adventures of Mr. Brouček,” Martinů's “The Greek Passion,” Wolfgang Rihm's “Jakob Lenz”), and revivals (Busoni's “Arlecchino” and “Doktor Faust,” Rimsky-Korsakov's “Christmas Eve” and “Tale of Czar Saltan”). This presentation of “Orfeo” adds lustre to its annals. The show was not ideal but was a big second step—the first was the “Carmina Burana” Passion Play, in 1982—toward bringing early-music university enterprise before contemporary audiences. It was a privilege to hear and see Rossi's famous “Orfeo” move from the pages of operatic history and take shape in the theatre.

THE noblest of Orpheus operas is Gluck's “Orfeo,” which was first presented at the Vienna Burgtheater, with Garrick's pupil Gaetano Guadagni as its protagonist. It was an essay in directness, in "beautiful simplicity," with a small cast: just Orpheus, an alto, who is onstage most of the time, short roles for Amor and Eurydice, sopranos, and the chorus as mortals, furies, and shades. No Aristaeus, no bacchantes. The drama begins after Eurydice's first death and ends soon after her second, when the eloquence of Orpheus' "Che farò" moves Amor to restore her to life once again. Twelve years later, Gluck revised the piece for Paris, recasting the title role for a high tenor, adding some beautiful music, but diluting the drama.

Janet Baker's gleaming presence, fearless vocalism, and affecting timbre have made her a great Orpheus of our day. It was the role of her London stage début, in 1958, and of her stage farewell, in 1982; and last month in Carnegie Hall she was the Orpheus of an Oratorio Society presentation of the opera. The performance was semi-staged—it was sung without scores and stands, included gestures and glances, and had exits and entrances (even if only to and from shallow platforms)—and proved as dramatic as many a theatre enactment. It would have been more dramatic still had light been played upon the singers, but Carnegie's banks of spotlights remained unlit, and so the full eloquence of eyes was not added to that of voices.

This was an old-style "Orpheus": a glorious farewell, perhaps, to the far from authentic Gluck that—like old-style Bach, Handel, Mozart, and Beethoven—has provided generations of listeners with some of their highest and deepest musical adventures. The opera was performed from the Ricordi edition: a late-nineteenth-century editor's reworking of the Paris score for a female contralto. Calzabigi's Italian poetry is restored where it fits, and elsewhere the French is translated into new Italian. The title role is left at tenor pitch where it lies readily within the contralto compass, and elsewhere is transposed up, by a tone, a fourth, a fifth, a sixth, or an octave. Dame Janet sensibly jumped octaves where this version, tailored for a different singer, could be placed in an apter emotional register. She began in clouded voice. At the close of Act I, she essayed the bravura air "Addio, addio, o miei sospiri"—a translation and upward-sixth transposition of "L'espoir renaît dans mon âme," which may or may not be by Gluck (he added it to the Paris score, and remained silent when charged with plagiarism from Ferdinando Bertoni)—and went astray in some of the coloratura. But nobility, strength of feeling, and emotional projection of text and music were apparent from the start, and they counted for more than the occasional notes imperfectly placed. When this Orpheus was hailed as "raro esempio in ogni età," not only the furies and the shades had been conquered. Dame Janet's song comes from and goes to the heart. In Act III, her voice was flowing as potently and fully as ever. The exchanges with Eurydice represented dramatic singing at its highest—a poignant example of what American audiences, deprived of her Dido, Penelope, Alcestis (since she has refused invitations to appear on the American stage), have been missing.

Eurydice was Brenda Harris. The Ricordi score is unkind to the heroine: the Italian translation turns the gliding articulations of "Cet asile" into syllabic bumps and ruffles the narcotic calm of the air; the upward transposition of the duet with Orpheus pushes Eurydice into shrillness. Yet Miss Harris sang surely and movingly. Andrea Matthews was a neat, bright Amor. Lyndon Woodside conducted the late-Victorian score with ample and unflagging command. His Oratorio Society chorus was splendid, especially in its inexorable "No"s to Orpheus' pleas. Even in our original-instrument, small-forces age, the sound of a full-throated large chorus—in the Sanctus of Bach's B-Minor Mass, in "Messiah," or as Gluck's furies, underpinned by trombone blasts—proves irresistible.

Faust, Hamlet, Don Juan, and Don Quixote have been adduced as type figures of Western man, and all four have given rise to many operas (as have Dido, Juliet, Virginie, and Manon Lescaut, who were proposed by Maupassant as the type figures of woman). But Orpheus, who demonstrated that song can override the stern rules of the physical world—moving mountains, bringing the dead to life—remains the musicians' great hero.

—ANDREW PORTER

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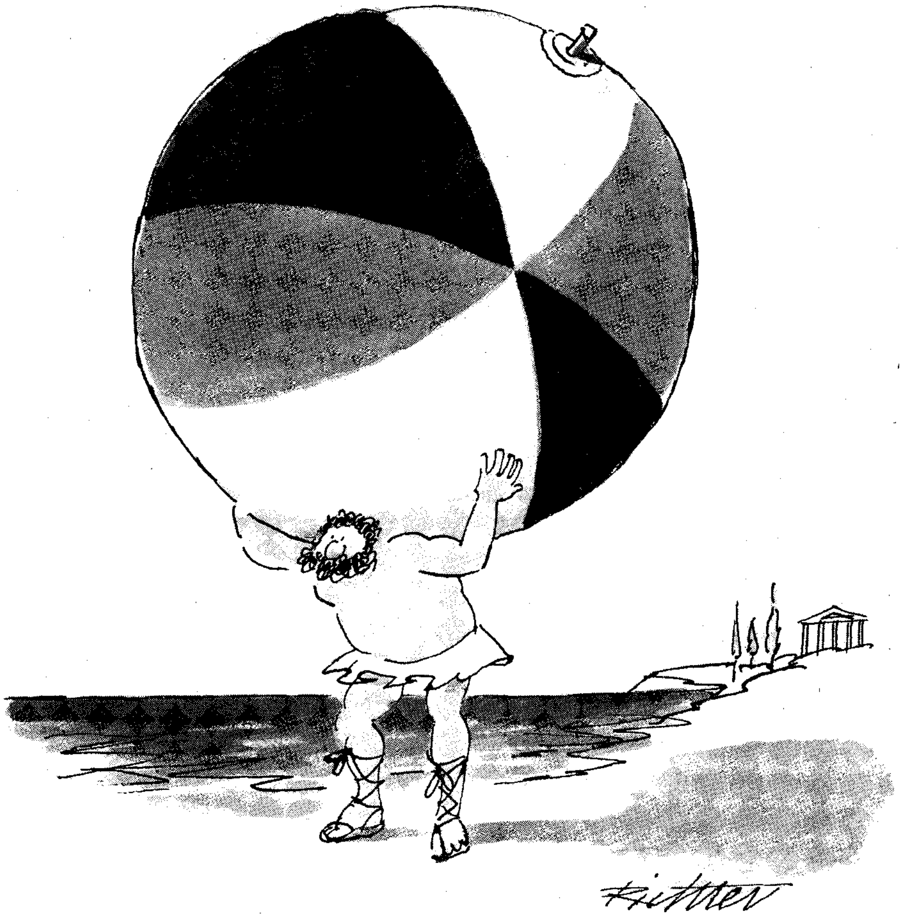
THE THEATRE

Mothers' Week

THE estimable Second Stage, upstairs at the Promenade, which has spent most of this season reviving the plays of Michael Weller, ends with the production of a new one, "Spoils of War." "Production" is the key word here—the production, under the subtle direction of Austin Pendleton, almost saves the evening. Not quite, though. "The Spoils of War," set in this city in the fifties, is about a prep-school boy who resorts to all kinds of stratagems to persuade his divorced parents to get back together. His mother, with whom he has been living (on vacations, anyway), has been working at a job in the garment industry to raise tuition money. She enters, in the elegant, distinguished person of Kate Nelligan, singing "Joe Hill," and her conversation is dotted with references to the radical movements of the thirties and forties. (Facing Miss Nelligan, one is unlikely to look for the union label.) His father, whom he has been seeing in secret, though he denies it to his bitter mother, has a very young mistress and a more carefree attitude. The other characters are a cheery girl friend of the mother's and a man who may be the mother's suitor.

The play does not lack events or action (much of the action, by the way, is simultaneous: mother busy stage right, father busy stage left). The characters are written well enough, Miss Nelligan's—sharp and funny and sympathetic—especially so. The girl friend, as played by Alice Playten, is amusing to have around, too. But it all adds up to nothing, dramatically speaking; tedium sets in early and overwhelms the show. Who cares whether the parents reunite—whether the boy, with all his strenuous efforts, can save their dead marriage? The kid's a bore. Christopher Collet does well by him, though, and Larry Bryggman and Annette Bening do well in the dimmer roles of father and mistress. Set by Kevin Rupnik, lighting by Betsy Adams, and costumes by Ruth Morley.



THERE are three lively characters, in three splendid performances, in Casey Kurtti's "Three Ways Home," at the Astor Place. The characters are Dawn, a Harlem housewife, who has spent many years on welfare, and whose domestic life is chaotic; her sixteen-year-old son, Frankie, a sensitive, affectionate youth, all but bursting with energy, more than a little manic, and obsessed with the idea of flight, who gets along badly with his mother's live-in lover, and spends a lot of time leaping from fire escapes to ledges and a lot of time whoring in Central Park; and Sharon, a white volunteer social worker assigned to the case, new on the job and deeply tentative but charming and large-hearted, and determined to break through to skeptical, proud Dawn and make friends. The actors are S. Epatha Merkerson, Malcolm-Jamal Warner, and Mary McDonnell, and if ever a playwright was well served it is Casey Kurtti. Much of the story is told in monologues by the two actresses, and although I'm generally opposed to monologues, in this instance they work, being revealing in a way that dialogue and direct action could not be, and, on the side, making the dialogue and the direct action all the more effective. Episode follows episode—many of them are funny and one is very sad—and although the narrative is not especially strong, at least the story of the growing friendship is completed. Like so many other plays, this one seems to stop rather than end, and not quite soon enough. One more quibble: the obscenity-laden speeches of Dawn ring a little false—a matter of not quite mimicry. All goes well, under the direction of Chris Silva. The setting by Donald Eastman, the lighting by Anne Militello, and the costumes by April Curtis are admirable.

—EDITH OLIVER

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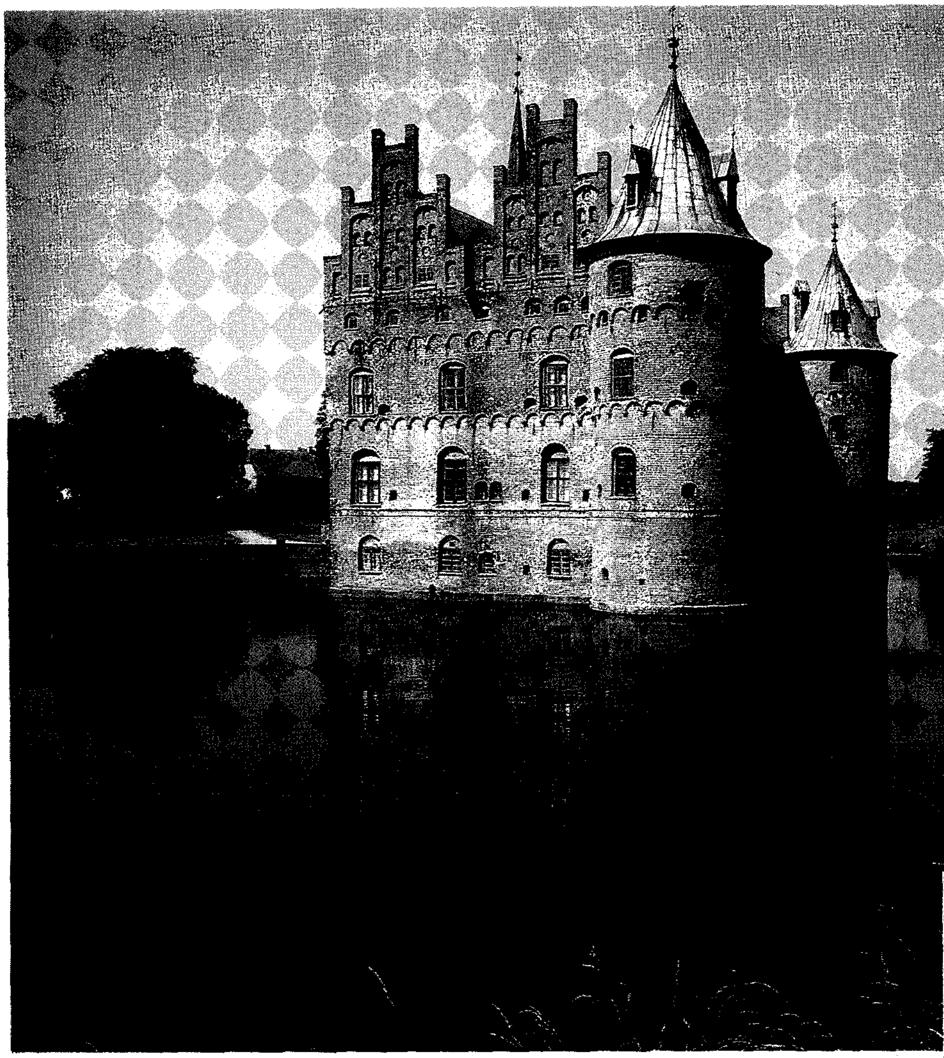

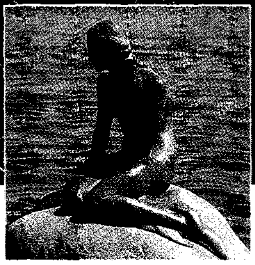

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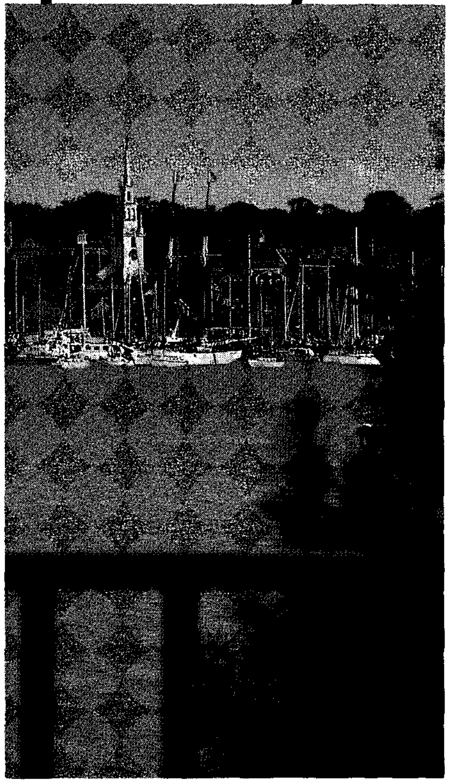

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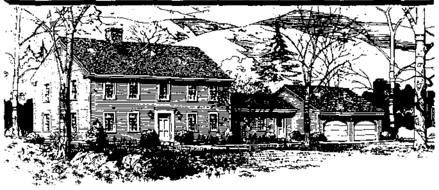

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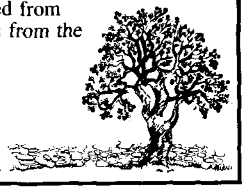

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THE NEW YORKER

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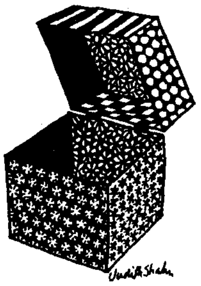
(Courtney B. Vance), a Nurse who appears to be brain-damaged (Anne Meara), a Chorus who does not seem to understand his lines (Harold J. Surratt), a petulant Romeo, and a Juliet who would not be out of place in a suburban shopping mall. One would *like* to be able to find something nice to say about the actors, many of whom have clearly worked hard, and some of whom give spirited performances; alas, the result of their efforts—under Mr. Waters' guidance—is so inadequate that one almost can't believe that Joe Papp is offering this production for serious consideration.

Among those who have perhaps worked hardest are Peter MacNicol and Cynthia Nixon, as the lovers. Mr. MacNicol, who played Stingo in the movie "Sophie's Choice," has more than once endeared himself to theatre audiences in roles of light comic pathos—as Sir Andrew Aguecheek in "Twelfth Night," for instance, and as the briefcase-clicking lawyer in Beth Henley's "Crimes of the Heart." His slight build and curiously high-pitched voice served him well in those roles; they are no asset to him as Romeo—any more than they were an asset when he undertook the role of Richard II last summer in Central Park. Since then, Mr. MacNicol has made progress with his voice, but Shakespeare's language and poetry still have him at a loss, and he lacks tragic stature. Through all Romeo's bleak turns of fortune, Mr. MacNicol looks merely as though he were out of a job. He pantomimes the imagery—taking a firebrand from a passing servant on "She doth teach the torches to burn bright!" and raising his arms on "Arise, fair sun"—and connects with the floor more often than he does with any of the other characters.



If Mr. MacNicol seems inappropriately cast as Romeo, his misplaced efforts are as nothing compared with those of Miss Nixon, who gives us a nagging, spoiled, and sexually voracious Juliet. In the past, Miss Nixon has specialized in playing vacuous contemporary young women—in Tom Stoppard's "The Real Thing," in David Rabe's "Hurlyburly," and, most recently, in the Second Stage revival of Michael Weller's "Moonchildren." (It's worth noting that none of the characters she portrayed in these plays needed to be as uninteresting as she made them.) As Juliet, Miss Nixon is essentially a two-note performer, capable of registering happiness or distress: the one by yelling, the other by whining. She makes it easy to sympathize with old Capulet's description of his daughter as "a wretched puling fool." This is probably the first coarse Juliet on record: "Give me my Romeo," Miss Nixon roars lustily, squeezing the air with upturned hands, as if she would like to goose him. Dismissing Romeo in the balcony scene—" 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone"—she might be trying to break up a poker game.

The casting of two such limited actors against type is so blatantly absurd that it verges on contempt. There has always been a strong undercurrent of contempt in the work of the New York Shakespeare Festival. Or boredom, if you like—with the audience and the material. In the past, though, the novelty of Papp's populist approach—the *idea* of the rock musical, the multiracial casting, or the female Hamlet—was an effective diversion: it distracted attention from the inadequacy of the performances. In the current production of "Romeo and Juliet," the contempt is thrown into relief by the presence of three very able actors: Michael Cumpsty, Rob Knepper, and Peter Francis James. Mr. Cumpsty and Mr. Knepper both gave bang-up "classical" performances earlier this year—Mr. Cumpsty as Octavius in the Roundabout's production of "Man and Superman," and Mr. Knepper played as Lysander in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Mr. James was trained at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts. Any one of them could have played Romeo to better effect than Mr. MacNicol, yet they are relegated here to the comparatively minor roles of the Prince, Tybalt, and Benvolio. It's almost as though Joe Papp wanted to make Romeo look silly.

Other aspects of the production seem as perverse as the casting. Milo O'Shea, who re-creates his performance as Friar Lawrence from the 1968 Zeffirelli film, races through his lines as though he were trying to win a bet. The quartet of feuding parents (Neil Vipond, Janni Brenn,

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W. B. Brydon, and Randy Danson) are figures straight out of a "Beyond the Fringe" Shakespeare parody. The set, designed by the usually inventive Heidi Landesman, fails to add anything to the production. The apothecary scene takes place against a background of B-horror-movie lightning and scary music (composed by Peter Golub). The fights, directed by B. H. Barry, are better than some of Mr. Barry's other recent work for the Festival has been; otherwise, the staging is ludicrous. Mercutio has an epileptic fit during the Queen Mab speech; Juliet paces her balcony, eyes heavenward, as though she were watching for enemy planes; and Friar Lawrence identifies Paris' corpse in the dark from six feet away. Even the costumes (by Ann Hould-Ward) and the lighting (by Peter Kaczorowski) have their odd moments: Paris, who is respectably played by Bradley Whitford, seems got up in a court jester's uniform; at Capulet's ball, some of the guests seem dressed for market; Lady Capulet wears a gown apparently inspired by the Ascot scene in "My Fair Lady;" and sudden dimmings make one think a power failure imminent.

It's easy to forget, when one has been exposed to too much Joe Papp Shakespeare, that plays like "Romeo and Juliet" can be thrillingly performed for a contemporary audience; but the fact is that they can—and by American actors. I recently saw Michael Langham's wonderful "Merchant of Venice" at the Folger Theatre, in Washington, and earlier this year Julie Taymor directed a delightful "Taming of the Shrew" for Theatre for a New Audience. In February, a fire broke out in the building where Theatre for a New Audience was performing, leaving the company homeless and on the verge of bankruptcy. It seems a shame that while companies willing and able to do justice to Shakespeare are crippled by want of financial support, so much money should be funnelled into productions like this "Romeo."

—MIMI KRAMER

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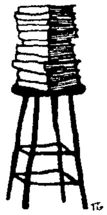

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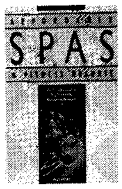

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BOOKS

Cosmology

NEAR the beginning of "A Brief History of Time" (Bantam; $24.95), Stephen Hawking's charming and lucid book on cosmology and astrophysics, there occurs a discussion of what are known as "the Hawking-Penrose singularity theorems." Penrose is the British mathematical physicist Roger Penrose, and the singularity in question—of which more later—refers to conditions at the center of a black hole or at the instant of the Big Bang. The scientific exposition is interrupted by the following almost casual paragraph:

> At first sight, Penrose's result applied only to stars; it didn't have anything to say about the question of whether the entire universe had a big bang singularity in its past. [Some cosmologists write "Big Bang" and others write "big bang." Hawking is of the latter school, and I am of the former.] However, at the time that Penrose produced his theorem, I was a research student desperately looking for a problem with which to complete my Ph.D. thesis. Two years before, I had been diagnosed as suffering from ALS, commonly known as Lou Gehrig's disease, or motor neuron disease, and given to understand that I had only one or two more years to live. In these circumstances, there had not seemed much point in working on my Ph.D.—I did not expect to survive that long. Yet two years had gone by and I was not that much worse. In fact, things were going rather well for me and I had gotten engaged to a very nice girl, Jane Wilde. But in order to get married, I needed a job, and in order to get a job, I needed a Ph.D.

Hawking learned of his amyotrophic lateral sclerosis when he was barely in his twenties; he is now forty-six, and the progress of the disease has been relentless. He is permanently confined to a wheelchair, and retains the use only of three of his fingers. In 1985, he developed pneumonia and, to save his life, a tracheostomy was performed, which deprived him of the power to speak. Fortunately, computer-synthesized speech technology is now sufficiently advanced to enable him to use a finger-activated speech synthesizer, which is attached to his wheelchair. He notes in the acknowledgments section of his book, "This system has made all the difference: In fact I can communicate better now than before I lost my voice." The impression that Hawking makes on one in a scientific meeting, or when he lectures, is complicated. One would have to be less than human not to be appalled by the ravages of his illness. There seems to be no connection between the being one sees and the sunny brilliance of his papers—indeed, the sunny brilliance of this book.

In a sense, Hawking's "A Brief History of Time" is a complement to Steven Weinberg's seminal 1977 book, "The First Three Minutes." Both books deal with the early universe and, to some extent, with the ultimate fate of the universe—its eschatology. But Weinberg was writing at a time when the study of cosmology was not taken entirely seriously by the full community of physicists and astrophysicists. His book, although it was written ostensibly for a popular audience, helped to change that. Weinberg, who won the Nobel Prize in Physics in 1979 for his work on the theory of elementary particles, had even then a reputation both as a creative scientist and as a hardheaded critic of scientific ideas. If *he* took cosmology seriously, one felt, then there must be something to it. (A parallel can be drawn between Weinberg's book and Erwin Schrödinger's "What Is Life?," published in 1944. The fact that Schrödinger, one of the creators of the quantum theory, found deep intellectual content in certain questions of biology inspired many young people of the time to become biologists.) Weinberg focussed, no doubt deliberately, on the least speculative and least outré aspects of what can be a very speculative and outré scientific discipline. Most of his book deals with the theory of the for-

"Hey, this is New York, and you're a pigeon. What more could you ask for?"

mation, in the first three minutes, of the helium that makes up twenty-five per cent (by mass) of the visible universe. The fact that a quarter of the visible universe appears to be made up of helium—most of the rest is hydrogen—has, as it turns out, an explanation in terms of the nuclear reactions that took place as the universe was cooling off after the Big Bang. After the first three minutes, most of the helium we find in the universe had been formed. Weinberg also made a careful study of the development of modern cosmology, taking the trouble to read the original papers, and even to seek out their authors to learn the history behind those papers. He did not hesitate to use equations when necessary, and the appendices to his book could serve as the basis of an introductory course in the subject. Furthermore, there is a marked austerity in the philosophical outlook that animates the book—an outlook summed up in its often quoted penultimate paragraph:

> However all these problems may be resolved, and whichever cosmological model proves correct, there is not much comfort in any of this. It is almost irresistible for humans to believe that we have some special relation to the universe, that human life is not just a more-or-less farcical outcome of a chain of accidents reaching back to the first three minutes, but that we were somehow built in from the beginning. As I write this I happen to be in an airplane at 30,000 feet, flying over Wyoming en route home from San Francisco to Boston. Below, the earth looks very soft and comfortable—fluffy clouds here and there, snow turning pink as the sun sets, roads stretching straight across the country from one town to another. It is very hard to realize that this all is just a tiny part of an overwhelmingly hostile universe. It is even harder to realize that this present universe has evolved from an unspeakably unfamiliar early condition, and faces a future extinction of endless cold or intolerable heat. The more the universe seems comprehensible, the more it also seems pointless.

In many ways, Hawking's book and philosophical outlook are mirror images of Weinberg's. In the first place, there is no need to persuade anyone that the book is serious science, since it has been written a decade later, when cosmology is one of the most fashionable of the scientific disciplines, attracting a vast community of elementary-particle physicists, astrophysicists, and even chemists and biologists. While Hawking does treat some of the bread-and-butter cosmological problems, such as helium formation, his real interest, both professionally and in the book, is in the deep fundamentals of the subject: What conditions actually prevail at the center of a black hole or were present at the instant of the Big Bang, and are these conditions describable in terms of the physics we know? In the second place, Hawking's treatment involves almost no formal mathematics. Indeed, in the acknowledgments Hawking notes wryly, "Someone told me that each equation I included in the book would halve the sales. I therefore resolved not to have any equations at all. In the end, however, I *did* put in one equation, Einstein's famous equation, $E=mc^2$. I hope that this will not scare off half of my potential readers." Hawking's professional papers, too—those he has written alone—are full of ideas and relatively free of equations. They read more like prose than like mathematics. (I have often wondered if this was connected to the way he must have to work. Theoretical physicists are notorious scribblers; no piece of paper, from the back of an envelope to a placemat, is safe. A few physicists—Hans Bethe and John von Neumann, for example—have been prodigious mental computers, but most of them scratch and scribble. What does Hawking do? He has always worked with students and assistants, who—at least in recent years, one imagines—write down the equations for him. One supposes that he must therefore have been forced to do a great deal of mental computation and must also constantly have had to explain his ideas orally; he does not have the option of jotting things down on pieces of paper or on a blackboard.) Finally, Hawking's book is more benevolent than Weinberg's in its philosophical outlook. Hawking makes frequent and amiable references to God—somewhat the way Einstein used to do—but since he calls Him "him" one is not quite sure how to take this. Less ambiguous, perhaps, is his apparent acceptance of what he defines as "the weak anthropic principle." The regular anthropic principle (which Hawking does not seem to embrace) he defines in a glossary as the proposition that "we see the universe the way it is because if it were different we would not be here to observe it." While this appears at first to have some scientific content, the more one thinks about it the more that content slips away, like water running through one's fingers. What the principle seems to say is not that the human race has evolved so as to conform to the condition of the universe but, rather, that the universe has evolved so as to conform to the human condition. Apart from the question of how, or whether, such a principle could ever be verified (how could one distinguish it empirically from Weinberg's dictum that "the more the universe seems comprehensible, the more it also seems pointless"?), it flies in the face of the history of science, which has been a retreat from a human-centered cosmos. This point is made by Hawking, who writes, "We have developed from the geocentric cosmologies of Ptolemy and his forebears, through the heliocentric cosmology of Copernicus and Galileo, to the modern picture in which the earth is a medium-sized planet orbiting around an average star in the outer suburbs of an ordinary spiral galaxy, which is itself only one of about a million million galaxies in the observable universe. Yet the strong anthropic principle would claim that this whole vast construction exists simply for our sake. This is very hard to believe." Instead, Hawking accepts the weak anthropic principle, which, as he defines it, states that "the conditions necessary for the development of intelligent life will be met only in certain regions that are limited in space and time. The intelligent beings in these regions should therefore not be surprised if they observe that their locality in the universe satisfies the conditions that are necessary for their existence. It is a bit like a rich person living in a wealthy neighborhood not seeing any poverty." It is not clear to me that this principle has any real content either, but at least it is not absurd.

THE most original parts of Hawking's book consist of the description of his own work. Since this has been of such great importance in modern cosmological theory, and since he describes it so lucidly, this gives the general reader an opportunity to learn some deep science directly from the source. Hawking's first important work in cosmology grew out of his Ph.D. thesis. Roger Penrose had noted in 1965 that whenever massive stars collapsed under the weight of their own gravitation to form the objects known as black holes the result would necessarily be what mathematicians refer to as a "singularity." The singularity, in this case, would be a point in space-time where the physical quantities describing a black hole—such as the gravitational field inside it—become literally infinite, as opposed to merely unimaginably large. This is a very important distinction. True infinities never, as far as we know, occur in nature, and if a theory predicts them it can be taken as an indication that the theory is "sick" or, at the very least, is being applied in a regime where it is not applicable. Here the theory at stake was Einstein's theory of general relativity and gravitation—the very theory that Robert Oppenheimer and his students had used in the late nineteen-thirties to show that what came to be called black holes might indeed exist. (The term was invented in 1969 by the physicist John Wheeler.) Penrose's result suggested a potential paradox in Einstein's theory when it was applied to regimes in which gravitation was very strong. Hawking made the fundamental observation—which became the basis of his Ph.D. thesis—that the Big Bang was like a black hole in reverse. A classical black hole—the qualification "classical" is necessitated by another of Hawking's fundamental discoveries, which he describes in a chapter entitled "Black Holes Ain't So Black"—simply swallows any matter or radiation that comes near it, whereas the Big Bang, instead of swallowing everything, emits everything. It is in some sense a black hole running backward in time. This was the insight that Hawking had in 1965 which, as he informs us, enabled him to get his Ph.D., so that he could get married. (The Hawkings, incidentally, now have three children.) But the discovery had more serious consequences for cosmology.

Black holes might or might not exist. The Big Bang, however, *must* exist if modern cosmology is to make any sense at all. Hence Hawking's result suggests that when Einstein's theory is applied to the beginning of the universe, it leads to a singularity—infinite temperatures, pressures, and gravitational fields—and therefore breaks down. By 1970, Hawking and Penrose had shown that this singularity was a feature of any model of the expanding universe which used Einstein's theory of general relativity and gravitation as its basis. The conclusion that Hawking, and many others, came to was that Einstein's theory must be incomplete. Certainly one thing missing from it was quantum mechanics. That Einstein left quantum mechanics out of his thinking about general relativity is hardly surprising, since he thought that quantum theory, with its uncertainties and probabilities, was only provisional and would eventually give way to some sort of classical theory—of which general relativity is the great paradigm. As Cocteau once remarked, "a true poet sings from his family tree." Einstein apart, it had been recognized by physicists since the nineteen-thirties that gravitation would have to be "quantized" but that the mathematics of this was almost hopelessly complex. (It still is.) Nonetheless, quantum mechanics is built on certain general principles, such as the Heisenberg uncertainty relations, that transcend mathematical complexities. Hawking realized in the early seventies that the Heisenberg relation between energy and time had remarkable implications for black holes; namely, that they "ain't so black."

In essence, the Heisenberg relation between energy and time states that no measurement that takes a finite as opposed to an infinite time to perform—that is, no actual measurement—can determine the energy of a system precisely. This carries all sorts of implications for physics. In particular, it implies that space can never be quite empty. An empty space would have no energy content, but this itself is a precise measurement; hence, such a statement would violate the Heisenberg relation. Space is alive with the spontaneous creation and annihilation of particles of matter and antimatter—for example, the electron and the positron. Under ordinary circumstances, we cannot detect these virtual—"virtual" because their existence violates the prin-

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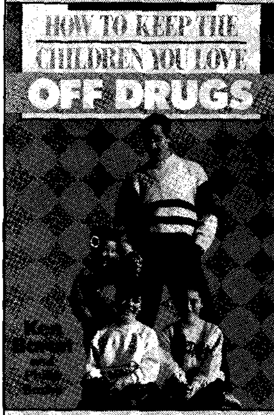

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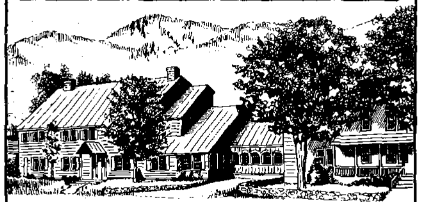

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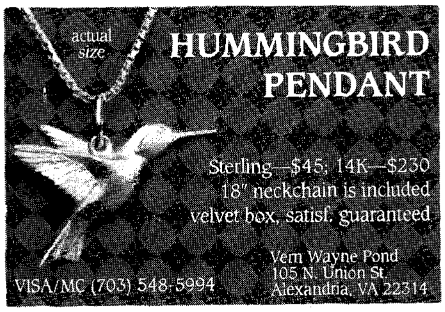

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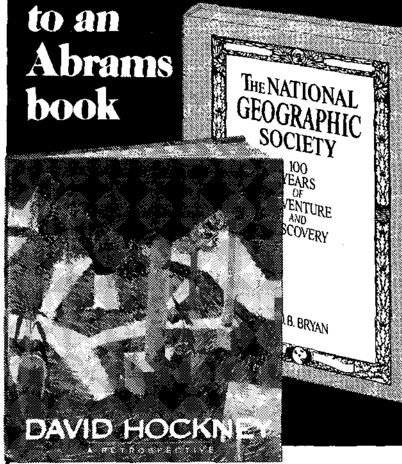
ciple of the conservation of energy—particles directly, since they disappear back into the vacuum just rapidly enough not to violate the conservation-of-energy principle. (They do have indirect effects—in, for example, atomic physics.) But, Hawking argues in his book, if this process goes on at the surface of a black hole then the hole might grab either the electron or the positron and supply the negative energy needed to satisfy the principle. The remaining particle would be liberated, and the black hole, emitting particles, would appear to an observer to be glowing like an incandescent lump of coal. For arcane reasons involving entropy, the more a black hole radiated, the more it would shrink; the more it shrank, the hotter it would get; and the hotter it got, the more it would radiate. The whole process runs away with itself, and in the end, in Hawking's words, the black hole "would disappear completely in a tremendous final burst of emission, equivalent to the explosion of millions of H-bombs." Big black holes, of the kind produced when a massive star collapses, would take many billions of years to explode, but there might be, Hawking speculates, small black holes, which could explode in the present era. If this idea is right, these exploding black holes should be detectable as sudden bursts of radiation. The experimental problem is to distinguish these bursts from other sources of radiation. So far, there is no certain evidence for an exploding black hole, at least in this neck of the universe.

Making this kind of semi-phenomenological prediction, which, in a way, sidesteps the need for a fundamental quantum theory of gravitation, leaves most physicists, including Hawking, dissatisfied. For this reason, much has been made of recent attempts to develop a true quantum theory of gravitation by the use of "strings." The last part of Hawking's book is devoted to a description of this activity, and to raising some probing questions addressed to the practitioners involved in it, who sometimes claim that they have constructed, or are about to construct, the Theory of Everything—TOE, in the jargon. In pre-string elementary-particle theory, particles were thought of as points in space-time. A theory of point particles makes for all kinds of singularities, which, in the case of gravitation, become ineluctable. This problem



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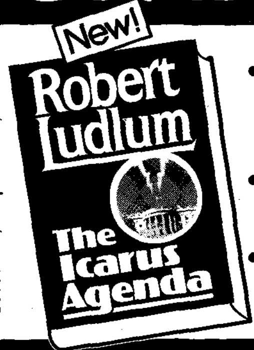

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led to the idea of replacing the point particles by tiny two-dimensional structures—loops of string—which would resemble points if one were not too close to them, but which might avoid the singular behavior of points. Miraculously, if this amalgam is conjoined to gravity, then in a small number of interesting cases the resulting theory is non-singular. This is what has led to the excitement over strings—an excitement that is somewhat tempered by the fact that these theories require at least ten dimensions (nine spatial and one temporal), while we exist in four. The practitioners claim that the extra dimensions in their theories are "curled up," so that they are unobservable, which puts the burden on these theories to explain how it happens that just four of the ten dimensions know enough not to curl up as well. Aside from this (and on this point Hawking is especially good), there is an entire philosophical Pandora's box that is opened when one talks about a Theory of Everything, and the practitioners not only leave this box unopened but seem blissfully unaware of it. Here is what Hawking has to say:

> Even if there is only one possible unified theory, it is just a set of rules and equations. What is it that breathes fire into the equations and makes a universe for them to describe? The usual approach of science of constructing a mathematical model cannot answer the questions of why there should be a universe for the model to describe. Why does the universe go to all the bother of existing? Is the unified theory so compelling that it brings about its own existence? Or does it need a creator, and, if so, does he have any other effect on the universe? And who created him?

One might object that these are not really scientific questions, but the statement that one has constructed the Theory of Everything is not science either. In science, one counts oneself fortunate if one succeeds in constructing the theory of something.

As much as I like Hawking's book, I would be remiss if I didn't point out an important way in which it might be improved. Hawking has a somewhat impressionistic view of the history of recent science. Very few active scientists—Weinberg is an exception, and that is one of the reasons his book is so good—actually take the trouble to read the papers of their early predecessors. A kind of folklore builds up which bears only a tangential relationship to reality, and when someone

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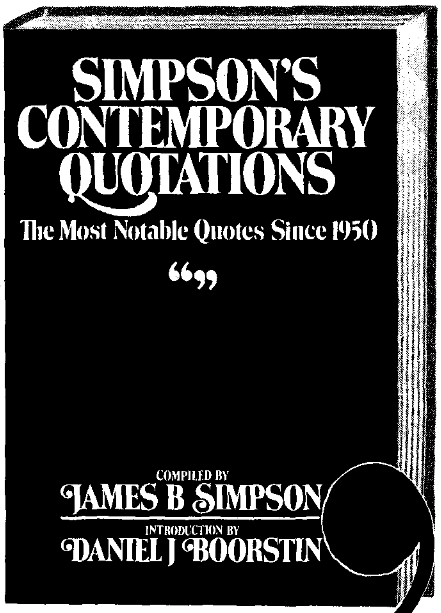

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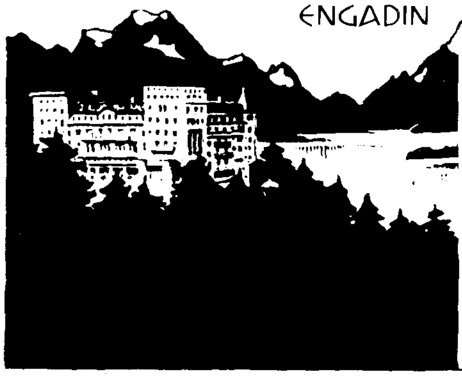

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with the scientific prestige of Hawking repeats these legends it gives them credibility. This is not the place to indulge in historical exegesis, but one example may make the point. Furthermore, this example has—at least, in my view—the virtue of making the anecdote funnier than Hawking's rather garbled version of it. The anecdote has to do with the history of the discovery of the radiation left over from the Big Bang. The Big Bang produced light quanta of unimaginably high energy. In the fifteen billion years or so since that event, these quanta have cooled down to an average temperature of some three degrees above absolute zero. They have wavelengths of a few centimetres, which puts them in the microwave category, and in 1964 Arno A. Penzias and Robert W. Wilson, of the Bell Laboratories, accidentally found them while using a radio telescope connected to a microwave detector. There are about four hundred such light quanta in each cubic centimetre of the universe; their detection began the modern era in cosmology. But as early as 1948 George Gamow and his students Ralph Alpher and Robert Herman had predicted that such microwave radiation should exist and should have about the temperature that it has turned out to have. Their prediction was ignored, since, as I have noted, cosmology was not taken altogether seriously at the time. Gamow, who died in 1968, was an irrepressible, larger-than-life Russian eccentric, whose scientific genius was underrated during his lifetime. In any event, here is Hawking's version of the history:

> This picture of a hot early stage of the universe was first put forward by the scientist George Gamow in a famous paper written in 1948 with a student of his, Ralph Alpher. Gamow had quite a sense of humor—he persuaded the nuclear scientist Hans Bethe to add his name to the paper to make the list of authors "Alpher, Bethe, Gamow," like the first three letters of the Greek alphabet, alpha, beta, gamma: particularly appropriate for a paper on the beginning of the universe! In this paper they made the remarkable prediction that radiation (in the form of photons) from the very hot early stages of the universe should still be around today, but with its temperature reduced to only a few degrees above absolute zero (−273° C). It was this radiation that Penzias and Wilson found in 1965.

Now to the history. It is quite true that Alpher, Bethe, and Gamow published a paper—really a brief letter—in the *Physical Review* in 1948. It was entitled "The Origin of Chemical Elements," and nowhere in it is the microwave radiation mentioned. Rather, the paper concerned the general question of where the chemical elements come from. At the time, Gamow thought that all the elements were manufactured in the first few minutes after the Big Bang. (This is not so, and within a few years he decided that the idea did not work.) Apart from the fact that the paper had nothing at all to do with the Big Bang radiation, to describe the events that led to the odd marriage of authors by saying that Gamow "persuaded the nuclear scientist Hans Bethe to add his name to the paper" is to miss the beauty of the story. When Gamow wrote the paper, he stuck Bethe's name between his own and Alpher's, being careful to keep things legitimate by adding "in absentia" after Bethe's name. The editor of the *Physical Review* must have smelled a rat, because he sent the paper to Bethe to referee. Bethe, who has always had a certain fondness for this kind of jape, checked the calculations to see if they followed from the assumptions, removed the words "in absentia" after his name, and recommended that the paper be published. The first prediction of the relic radiation from the Big Bang was actually published that same year, in a letter to the British journal *Nature*, by Alpher and Robert Herman, Gamow's other student. Hawking's retelling of this tale denies Alpher—and, more important, Herman—the proper credit for a major discovery in theoretical physics. (Gamow writes in one of his books that for several years he tried, unsuccessfully, to get Herman to change his name to "Delter." It is little wonder that Gamow's truly original contributions to both physics and biology were not taken as seriously as they might have been.)

Stephen Hawking has been for several years the Lucasian Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge. It is the professorship that was held by Isaac Newton and by the late P. A. M. Dirac, one of the founders of the quantum theory. Hawking has been a worthy successor, and one wishes him many future years. He has a great deal to teach us. —Jeremy Bernstein

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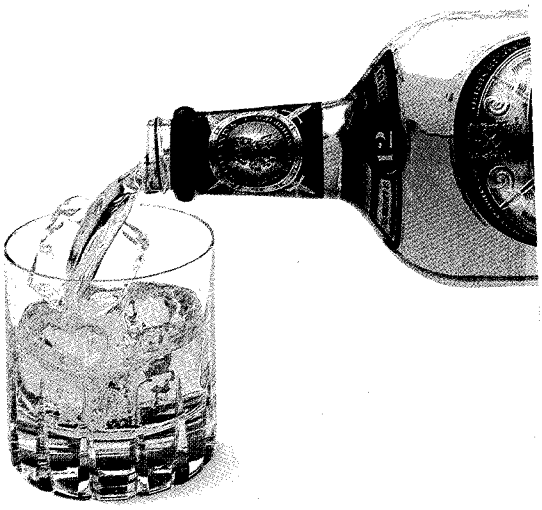

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